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THE
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THE sympathies of every true Protestant are naturally enlisted on the side of all the victims of mediæval Papal persecution, without exception. We admire the courage of men who dared

to brave the resentment of the Hierarchy, at a time when the doing so involved the sacrifice of fortune and life and honour; we recognise in the tortured prisoners of the Inquisition the champions of our own dearest rights; our every feeling of humanity is outraged by the spectacle of the perfidies and studied cruelties by which Rome achieved her triumphs,—the persevering, vigilant, and implacable hatred with which she pursued her adversaries. Hence, when ecclesiastical historians of all parties tell us that some of those persecuted sectaries were really heretics, who rejected at once the divinity and the real humanity of our Lord, attributed the creation to a malignant deity, and blasphemed the God of the Old Testament, one's first impression is to reject the accusation as a calumny. If Roman Catholic writers do not hesitate frequently to attribute to the Reformers sentiments they never uttered, though their voluminous works are extant to confute the charge, how much more readily, may we suspect, has a malignant imagination given itself scope in the case of men, from whose ashes no voice of rectification or apology can be heard, since their writings have perished with their persons!

On a first view, many considerations present themselves to confirm our doubts. Not only does the Manichæism of the Albigenses appear to rest essentially upon the testimony of their persecutors; it must be added, that testimony is not always consistent with itself. The heretics of the South of France are accused by some of condemning marriage, and by others of marrying within prohibited degrees of kindred; they are accused of rejecting the Old Testament, and yet one of their offences was the translating great parts of it into the vulgar tongue, and the committing them to memory; they are said to have despised sacraments, and yet were detected administering something very like the Lord's Supper in their conventicles; we are told, in the same breath, that they would not shed the blood of animals, and that they repeatedly assassinated Inquisitors. There are, it is true, innumerable confessions of Manichæan doctrine attributed to sufferers at their trials, and at the stake; but we know that the torture was generally employed to make the accused condemn themselves, and it is easy to conceive that unfortunate beings under such circumstances might be brought, like Topsy, in "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," to confess any thing that came into their own or their interlocutors' heads; and there were certainly instances in which persons were tortured into the admission of doctrines which they had at first disavowed. A prosecution of Cathari at Arras in 1025 furnishes one such case, and that of Vezelay, in 1167, another.

As early as the year 1595, we find a French Protestant, Jean Chassanion, of Monistrol, in Velay,—one of the very regions which had been watered by the blood of the Albigenses,—dedi-

cating to the Princess Catherine of Navarre a book, in which he identifies the Albigenses with the Vaudois, treats them as martyrs for the truth's sake, and asserts that they had never held the errors attributed to them. The learned Basnage, and Abbadie, and Beausobre, the celebrated author of the "History of Manichæism," maintained the same view: so did the Vaudois historians of the seventeenth century, Perrin and Leger. Even Voltaire, in his hostility to Popery, tells the readers of his *Essay Sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*, that the Manichæans, Vaudois, or Lollards, (!) were the remains of the primitive Christians of Gaul. In England, Jones, Blair, and most other writers on the subject, have assumed both the orthodoxy of the Albigenses, and their identity with the Vaudois. Mr. Stanley Faber, in particular, so late as 1838, earnestly endeavoured to defend them against the accusation of dualistic heresy.

On the other hand, almost all the writers of the Middle Ages agree in distinguishing between the two sects, or, rather, groups of sects, and in imputing Manichæan principles to that which was the most widely spread of the two in South-Eastern Europe, in Italy, and in France. Bossuet and Fleury urged the unanimity of this testimony against the Protestant writers of their own time. The learned Limborch, when editing the Records of the Inquisition of Toulouse, which had fallen into his hands, confesses its perusal had changed his opinion, and convinced him of the Manichæan character of the theology of the Albigenses. Mosheim adopted the same side of the controversy; and he has been followed by all the ecclesiastical historians of Germany, including Neander, Gieseler, and those especially who have devoted their labours to the sects of the Middle Ages, as Hahn, Schmidt, Herzog, &c.

Notwithstanding all our first impressions to the contrary, we have been unwillingly obliged to adopt the conclusions of the latter class of writers. The monks and Inquisitors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were under no necessity of accusing their victims of Manichæism, if the charge were false; for the Church of Rome was all-powerful, and those who resisted her claims and her doctrines from the most simple evangelical motives, were sent out of the world as readily and as mercilessly as those who were accused of departing altogether from the ground of Christian theism. Moreover, the decrees of Councils, the manuals of Inquisitors, and the polemical treatises of Roman Catholic writers of the Middle Ages, with some exceptions, give a tolerably correct idea of the doctrine of the Waldenses, as can be ascertained by the still remaining literature of that interesting people: it is natural, therefore, to suppose that their account of other contemporaneous heresies is faithful in the main. Those documents, be it remembered, were many of them

intended exclusively for the use of the persecutors themselves: the Annals of the Inquisitions of Toulouse and Carcassonne are among the most important, and they were surely never meant by their authors to meet any other eyes than those of their fellows and successors in the Holy Office. The polemical compositions of Magister Alanus, (close of the twelfth century,) Stephen de Bellavilla, (middle of the thirteenth century,) Eekbert of Schonau, (close of the twelfth century,) were intended for the sole use of the Clergy: even the historical works of Peter of Vaux-Cernay, (A.D. 1218,) and William de Puy-Laurens, (A.D. 1272,) were also at first written in Latin, and of course destined for those only who could read that language. Indeed, at that period there existed no reading public, except in the South of France itself, and no language of modern origin was used for literary purposes, except the Provençal; so that it could not be the purpose of the ecclesiastical writers to mislead their readers. Some of those above mentioned are credulous in the extreme; but there is apparently less intentional perversion of historical truth than we see among Roman Catholic historians, since the development of the several modern languages, the discovery of printing, and the impulse of the Reformation have brought a reflecting public into existence. The most elaborate work against the Cathari is that written about the year 1190, by Moneta, a Dominican and Inquisitor of Cremona: it was the result of his long experience, and intended to direct his brethren in their interrogations, and in their discussions with heretics. Moneta quotes the writings of some of the principal Catharic Doctors, and his detailed and laboured refutations throughout five books are ample proof of the real existence of the doctrines he combats.

A treatise, composed in the Provençal dialect by the Troubadour, Pierre Raimond, of Toulouse, against the errors of the Arians, as he called them, would have been a high authority on this subject; but it has been unfortunately lost. We still possess eight hundred lines of another orthodox Provençal poet, Isarn, on the conversion of an heretical teacher, Sicard. It is a foolish and violent production, but leaves no room for doubt that the seetaries against whom it was directed, asserted the unlawfulness of marriage, the transmigration of souls, the creation of the material world by a malignant Deity, and the other doctrines generally attributed to them. The poetical History of the Crusade against the Albigenses, by a contemporary, William of Tudela, printed for the first time by Fauriel, in 1837, from the only remaining manuscript, is, in many respects, the most remarkable memorial of its times. The author is a partisan of the Count of Toulouse: he is an ardent adversary of the Crusaders, and expresses the most lively indignation at the outrages perpetrated upon the population of the South; yet

he never intimates that the doctrinal views of the Albigenses had been either misrepresented or exaggerated. Passing from those grave witnesses to another kind of evidence, it seems incontestable that, both in France and Germany, a popular method of detecting faith in the metempsychosis was the summoning suspected persons to put to death a chicken, or some other domestic animal: those who refused to do so were self-convicted, without any further form of trial. This summary test was put in practice by the suite of the Emperor Henry III., spending his Christmas at Goslar in 1052, and it was afterwards adopted by the Inquisition in Languedoc. It evidently would have been utterly useless, unless there really existed some superstitious repugnance to putting animals to death.

The only known literary relic of the Albigenses is a manuscript in the library of the *Palais des Arts* at Lyons. It consists of a translation of the New Testament, in a Provençal dialect closely related to the Spanish, and a liturgical Appendix. A most interesting description of the former, and extracts from it, collated with corresponding passages of the old Waldensian version, are to be found in the contributions of Professor Reuss to the Strasburg Review. Nothing, it seems, in this translation would suggest the heterodoxy of its authors: that it should contain the apocryphal Epistle to the Laodiceans, will surprise no one who is acquainted with the unsettled state of opinion in the mediæval Church with respect to this Epistle. It is the appended Ritual which betrays the Catharic origin of the manuscript, and that more by its formulas for certain religious acts, than by any positive doctrinal statements. It interprets, however, Jude 23 in a dualistic sense, and applies a series of passages to the baptism of the Spirit in such a way as tacitly to exclude water baptism. The loss of the writings of those Cathari who remained faithful to the sect, is in some measure compensated by the information obtained through others who reconciled themselves with the Church of Rome. Thus Bonacursus of Milan, who addressed a tract against heresy to the people of that city about the year 1190, had himself been a zealous preacher of the doctrines he now refuted. Ermengaud, Abbot of Saint Gilles, who wrote a short and purely biblical refutation of Dualism towards the close of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth, century, had also been an heretical leader. Reinerius Sacconi had been seventeen years a teacher among the Italian branch of the Cathari before he became their persecutor; and his famous *Summa*,* written in 1250, is so little intended for the laity, that he exposes the principal points of the

* A manuscript of this work, found in Bavaria, and published by the Jesuit Gretser in 1613, contains a great deal of additional matter, by an anonymous author, who does not distinguish his interpolations from the original. This edition is generally quoted under the title, "*Pseudo-Reinerius*."

heretical theology, without attempting to refute them. Even simple recantations have been handed down from those ages, bearing the stamp of sincerity: thus Durand of Huesea, a contemporary of Ermengaud, had disbelieved in the Trinity, and in the real humanity of Christ. Our information about the dualistic heretics is complete enough to enable us to ascertain the characteristics of the different schools into which they were divided, the phases through which their theology passed at different times and in different countries, and the arguments, whether taken from reason or Scripture, which they were in the habit of putting forward; and it is impossible not to feel that we have before us real phenomena in the history of the human mind, and earnest attempts to fasten upon the Bible a false view of the divine conduct and of human nature. Thus we are told, they pleaded the tempter's offer of the kingdoms of the world to Jesus, (Matt. iv. 9,) and the expressions, "Prince of this world," (John xiv. 30,) "My kingdom is not of this world," (John xviii. 36,) as proofs that Satan was really lord of this creation. When Jesus speaks in another place of plants which his Heavenly Father had not planted, (Matt. xv. 13,) it is clear to them that there must be a second creator. The two masters are radically opposed, (Matt. vi. 24,) and must therefore be both eternal. When it is said, "Ye are of your father the devil," (John viii. 44,) they understand it literally and materially. In the same way, they found means to establish a perpetual and profound contrast between the God of the Old Testament and the God of the New. The former, said they, began His work by chaos and darkness; while the latter is light, and "in Him is no darkness at all." The former created man, male and female; while "in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female." The God of the Old Testament says, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman;" the God of the New Testament reconciles all things to Himself. The one curses, and the other blesses. The one repents of what He has made; the other is the author of nothing but what is good and perfect. (Gen. i. 2; 1 John i. 5; Gen. i. 27; Gal. iii. 28; Gen. iii. 15; Col. i. 20; Gen. vi. 7; James i. 17.) The God of the Old Testament puts His creatures in the way of temptation; He often betrays a forgetfulness which is inconsistent with omniscience, and is repeatedly cruel and vindictive.

Contemporaneous writers, synods, and tribunals, not only distinguish between the Waldenses, or orthodox sectaries, and the Cathari, but tell us that both parties were engaged in continual controversy with each other. Stephen de Bellavilla says that the Waldenses called the Cathari "demons." It appears that some ignorant Priests used even to put the Vaudois forward to dispute with the Manichæans, because they were conscious of their own incapacity to do so. The remains of Waldensian literature still in our hands enable us to substantiate the fact

of their polemical attitude towards Manichæan heretics, and furnish thereby a final proof, if such were needed, of the contemporaneous existence of the latter. The poem called "*Lo PAYRE ETERNAL*" (MS. Dublin University, printed in Hahn's "*Waldenses*") seems to be the confession of one who, after trying in vain to find peace and spiritual life among Manichæans, had at last embraced the doctrine of the Waldenses: it dwells especially on the Trinity, the reality of the Incarnation, and the identity of the God of the New and Old Testaments. The "*NOBLA LEYCZON*," that oldest monument of the faith of the Waldenses, and frequently printed, is pervaded by a strain of indirect controversy on this order of subjects: it proclaims the unity of God, and His creation of the world; it justifies the destruction of Sodom and the judgments inflicted upon the Egyptians, against those who pretended that God made people only to let them perish; it lays stress on the charitable precepts of the Law, on the nine months spent by the Saviour in the Virgin's womb, on His baptism, and on the liberty of the human will. "*LI ARTICLES DE LA FE*" (MS. Geneva and Dublin, printed by Hahn) is a sort of brief Confession of Faith repeated by the Waldensian Ministers at their ordination. It is very positive about the creation of all things visible and invisible by the Holy Trinity, and on the divine character and holiness of the Law given to Moses, and adds, "It is a deadly sin to affirm that Christ was not born of the Virgin." A remarkable Commentary, in verse, on the Song of Solomon, "*CANTICA*," (MS. Geneva,) is still more explicit: it says, that the true holy Church has to contend with both heretics and bad Catholics; it gives glory to God that many had been called to the true faith from the errors of Egypt and the darkness of heresy,—"*las tenebras de li hereges*;" it speaks of using the sword of the word against the errors of heretics, and says, that these, "and those whose names ye know," (doubtless the Priests and monks,) are the little foxes that spoil the grapes. "The streets in which the bride seeks her beloved without finding him, are the different sects of heretics; for, as there are streets in a town, so in this world there are different sects and churches of wicked men,"—"*gleisas de li malignant*." The comparison is carried so far, that the worldly and indifferent are put in the open places of the city, while the heretics, leading a more ascetic life,—"*la vita plus streyta*,"—are the narrow streets! The same poem speaks expressly of "the error of those who say that Christ is not a real man, and has not taken real flesh;" it sweetly applies the language of the bride, "My beloved speaks with me," to that close intercourse with the Saviour which a true faith in His person alone admits of; and it uses the exclamation, "Turn away thine eyes from me," (Cant. vi. 4,) as a text for a protestation against the spirit of proud and unhealthy speculation in which the heretics indulged. The tract "*TRIBU-*

LATIONS," (MS. Dublin, printed in part by Hahn,) written in the thirteenth century, reproaches the Roman Catholics with their cruelty towards others as well as the Vaudois themselves, and shows, from the parable of the tares, that even *the bad* are not to be exterminated by violence.

The Waldenses appear to have been constantly in contact with the Cathari, to have established themselves frequently in the same regions, and to have shared in the same persecutions; but they increased in numbers, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in proportion as their fellow-sufferers diminished; and it is remarkable that the French Albigenses, in their adversity, never sought refuge in the strongholds of the Waldenses, but in other countries rather,—in Lombardy, in Sicily, and in Illyria.

There exists a natural and, upon the whole, a just prejudice in favour of every cause which has been ennobled by martyrdom; but when we consult the records of religious intolerance, we find innumerable instances of the Roman Catholic, the Socinian, the Jew, and even the Mussulman, sealing their convictions with their blood. Such high resolve is never wholly lost. The martyr for the worst of faiths proves that, for man's inmost being, the claims of religion are paramount to every other; but he does not prove the truth of the *particular* religion for which he died. With the evidence before us, it is impossible to maintain the orthodoxy of the Albigenses as a body. We can still revere in their persons sufferers for man's dearest and most fundamental liberty,—the right to confess and worship God according to his conscience. They resisted the most impious usurpation that can be perpetrated under heaven,—the attempt of a religious corporation to treat mankind as its chattels, and to impose its faith with the sword, the rack, and the brand. But we cannot believe they made a felicitous use of the liberty they so heroically asserted. The inconsistencies we mentioned, that strike one on the first perusal of the charges against those sectaries, are easily disposed of. Some of them arise from a confounding of Waldenses and Albigenses; others, from the not distinguishing between the extreme asceticism which the latter required of their formally received members or *perfects*, and the comparative licence allowed to those who were only hearers or disciples. A third source of misunderstanding is the fact that, while the mitigated Dualists of Illyria and Italy (of whom more hereafter) rejected the Old Testament altogether, the absolute Dualists of France and Italy only rejected the historical books, receiving the Prophets, Psalms, Job, Solomon, and the Wisdom of Sirach: this last was in especial favour, because of a passage (xlii. 25) which was understood to confirm their doctrine. Even the party who represented the Prophets as messengers of the evil one, thought that God sometimes constrained them to utter true oracles; and they accounted in this rude way for the

Messianic prophecies, and in general for all those passages of the Old Testament which are quoted in the New.

While the evangelical dissent of the Middle Ages was of indigenous origin, their Manichæism was imported from the East, as is attested by the Greek term *Kαθαροί*,* "Puritans," by which its adepts were designated. Some poor creatures who were burnt at Cologne in 1146, said that their doctrine had been preserved in Greece from the times of the Apostles; and this tradition seems to have been general. A trace of the early preponderance of Slavonian Catholicism over that of other countries is perceptible in the fact, that the three principal orders or schools of the sect were called, respectively, the Tragurian, (from Trau, a Dalmatian sea-port,) the Bulgarian, and the Slavonian. At the Council of St. Felix, (near Toulouse,) in 1167, the French and Italians present submitted to the decisions of the Catharic Bishop of Constantinople, because he was supposed to be more cognisant of the traditions of the primitive Church. Schmidt and Reuss observe that the use of the Doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer by the Cathari is a feature of resemblance to the Greek and Slavonian Liturgies; it is wanting in the Vulgate of Matt. vi. 13, and is not used by the Church of Rome. However, Schmidt's supposition that the Albigensian version of the New Testament was not made after the Vulgate, but after an original Greek text, has not been confirmed by the examination of the manuscript of Lyons. The apocryphal books received in the sect were of Greek origin, being the old Gnostic "Vision of Isaiah," and a pretended conversation between our Lord and St. John. The name *Bulgare*, and by contraction *Bougre*, frequently given to heretics in France, and associated with the foulest calumnies, is no certain proof of their Oriental origin; for it does not occur before the thirteenth century, and may have been brought from the East by crusaders who had met with Dualists there. The same remark applies to another current term of reproach, *Publicans*, which is understood to be a corruption of *Paulicians*.

We hope, at a future period, to study the history of the Waldenses, but must confine ourselves, for the present, to their heterodox contemporaries. The origin of the Cathari is shrouded in mystery. Many writers have supposed them to be the lineal representatives of the Manichees of the third and fourth centuries; but Schmidt, who is certainly the most judicious writer on this subject, has shown this opinion to be inadmissible. The heresy of the Middle Ages is a much simpler and more popular system than the subtle religious philosophy of Manes; it is altogether devoid of the mythological elements

* Hence, by corruption, the German *Ketzer*, applied to all heretics.

which that heresiarch borrowed from the religion of Persia, and contains no astronomical or cosmogonical fables as the envelope of metaphysical ideas. According to the Manichees, the creation is the result of the union of the soul of the world with matter; while the Cathari taught that the whole material creation was exclusively the work of the evil principle. Above all, there is among them no trace of the profound personal reverence for Manes, and worship of his memory, which was one essential characteristic of the genuine Manichees, who looked upon their founder as the Paraclete promised by Jesus to His disciples. The Priscillianists succeeded the Manichees in the West, and the Paulicians in the East; yet these latter, properly Syrian Gnostics, execrated Manes. The Paulicians were thought by Mosheim, Gibbon, and Maitland, to have been the immediate religious ancestors of the Cathari. It is well known that numbers of those religionists were transplanted into Thrace by Constantine Copronymus, about the middle of the eighth century; and Petrus Siculus, who visited the Paulicians of Armenia about 870, was informed of an intended mission to strengthen their exiled brethren, and to tempt the infant faith of the Bulgarians. Yet the Paulicians had no rites or ceremonies whatever, no ecclesiastical or hierarchical organization; they were strangers to ascetic abstinence from animal food, and did not condemn marriage. Such radical differences as these will not allow us to suppose the heterodox movement of southern and western Europe to have been a simple transplantation of Asiatic Paulicianism, though this sect may have contributed in some measure—more or less directly—to the formation of Catharism. The fact seems to be, that Dualism manifested itself in Christendom at different periods, under various successive and independent forms. Imperfect and superficial reflection on the relation of the world to God, and on the origin of evil, can so naturally arrive at the doctrine of two opposite principles,—one, the Father of spirits and Author of all good; the other, the author of matter and of evil,—that we are not obliged to suppose the doctrine was transmitted ready-made from pre-existing sects. There is a strong tendency in human nature to transfer sin from the real self—from the moral man—to a something else immediately without and around him: the physical laws of his own material nature and of the world are treated as intrinsically evil, or leading to evil, while the true culprit—his selfish and rebellious will—escapes detection. This is the principle of all the austerities of Paganism. A dark instinct of a state of abnormal and dangerous antipathy to God leads the devotee to take vengeance in time upon that part of himself which is outside, and which may be hardly treated, and even tortured, at far less cost than the renewal of the spirit of his mind, and

the bringing of his whole inner man back to gravitate towards God, instead of turning upon itself. Manes endeavoured to unite Christianity and the noblest form of Oriental Paganism in his brilliant and elaborately constructed speculative system. The Church repulsed the heresiarch because of his personal pretensions, his rival Hierarchy, and his too open importations from the religion of Persia; but it was not the less profoundly modified by the tendencies which it nominally rejected. Monasticism in Syria and Egypt was the direct result of the contact of degenerating Christianity with Pagan habits of thought. The idea that abstinence from food was meritorious in itself, the notion of impurity attached to the sexual relation, the growing tendency to look upon marriage as a state less holy than celibacy,—these were so many triumphs of the invading Pagan conception. The errors and extravagancies of the ascetic life were especially prevalent in the Eastern Church. Schmidt quotes authorities to show that remembrances of Manichæism were long kept up in Oriental convents, and also that sundry Greek monks, in their solitude, imagined they had constantly to struggle with the devil, whose power they magnified until they put him almost on a rank with God. Here were incoherent beginnings of Dualism, which only required favourable conditions to become a regularly developed and proselytizing system; and those conditions were presented by the state of the southern Slavonic population, during the ninth and tenth centuries. The Christians of Moravia, Bohemia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, were then upon the frontier between the Greek and Latin Churches. The majority had connected themselves with Rome, and their Apostles, Methodius and Cyril, had obtained for them, from Pope John VIII., permission to use the Liturgy in their native tongue, instead of Latin: but this permission was soon recalled, edicts were made by several successive Popes against the use of the Slavonic tongue and peculiar national rites, and those Priests who persisted in their use were driven into Bulgaria, where they were received as martyrs. Many convents long persisted in secret in the use of the national Liturgy, and underwent persecution when the practice was discovered: thus the monks of Sasawa, near Prague, were twice expelled from their convent during the course of the eleventh century, and were accused of heresy as well as of inordinate attachment to their language. We can easily conceive that communities at once forcibly separated from the East and irritated against the West, with a foreign and domineering Clergy as the representatives of orthodoxy, must have been peculiarly susceptible of originating or entertaining heretical speculations.

We know that, during the Middle Ages, when the real attractive power of the Gospel was so little understood, the

rude missionary endeavoured to lay hold of the imagination of his auditors by images of terror, and the devil was frequently the principal subject of his preaching. This abuse led some of the Slavonian Pagans, during the interval between their undisturbed faith in their national mythology and their conversion to Christianity, to add to the worship of a supremely good being that of a supremely evil one, under the name of Czernebog, (Black God,) or Diabol. They actually borrowed the devil, before they received the Saviour, of Christian theology! When people under such impressions abandoned their old idolatry, and became outwardly attached to the Christian Church, they must have offered a propitious soil for the dualistic scheme.

However originated, Catharic Dualism found its way through Bosnia and Dalmatia into Italy, and thence into France, towards the close of the tenth century. A small current also reached North Germany through Hungary. We know little about its success in Greece, except that, in 1097, the Crusaders of the army of Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, when passing through Macedonia, were told that the population of Pelagonia was entirely composed of heretics. They surprised the city, and butchered its inhabitants, without even acquainting themselves with the nature of the errors they punished so fearfully. The presumption that this ill-fated people were Cathari, is strengthened by the fact, that, in the following century, a Bishopric of the sect existed in Macedonia. The first public appearance of the Dualists in Italy was between the years 1030 and 1035. The Countess of Monteforte, near Turin, protected for many years one Girard, an enthusiastic teacher, who reckoned many noble families of Lombardy among his partisans; but the castle of Monteforte being besieged and taken by Heribert, Archbishop of Milan, Girard and his brethren were burnt to death upon an immense pile at Milan. In France there was an earlier *indirect* intimation of their presence, in a paragraph of a Confession of Faith published by Gerbert, so far back as 991, upon his election to the Archbishopric of Rheims: "I believe that the devil is not bad by nature, but by an act of his will; that the Old and New Testaments have one and the same Author; that Jesus Christ has really suffered, did really die and rise again; that neither marriage nor the use of meat are to be condemned." We find Girald, Bishop of Limoges, endeavouring to stop the progress of the new Manichæans in 1012. Many of them were put to death at Toulouse in 1022. The chronicles of the time attribute the first diffusion of the error to strangers from Italy, and complain that it was spread through all the provinces of Gaul. In this same year (1022) an execution of heretics at Orleans attracted the attention of the whole kingdom. Almost all the Canons of the Collegial Church of Sainte-Croix in that

city had adopted Manichæan notions, which were propagated in secret by Lisoï and Etienne, two zealous, able, and popular Priests. King Robert, having had secret information about their doings, sent an emissary to Orleans, a Norman Knight, who, by pretending to become a proselyte, procured admission into the nocturnal meetings of the heretics, and afterwards denounced them. A Synod was then held before the Archbishop of Sens, with the King and Queen in person. The assembled Prelates having condemned the heretics, Queen Constance struck Etienne—who had once been her own Confessor—with her cane upon the face, and put out his eye; then the two leaders, with Herbert, Chaplain to the before-mentioned Norman Knight, and ten Canons, were burned to death outside the gate of the city. Three years later there were similar executions of Italian Missionaries and their adherents at Arras. During the rest of the eleventh century, the menaces and excommunications of local Councils, and passing records of the zeal of particular Bishops, indicate from time to time the existence of proscribed religionists in the South of France. We may notice an order of Pope Alexander II. to the Prior of the Hospital at Beziers, to refuse sepulture to the bodies of persons dying out of the communion of the Church, and to have those who were already buried dug up,—a disgusting exhibition of sacerdotal vengeance, which was afterwards exercised towards the remains of Protestants, and has only got into disuse within the last hundred and fifty years.

The beginning of the twelfth century was marked by an increase in the opposition to the Church of Rome. Pierre de Bruys, who began to preach in 1106, and his disciple Henri after him, filled the whole South with their doctrine. They seem to have been men of God, who preached the study of the Scriptures, rejecting the baptism of infants, and the magical effect of the sacraments of Rome; and their labours were connected with the evangelical party, afterwards called Waldenses, rather than with the Cathari; but their popularity, by weakening the influence of the Church, encouraged the resistance of all its other enemies to such an extent, that, in 1119, Pope Calixtus II. thought it necessary to come to Toulouse in person, and hold a Council, which anathematized the various classes of heretics, ordered the secular power to proceed against them, and condemned as their accomplices all who should venture to defend them. In 1147, Alberic, Cardinal of Ostia and Legate of Eugenius III., accompanied St. Bernard through the South of France, in order to preach against heretics: they found the churches deserted, the Priests dismissed or neglected, the people of the towns especially and the nobles given to heresy; and the latter, even when not belonging themselves to any of the reigning sects, protected them against the persecution of the higher

Clergy. In other parts of France and the neighbouring countries there were isolated religious insurrections, headed by fanatics who advanced extravagant personal pretensions, and drew multitudes after them, chiefly because the ignorance and vices of the Clergy made earnest minds feel that they could not be safe spiritual guides. One Tanquelin, a layman in the habit of a monk, heading a troop of enthusiasts, made himself practically master of Antwerp, and maintained himself there for years in spite of Bishops and Barons, until he fell by the hand of a Priest in 1125. One Eudes de Sella, who said that he was a chosen instrument to judge the living and the dead, encamped with his followers in the forests of Brittany, until, driven from place to place by the troops sent against him, he was at last shut up as a madman in the archiepiscopal prison of Rheims (1148). Evidently there was a spirit of religious excitement abroad, an instinctive search after a something better than existing forms; but the elements which favoured the enlightened piety of the real Reformation, four hundred years later, were then wanting. There was no restoration of learning, no general development of the intellect, and, above all, there were no means of popular diffusion of the Scriptures, no presses to print the Bible, and few able to read the limited number of MSS. that circulated.

The last half of the twelfth century is termed by Schmidt "the period of organization," during which the then widely-spread Cathari propagated their doctrines openly, increased their communications with each other, and parcelled out the districts in which they laboured into bishoprics with determined limits, and a regular jurisdiction. In France they were generally called "Albigenses," because they abounded in the diocese of Alby, which was one of their own five dioceses in the South. They were also called "Weavers," because they were popular among the artisans of the cities. The Italians called them "Patarini," a local term of contempt, invented at Milan, from the quarter inhabited by rag-sellers, called "Patarì," and other low trades, and which was at first applied to advocates for the celibacy of the Clergy, apart from all considerations of heresy or orthodoxy. The spirit of religious and political reformation awakened by Arnold of Brescia (1130) was favourable to the extension of the sect, and its adherents were very numerous in the north of Italy. In 1166, Galdinus, Archbishop of Milan, asserted—with some exaggeration, doubtless—that there were more heretics than Catholics in that city. In 1173 they were numerous enough at Florence to determine a change in the magistracy. They flourished at Viterbo and Orvieto, under the very sceptre of the Pope. In 1184 the presence at Verona of Pope Lucius III., of the Emperor, and of very many Princes and Prelates, did not hinder the continuance of their nightly

meetings. The Council held on this occasion was the first to use the expression, "secular arm," so appropriate to a power which only executes a sentence that it is not allowed to control. Most of the Clergy of Verona at this period could not repeat the Apostles' Creed; and their immorality was, if possible, yet greater than their ignorance. Death-fires kindled at Cologne and at Bonn, in 1163, announced at once the presence of heretics upon the Rhine, and the vigilance of their persecutors. At the former city the crowd who witnessed the execution were horror-struck at the sight of a young girl, who, though the judges wished to spare her, broke from the grasp of the officers, and threw herself into the flames, that she might perish with her teachers. One Gerard, with thirty Flemish disciples, men and women, tracked from place to place, tried to find an asylum in England (1159); but it was refused them. They were arrested at Oxford, branded with a hot iron key,—Rome's substitute for Peter's,—and turned abroad in an inclement winter to perish of cold and hunger; for no man dared relieve them.

However, it was essentially in Provence, Dauphiné, and Languedoc that all forms of hostility to Rome found encouragement. France had first received the doctrine of the Cathari from Italy; but she repaid the debt with such interest, that, at a time when there was but one Bishop on the south of the Alps for the indigenous members of the sect, there was another, for those of Provençal extraction, stationed at Verona. The sway of Arianism among the Visigoths, for some generations after they had settled at the foot of the Pyrenees, may have perpetuated some faint traditional antagonism to Rome; but there can be no doubt that the comparatively advanced civilization of those provinces was the great determining cause of the spread of both the evangelical and the Manichæan doctrines. In no other part of the world, at that time, was there such general prosperity, and so much literary culture. As has been well said, there every stately castle was a royal court in miniature. The spirit of chivalry, laying aside its terrors, had assumed a humane and graceful form; the vernacular dialect of Provence was already the language of the learned and polite, rich in all the lighter kinds of poetry; the citizens of the towns, generally emancipated from feudal domination, or at least from its evils, and enriched by commerce and manufactures, imitated the manners of the nobles, patronized, with equal zeal, the wandering Troubadour, and jealously guarded their municipal liberties against the encroachments of the Prelates. The very frivolity that prevailed, and in which the Clergy largely shared, disposed serious minds all the more to embrace the austere life of the Cathari; and even the worldly-minded looked with benevolence on the *bons hommes*, as the heretical Doctors were called; compared

their humility and self-denial with the pride, avarice, and sensuality of the Clergy; and determined that, in their dying hour, they would address themselves to those apostolic men for the *consolamentum*, or "imposition of hands," which was the rite of introduction into the sect, and by which the Cathari claimed to confer the Holy Ghost, and secure for the recipient eternal life. There reigned, among those alternately frivolous and devout children of the South, a spirit of tolerance which was altogether unknown to their contemporaries. The Mahometan and the Jew, as well as the Christian sectary, shared its benefits. The Arab physician or mathematician was welcome to Provence: it had its own Hebrew poets and philosophers.

The primitive doctrine of the Cathari was the most absolute Dualism, the authors of good and evil being looked upon as both eternal, and the struggle between them eternal. It was believed that some souls had been created by the evil being, and, of course, would never be saved. Such were all atrocious criminals, tyrants, persecutors, enemies of God and of His Church. Others, created by the good God, had been seduced from the heavenly world above by Satan, who disguised himself, for the purpose, as an angel of beauty and light. These were condemned to expiate their offence in earthly bodies, and to pass from one body to another, sometimes even, as an additional punishment, assuming the shape of animals, until, at last, they should obtain deliverance from their terrestrial hell by being admitted into the true Church. The *consolamentum* re-unites the exiles to their guardian angels, (called "Holy Ghost," or "Paraclete,") of whom there is a distinct one for every soul of heavenly creation. St. Paul, in particular, had successively inhabited thirty-two bodies. Of course, there was to be no real resurrection. Jesus Christ, the highest of created beings, was sent from heaven to teach the captive spirits the secret of setting themselves free from the chains of matter and of evil. He came in an ethereal body, which had only the appearance of the human form; for, as He said of Himself, He is "from above," (John viii. 23,) or, as St. Paul said, "from heaven." (1 Cor. xv. 47.) He expressly denied having inherited any thing from his mother. (John ii. 4.) He had but the likeness of flesh. (Rom. viii. 3; Phil. ii. 8.) It was for this reason that He could walk upon the water; and this was the glory revealed on the Mount of Transfiguration. His death, not being real, was but an apparent triumph of the evil one.

A tendency to mitigate this extreme Dualism showed itself in Bulgaria as early as the middle of the eleventh century. The Bogomiles, or "Friends of God," held the existence of one Supreme Being, whose eldest son, Satanaël, transported by pride, became the author of evil; while His younger son, Jesus, became the champion of good. The principal seat of this branch

of the sect was at Philippopolis, where they were very numerous in the twelfth century, notwithstanding the persecutions of the Greek Emperors; but, from this period forward, we hear no more of them. A kindred sect, or a variety of the same, having the same speculative ideas, but under a less mythological form, after absorbing most of the Cathari in Bulgaria, spread into Italy, where its adherents were called the "Order of Bulgaria" or "Coneorezo," the Italian corruption of Coriza, in Dalmatia. The adherents of the primitive system were called the "Order of Tragurium," from Trau, one of its oldest centres, and whence it had been first propagated in Italy. The Order of Coneorezo held the doctrine of one only eternal and almighty God, who existed before the world, and before evil. He created rudimentary matter, which was cast into its present shape, and made the vehicle of evil, by a fallen, but exceeding mighty, angel, who seduced a third of the heavenly host. While the absolute Dualists supposed all human souls had descended simultaneously upon the earth, the mitigated Dualists made all mankind descend, soul as well as body, from the primitive couple; and so the doctrine of the metempsychosis disappeared from the system. The former could only hope for a partial triumph of good, when the Supremely Benevolent should succeed in withdrawing to Himself the souls of heavenly creation, and leave the world to the uncontrolled sway of its Prince; the latter, on the contrary, hoped for a definitive triumph of good, and a final restitution of all things. Notwithstanding those elements of the mitigated system which should, apparently, have been more attractive, and, in a speculative point of view, more satisfactory, most of the Italian, and all the French, Cathari remained faithful to the rival and original conception, the predominance of which was finally established at the Conference of St. Felix de Caraman, in 1167, in which Nicetas of Constantinople took part. A third, but less important, branch of the Cathari had its centre at Bagnolo, a little Lombard town. There were minor varieties, one of which held the immaeulate conception of the Virgin, and so anticipated the decision which Pius IX. has just promulgated. Other schools shaded off into various degrees of pantheistic spiritualism, remaining in external connexion with the Church, but carried away, by a sort of reaction against its lifeless, formalistic objectivity, into making Christ Himself a symbol, and His work an allegory. The Luciferians, a sect of Germany and of the East, thought Satan had been unjustly turned out of heaven.

If any reader thinks it incredible that such strange theories of the universe should have exercised a mighty influence upon numbers of minds, and for a considerable period, we would refer him to the spread and duration of Gnosticism at first, and Manichæism afterwards, in a more intellectual age than that of the

Cathari. We would call his attention, further, to the astonishing extent to which the conceptions and practices of the primitive Catholic Church were modified by the heresies it professedly rejected. Finally, we would ask him if there be no overt Manichæism displayed, in our own day, in the false asceticism of the Puseyite; and if there be no latent Manichæism in the views of the extremely opposite section of Protestants. Whence the tendency to treat human nature as intrinsically evil, not as merely subjected to evil; to make human powers, physical and mental, evil in their use, and not merely in their abuse; to identify society and its institutions with "the world," against which the Christian is forewarned? No; however it may disguise itself, and however its manifestations may be varied, that has ever been one and the same instinct of self-justification, hidden in the recesses of the heart, which treats sin as a something external to the will, and, to a certain extent, inevitably imposed; which makes holiness and faithfulness to God consist in something easier than the abdication of the idol, self. This insidious instinct stops at no sacrifices, provided it can maintain itself. It inspired the stern, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," of the earliest Gnostics of the apostolic times; (Col. ii. 21;) and it has worked, with more or less intensity, in every age of the Christian Church.

Though differing in their speculative views, and frequently hostile to each other, the practical part of Catharism was nearly identical in all its sects. Those who received the *consolamentum*, and thereby became formally members of the community, were called *Perfects*. They renounced all property and possession of worldly goods whatever. They engaged themselves to abstinence from animal food, and to non-resistance against violence. Above all, making no distinction between marriage and fornication, or concubinage, they looked upon all intercourse of the sexes as a continuation of Adam's sin. The use of fish was allowed, because it was thought to be procreated in a less unholy manner than the creature of the dry land. They had three fasts in the year, of forty days each; and, on the last week of those Lents, no food was allowed but bread and water. No wonder that they were often detected by their paleness. Even St. Bernard reproaches them with it: "*Pallent insuper ora jejuniis*;" and Joachim, Abbot of Flora: "*Tristes sunt omni tempore.....et facies eorum pallore perpetuo deprimuntur*." They rejected the baptism of the Church of Rome, both because the hierarchy was not the true one, and because water was created by the evil god; and yet, with some inconsistency, they substituted the blessing and breaking of bread, without wine, for the Romish eucharist. Females who had received the *consolamentum* frequently retired into convents, where they occupied themselves in the education of the young, or in the instruction of

women of riper years, who prepared themselves for the same rite. The men were under obligation to travel from place to place, in order to spread their doctrines. They generally wore black raiment, and always kept about their persons a copy of the New Testament in a leathern bag. Their houses of prayer surprised the Roman Catholics, by the absence of all ornaments and images. Instead of the altar, there was a plain table, with a white cloth, and upon it a New Testament, always open at the first chapter of St. John's Gospel.

Even within the last five years, when Schmidt wrote his excellent History, it was supposed that not a single page, penned by the Albigenes themselves, had escaped the diligent search of the Inquisition, and the general destruction of heretical books. Hence the discovery of the Ritual in the Lyons Manuscript is equally welcome and unexpected. It begins with the Lord's prayer, the Doxology, and the first seventeen verses of St. John's Gospel in Latin. Then follow in Provençal: First, an act of confession; Secondly, an act of reception among the number of *believers*; Thirdly, an act of reception among the number of *Christians* or *Perfects*; Fourthly, some special directions for the faithful; and, Lastly, an act of consolation in case of sickness. The formula for the act of confession terminates with the following prayer:—

“O thou holy and good Lord, all these things which happen to us, in our senses and in our thoughts, to thee we do manifest them, holy Lord; and all the multitude of sins we lay upon the mercy of God, and upon holy prayer, and upon the holy Gospel; for many are our sins. O Lord, judge and condemn the vices of the flesh; have no mercy on the flesh born of corruption, but have mercy on the spirit placed in prison, and administer to us days and hours, and genuflexions, and fasts, and orisons, and preachings, as is the custom of good Christians, that we may not be judged nor condemned in the day of judgment with felons.

The first degree of initiation, or the act of reception into the number of believers, is called “the delivery of the orison,” because a copy of the Lord's Prayer was given to the neophyte. It begins thus:—

“If a believer is in abstinence, and the Christians are agreed to deliver him the orison, let them wash their hands, and the believers present likewise. And then one of the *bons hommes*, the one that comes after the Elder, is to make three bows to the Elder, and then to prepare a desk, (*desc.*) then three more bows, and then he is to put a napkin (*touala*) upon the desk, and then three more bows, and then he is to put the book upon the napkin, and then let him say the *Benedicite, parcite nobis*. And then let the believer make his salute, and take the book from the hand of the Elder. And the Elder must admonish him, and preach from fitting testimonies (that is, texts). And if the believer's name is Peter, he is to say: ‘Sir Peter, you must understand that when you are before the Church of God, you are

before the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. For the Church is called 'assembly;' and where are the true Christians, there is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

The final initiation, or *consolamentum*, is called "the baptism of the Spirit." Here is an extract from the formula of its celebration:—

"Jesus Christ says, in the Acts of the Apostles, that 'John surely baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.' This holy baptism of imposition of hands wrought Jesus Christ, according as St. Luke reports; and He said that His friends should work it, as reports St. Mark: 'They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall receive good.' And Ananias wrought this baptism on St. Paul when he was converted. And afterwards Paul and Barnabas wrought it in many places. And St. Peter and St. John wrought it on the Samaritans..... This holy baptism by which the Holy Spirit is given, the Church of God has had it from the Apostles until now. And it has come down from *bons hommes* to *bons hommes*, and will do so to the end of the world."

As might have been expected from the opposite geniuses of the East and the West, Oriental Catharism was the more subtle and mythological of the two. Gnostic and cosmogonic dreams occupied more room, and moral precepts were left in the second rank. Among the populations of the West, on the contrary, a practical tendency was dominant from the outset. Ascetic precepts, and opposition to the customs and to the hierarchy of the Church, exercised a greater influence than the speculative parts of the system, and a severe morality reigned. Thus the Bogomiles did not scruple telling lies to deceive their persecutors, while the Albigenes prescribed the most stern and undeviating adherence to truth under all circumstances. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the adversaries of those religionists necessarily fixed their attention upon those elements of their faith which were most opposed to common traditional Christianity; so that the heterodoxy of the Cathari takes up more space in the works of controversy which have come down to us, than it did in their own religious experience. Doubtless very many persons were sincerely attached to the sect, and found in its observances a sort of satisfaction for instinctive religious needs, without venturing into the region of its metaphysics, or appropriating its deleterious principles.

The natural effect of a false and exaggerated spirituality is certainly to weaken the sensibility of the conscience with respect to those things toward which it ought to be exerted; for when men put upon the same level gross sin and the legitimate use of God's creatures, they are as likely to fall into the former, as to abstain from both. Hence we might expect *à priori* to see the professed austerity of the Cathari accompanied by a humiliating contrast in their moral conduct. And, indeed, one

of the sixteen dogmas attributed by the Inquisition at Carcassonne to the heretics of the neighbourhood, would seem to confirm our expectation: "*Dicunt quodd simplex fornicatio non est peccatum aliquod.*" This note, made for the private use of the Inquisitors, had probably some foundation in fact: we may suppose that some one among the many sects into which the heretics of the South were divided, had fallen into immoral and antinomian tendencies. But this certainly was not the case with the Cathari as a body. Their contemporaries, friends, and enemies are unanimous in ascribing to them generally a purity of life, which stood in striking contrast with the manners of the age, and with the disorders of the Clergy in particular. The movement owed its strength, in a great measure, to a sincere horror of prevalent licentiousness; and the number of persons who made full profession, by enrolling themselves among the Perfect, was so small, that we can understand that it was limited to those who were capable of living up to their austere calling. The strict morality of the sectaries was sometimes actually the means of their detection. Thus, at Rheims, in 1170, a Priest who made base proposals to a beautiful young girl, discovered, by the terms in which she repelled his addresses, that she belonged to a society who had bound themselves to perpetual chastity. Such was the temper of the times, that this wretch was not ashamed or afraid to give information of his discovery to his ecclesiastical superiors, knowing that, in their eyes, his zeal against heresy would more than counterbalance the crime he had contemplated. The innocent girl was burnt at the stake, becoming the victim of priestly cruelty for having refused to be that of priestly lust.

The great practical evil resulting from the theoretical errors of the Cathari, was not so much any wrong they did, as the good they left undone. It was an attempt at reformation or religious revival, which failed for want of pure Christian principle in its promoters. They were unconsciously borne by the same current as the Church that persecuted them; and they tried to raise Christendom from its religious and moral degradation, by exaggerating the very influences which had produced the evil,—by yet more false views of human nature, and a sterner asceticism, and a stronger distinction between the spiritual man and the secular, rendering what they represented as Christianity unattainable by the great mass of mankind. With them, quite as much as with the Roman Catholics, salvation was made to depend upon adhesion to a given religious community; and, as the auditors generally put off receiving the *consolamentum* to the hour of death, this ceremony became invested with a magical virtue, like the sacraments of the dominant Church; and the hope of receiving it in their last moments encouraged the people to live in fatal security, without feeling the necessity of a moral change

and real reconciliation with God. The movement so far resembled the Reformation of the sixteenth century, that their formal principle was the same : the New Testament was in honour, and was made much more use of than in the Church of Rome. But the method of interpretation and the material principle were not the same : there were no forgotten truths recovered, no deep springs of spiritual life laid open. They believed themselves more anti-Catholic than they were ; and when the two mendicant orders were instituted, and the Church thereby diverted into its own channels the spirit of austerity which was abroad, it proved to be an effectual blow to the power and progress of the sectaries. Men predisposed to an ardent, but gloomy and unenlightened, piety, became Dominicans and Franciscans, instead of becoming heretics ; and persecuted to death those with whom they would have been associated, but for this skilful manœuvre of the ever-vigilant and dexterous hierarchy.

Reinerius Sacconi supposes the number of the *Perfect* of both sexes in his time, throughout the whole of Europe, amounted to four thousand persons only. It is true, he writes after the Crusade against the Albigenses, and after great severities of the Inquisition in Italy ; still his estimate shows that the effective members of the sect must have been very few, in proportion to the number of auditors or followers who were under their influence. This, as it has been already intimated, was one reason why they did not succeed in working any moral change in the bulk of the population ; it was also the reason of their weakness in the hour of danger. The immense majority of the multitudes who perished by the arms of Simon de Montfort and his Crusaders, were not themselves Cathari, but only respected and favoured the heretics ; they had religious *sympathies*, but it was not their own *faith* that they defended. The King of Arragon, who died fighting their battles, was a Catholic. The Princes and nobles, who headed them in their heroic resistance, remained Catholics all through : they defended their own temporal interests in the first place, and they tried indirectly to tolerate the convictions of their subjects, but never went so far as to claim openly the right to do so. The Fourth Lateran Council saw the Counts of Toulouse, father and son, with the Counts of Comminges and Foix, on their knees at the feet of Innocent III. The very historian of the Albigenses, William of Tudela, writes as a Catholic : he execrates the cruelty and perfidy of the Crusaders ; he accuses them of advisedly treating Catholic Princes and populations as heretical, in order to have an excuse for massacre and spoil ; but he is evidently sustained in his indignation by no religious principle of his own. The Church of the Cathari was that of a select few, not that of the people.

Towards the close of the twelfth century, the Albigenses were so powerful in the south of France that, in 1165, we find

Roman Catholic Prelates engaging in a free discussion with their leaders before all the leading nobles of the country, at Lombers, near Alby. Twelve years afterwards Raimond V., Count of Toulouse, being at war with the Viscount of Beziers, who protected the sectaries, addressed himself to the Kings of France and England for help to extirpate heresy in his own dominions, and in the neighbouring regions. This demand brought about the mission of a Papal Legate to Toulouse, followed by some severities in that city. The Bishop of Bath, and Henri, Abbot of Clairvaux, also ineffectually visited Beziers. The attention of the Papal See was by this time thoroughly roused, and the Third Lateran Council, held under Alexander III. in 1179, and at which many Prelates of the south of France were present, issued a terrible edict against the heretics of Languedoc and Gascony. All men were forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to receive them into their houses, or to have any dealings with them; church sepulture was to be refused to those who died impenitent; Princes were exhorted to seize the property of those who favoured heresy, and to reduce their persons to slavery. The result of this sentence was the short Crusade of 1181, headed by the Abbot of Clairvaux,—bloody prelude of the horrors that were afterwards to be enacted in the same cause. The Viscount of Beziers was reduced to apparent submission, after his country had been cruelly devastated.

Great as was the amount of suffering inflicted upon the Cathari during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it had been always, more or less, local and partial persecution. There had been no general, persevering, systematic attempt to exterminate them. Meantime they had spread from Constantinople to Spain; they were masters in the Sclavonic Provinces, which now form the north-east of Turkey; they were formidable in Lombardy; they had audaciously insinuated themselves into the Pontifical city itself; above all, the only transalpine nation that had emerged from barbarism, had almost thrown off its allegiance to Rome; heresy sat enthroned in a central region, whence, in one generation, it could spread over France, Spain, and Italy. The Church was in peril; but the year 1198 witnessed the beginning of a pontificate, in which an iron will was to put forth in her service all the resources of rare intrepidity, unremitting vigilance, and far-seeing sagacity. Innocent III. was the very incarnation of the idea of the Papacy; he was distinguished by precisely the sort of character and talents which were qualified to effect the purposes of the hierarchy of which he was the head. Inspired by a lofty ambition, to which inferior temptations were sacrificed, he was above the grosser vices which had so often discredited the Papacy. Nor was his the vulgar ambition of personal aggran-

dizement. Sincerely convinced that God had appointed the See of Rome to exercise supreme authority over the universal Christian world, in temporal matters as well as in spiritual, so that its empire should constitute the unity of society, he pursued the realization of this ideal with the most prodigious energy and success, clothing himself meanwhile with the moral grandeur that always attends intense devotion to any great purpose. Innocent exercised severe control over himself; for, as he expressed it, he who was not to be judged by men, would be the more severely judged by Almighty God. He exercised an equally stern control over the other members of the hierarchy, endeavouring to render them worthy of the superhuman dignity which he attributed to them. He completed the work of Gregory VII., by rendering the celibacy of the Clergy universally obligatory,—a violent remedy for their then prevalent licentiousness, but a means of procuring them consideration in the eyes of the people, of severing them from ordinary human interests, and of disciplining them into entire devotedness to their order. He won respect and sympathy for the Church, by the unflinching courage with which he maintained the sanctity of marriage against the caprices of powerful Princes, and in general by taking the side of the oppressed and wronged; yet none knew better how to stoop to compromise when success seemed impossible, and how to leave impenitent great men room for apparent reconciliation. Alternately inflexible and supple, with the ardour of a fanatic and the tact of a diplomatist, he piloted with penetrating glance between conflicting parties, choosing his instruments, friends, or clients, or giving them up again, with a single view to the great purpose of his life. This Pontiff was, far more than any contemporaneous Sovereign, the prominent great man of his age. He made his word respected in half-savage Scandinavia, cowed England's weak and brutal John, and then protected him against all his enemies, received England and Arragon as fiefs of the Apostolic See, reconciled, for a time at least, Bulgaria and Armenia with the Latin Church, bestowed the title of King repeatedly, and had his right to do so recognised by the world, made and unmade Emperors, protested against the Magna Charta, acted as Regent over Naples and Sicily with vigour, sustained the Crusaders in the conquest of Constantinople, founded the order of the Knights Sword-Bearers to extend the Church's frontiers, completed the edifice of her doctrines, destroyed the last vestiges of the independence of the city of Rome; and, with all this, took cognizance of innumerable public and domestic questions. No quarrel of an obscure Baron with a neighbouring monastery could escape unnoticed. His Legates were every where, making peace or scattering anathemas.

“O!” exclaimed he, in his discourse on the day of his conse-

cration, "O! how I need prudence in order to be able to separate the leprous from the clean, good from evil, light from darkness, salvation from perdition.....that I may not condemn to death the souls that ought to live, nor judge worthy of life those that should die!.....Who am I, that I should be set above Kings, and occupy the seat of honour? for it is of me that it is said by the Prophet: 'I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant.' (Jer. i. 10.)" Such words as these were the ominous utterance of a man, capable of persecuting to death the enemies of his idol, and thinking that he thereby did God service. Three years later, he said, in a letter to Otho, the one among the pretenders to the empire whom he then favoured, "At the beginning of the world, God put two great lights in the vault of Heaven, one to shine during the day, the other to give light by night. It is thus that he has established in the firmament of the Church two great dignities; one to shine by day,—that is, to illumine intelligences on spiritual things, and deliver from their chains souls held fast in error; the other to give light by night,—that is, to punish hardened heretics and enemies of the faith, for the insult offered to Christ and His people, and to hold the temporal sword for the chastisement of malefactors, and the glory of the faithful." No language could better express the system partially acted upon in the Middle Ages, and which every energetic Pope tried to realize completely,—the unity of Christian society in a theocracy, with the Bishop of Rome at its head, and the civil power occupying the place of *executioner*. This conception is the key of Innocent's conduct towards the thousands for whose blood he made himself responsible, doubtless, without one moment's hesitation or remorse. No sooner had he been chosen Pope, than he proceeded to prepare for the extermination of the heretics,—those scorpions and locusts of the Apocalypse,—as one of the great ends of his reign.

Hurter, who held the office of Antistes or Chief of the Protestant Clergy of Schaffhausen, when he wrote the Life of Innocent, but who has since thrown off the mask, and professed himself a Roman Catholic, asserts that the Pontiff he idolizes was at first disposed to act mildly towards the recusants; and this idea is apparently countenanced by his artful show of moderation, as far as the Count of Toulouse was concerned; but it is abundantly refuted by his severity from the very outset to the Italian Cathari, who were under his own jurisdiction. At Orvieto, for instance, he appointed as Governor a young Roman nobleman, Peter Parentio, who wielded the scourge and the axe without mercy, until he was himself murdered by some of the townspeople driven to desperation. The possibility of such a catastrophe had suggested itself to Parentio and his master; and

the Pope had, by anticipation, granted him remission of all his sins, if he should be killed in the service of the Church. This first agent of the great systematic persecution of the thirteenth century has since been canonized in memory of his zeal.

But it was the south of France which especially attracted the attention of Innocent. Menaces and excommunications of Papal Legates made Raimond VI. humble himself, and promise, again and again, to exterminate his heretical subjects; but he was both unwilling and unable to keep his promise, and the preaching of the monks of Citeaux and others was found to produce no effect. After more than one useless mission of monks and Legates, some with almost regal pomp, and others barefooted, the Pope came to the resolution of proclaiming a Crusade against the heretics, with the same spiritual indulgences as that against the Saracens, and with leave for the champions of the Church to appropriate the lands of those Barons who should protect the guilty, or even show themselves indifferent. The first attempt to get up this Crusade was made in 1204, and failed, Philip Augustus turning a deaf ear to the solicitations of the Pope, and the cupidity of the Barons of the north not being yet sufficiently aroused. But, early in 1208, the assassination, by two unknown men-at-arms, of the Friar Pierre de Castelnau, a zealous and indefatigable preacher and agent of the Pope, exasperated Innocent to the utmost, and furnished the Catholic Barons with a pretext for measures, to the idea of which they had been for some years accustoming themselves. Arnould, Abbot of Citeaux, and his monks, dispersed themselves through all France to preach the Crusade, the Clergy every where joining them, and telling the people, that no crime was of so deep a dye as not to be washed out by the merits of the holy war; that if the very damned in Hell had but the opportunity of fighting the heretics, it were penitence sufficient. The ruder and poorer Barons of the north, jealous of the rich, gay, and more civilized south, took the cross in such numbers, that the Abbot of Citeaux was soon enabled to put himself at the head of more than a hundred thousand men, ready to execute the vengeance of the Church, and to glut their own passions. The unfortunate Count of Toulouse tried to avert the storm by the most humiliating submission; he went to meet the Papal Legate Milo at Valence, put seven castles into his hands, engaged to take the cross himself, swore solemnly to treat as heretics such of his subjects as the Bishops would at any time designate, and finally consented to appear at the threshold of the Cathedral, naked to the waist, to be scourged with rods by the Legate, and in this plight to receive absolution in the name of the Pope. He little knew that, in the instructions of Innocent to his Legates, they were recommended by *prudent dissimulation* to separate him from his allies, to crush the latter when deprived of his assistance,

and then to turn upon him, since he would be found an easier prey. In the letter which unfolds this scheme of dark and relentless perfidy, the Pope complacently quotes the language of St. Paul, "Being crafty I caught you with guile," as if this were a confession of the Apostle, instead of being an accusation of adversariness which he indignantly denies!

All our readers are familiar with the events of the Crusade against the Albigenses, but the tale cannot be told too often; it ought to be, far more than hitherto, one of the early lessons of every child in Britain. Raimond Roger, Viscount of Beziers, endeavoured to obtain the same conditions as the Count of Toulouse; but, faithful to their instructions, the Legates refused to give him so much as a hearing. They had no confidence in the promises that the nobles of the south would make; and only pretended to accept the submission of the one who was the most powerful, in order that they might the more easily destroy them all. Thus repulsed, the chivalrous young Viscount prepared to defend himself with the courage of despair: he threw himself into Carcassonne, and placed a strong garrison at Beziers. The immense army of the Crusaders appeared before the latter, in July, 1209, after laying waste a wide extent of country, and burning numbers of real or supposed heretics. "There shall not one life be spared, not one stone left upon another," said the Abbot of Citeaux, when the Catholic inhabitants refused to deliver up the heretics, or to accept a safe-conduct for themselves. After a short, but vigorous, resistance, the devoted city was taken by storm, the besiegers chanting, as they marched to the assault, the fine old hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost," &c. Of what is fanaticism not capable, when it could invoke the presence of the Dove over such a scene? The Crusaders, masters of the walls, and seeing a procession of Priests in their robes coming out of a street to meet them, hesitated for a moment to begin the work of indiscriminate butchery; but they were goaded on by the ferocious Arnould. "Kill them all," he shouted: "God will be able to find out His own:" and he was but too well obeyed; neither age nor sex was spared, and the Legates, in a triumphant letter to the Pope, calculate the number of victims to have been at least 20,000. Roman Catholics of a milder generation have suspected the authenticity of the words of blood and blasphemy attributed to the Abbot of Citeaux; but we owe the fact to a monk of his own order, himself an ardent adversary of the heretics, and it is repeated, without hesitation, by Manrique, the annalist and panegyrist of the Cistercians. The siege of Beziers was followed by that of Carcassonne, most of the inhabitants of which, after a heroic resistance, succeeded in making their escape,—the Papal army being so busily employed in plunder, as to let slip the opportunity of massacre; four hundred prisoners, however, were

burned to death, and fifty hung. The unfortunate young Viscount soon perished in prison, and Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was put into possession of his territories, towns, and castles, on condition of being for the future the instrument of the Church's vengeance,—a task for which this nobleman was eminently qualified by his energy, his ignorance, his superstition, and his ambition. Regardless of the Count of Toulouse's formal reconciliation with the Church, Arnould and Simon next turned their arms against him, according to the primitive secret plan of operations, upon the pretext that he had not fulfilled his promise of expelling all heretics from his dominions. In vain Raimond proceeded to Rome, to try to obtain justice from Innocent in person. The Pope received him graciously, gave him relics to kiss, called him his dear son, but eluded every request to pronounce upon the matter in debate between him and his persecutors, and sent him home dispirited. Meantime, most of the Crusaders, having finished their stipulated time of service, returned to their homes, and Simon was only able to wage that sort of cruel and partial warfare which was fatal to the flourishing civilization of the south, without materially advancing his own purposes. When he took a castle, he mutilated or burned its defenders by hundreds, and when his soldiers fell into the hands of the southerners, they were treated with almost equal barbarity.

Raimond ought to have seen, from the first, that there was no safety for him, except in determined resistance; but it was his weakness to recur constantly to negotiation, and to appeals, which were utterly lost upon the inexorable temper of his adversaries. They cannot be accused of dissembling any longer with him; for the conditions proposed as an ultimatum by the Legates, Arnould and Theodice, at a conference at Arles, early in 1211, are so outrageous that they must have been intended to drive him to extremity. The Count of Toulouse was not only to give up all persons whom any of the Clergy should designate as heretics, but he was to raze the fortifications of every one of his castles and towns; his nobles were to be clad in frieze, and interdicted from living in towns; every head of a family was to pay the Legates an annual tax of fourpence; the Count de Montfort was to travel where he pleased, and to take what he pleased out of the country, without opposition; Raimond himself was to take the cross, go to Palestine, and not return until he should have the Legate's permission; his lands were to be restored to him only when it should seem fit to Arnould and Simon de Montfort! The iniquity of those proposals roused the indignation of the Knights and cities of Languedoc, and even Catholic Prelates disapproved of the rigour of the Legates; but the Pope deposed the over-patriotic dignitaries, confirmed the excommunication of Raimond, and disposed of his dominions in favour of the first

invader who should occupy them. It should be added, in justice, that Innocent afterwards blamed his agents for their cupidity, and made some remonstrances in favour of the unfortunate Count. He was actuated by no hostility to Raimond's person, nor cared who was master of Toulouse, provided the interests of the Church were secured.

A noted burner of heretics at this time, and a deadly enemy of the Count of Toulouse, was Foulques, Bishop of that city, formerly a licentious Troubadour, but now a stern devotee, and who was not the only example of such a change. The preaching of a new Crusade, in 1211, by Arnauld and Foulques, enabled Simon to prosecute the war that year with vigour. He took the strong castle of Lavaur, reputed impregnable, putting to death, in one day, eighty Knights of the garrison, and burning four hundred *Perfects*,—"to the great joy of the army," adds the monkish historian. He also besieged, but unsuccessfully, the city of Toulouse, which was defended by the Counts of Toulouse, Foix, and Comminges; and he systematically excluded from their fiefs the native Languedocian nobles, putting in their places strangers from the north. The spirit in which the war was carried on, may be gathered from the language of a Council of Bishops assembled at Lavaur, who besought Innocent, by the *bowels of Jesus Christ, with all humility and tears*, to decree the absolute and utter extermination of the perverse city of Toulouse.

Peter II. of Arragon, supreme feudal Lord of part of the countries so cruelly devastated, had from the first secretly encouraged his subjects in their resistance, and at last, losing all patience, he came with an army to the assistance of the Toulousans. The King of Arragon was celebrated for his knightly accomplishments, and he had fought the Saracens in fifteen battles; but his help proved fatal to himself and to his friends; for it tempted them to try their fortune in the open field against the iron valour of the northern warriors. Peter was killed in the disastrous battle of Muret, fought on the 12th of September, 1213. The Roman Catholic annalists tell us, that Simon laid his sword upon the altar, before the battle, and took it up again, sure of victory, though he had but 800 horse and 700 foot, while the allies mustered 2,000 horse and 40,000 foot; but it is possible that the disproportion between the two armies was exaggerated, in order to make the victory of the Church assume a more miraculous character. The patriotic resistance of the Languedocians was paralysed by the defeat of Muret, and Simon was soon master of Toulouse.

The assembling an œcumenical Council had long been an ardent wish of Innocent, and he was gratified beyond his expectations by the imposing character of the Fourth Lateran Council, held under his auspices in 1215. The whole Catholic world was, indeed, represented in this assembly, which defi-

natively fixed the most objectionable parts of Roman Catholic doctrine and practice. There were present, Ambassadors from all the Princes of Europe, 412 Bishops, 900 Abbots and heads of orders; in all 2,283 persons having a right to vote. The doctrine of transubstantiation, and the duty of detailed auricular confession, now received, for the first time, the seal of infallibility. The Council, in its horror of bloodshed, ordained that no Ecclesiastic should be a physician,—it was not fitting that the knife or lancet should be seen in holy hands, even for a benevolent purpose; yet these humane and reverend fathers united in one decree the measures ordained at Verona, in 1184, for the prosecution of the Italian Cathari, and those made by Innocent against the Albigenses; they definitively consecrated the use of the secular arm, rendered obligatory upon the whole Church what had hitherto been local and partial, and laid the basis of that exorbitant legislation which has caused so much suffering and crime. The Council expressed its partial approbation of the two religious orders founded this same year by Dominic Guzman and Francis of Assisi. The former, a fanatical Spaniard, protected by Bishop Foulques and Simon de Montfort, established his first monastery at Toulouse. The Dominican order was regularly constituted, five years later, by Honorius III., and appropriated, as its peculiar task, the refutation, the conversion, and the punishment of heretics.

The Lateran Council confirmed all the usurpations of Simon de Montfort, but the bloody struggle was not yet over. The King of England furnished Raimond with money, and the people of the south, driven to fury by the violence and rapacity of Simon and his auxiliaries, took arms, once more, for the Prince under whose house they had enjoyed religious toleration and temporal prosperity. Innocent III. died in the midst of the calamities he had brought about, but his successor continued his measures. Simon was driven out of Toulouse, September 13th, 1217, after perpetrating great cruelties on the inhabitants, and trying in vain to burn the town. He returned to besiege it with a new army of Crusaders, but was killed by a stone hurled from the ramparts, June 25th, 1218, leaving his son Amalric to inherit his claims, and the favour of the Church. The new Pope, Honorius III., persuaded Prince Louis, the heir apparent of France, to lead an army to the help of Amalric. They took the town of Marmande, where 5,000 persons of all ages and sexes were massacred by order of the Bishops of Beziers and Saintes; and had it not been for the interference of the Prince and some of the more eminent nobles, none of the wretched inhabitants would have escaped with their lives. Louis and Amalric next laid siege to Toulouse, but were repulsed victoriously by the heroic citizens. After this, Raimond VI. dying, was succeeded by his son of the same name, and Amalric, discouraged, made

over his claims to his royal ally. In 1226, the latter, now reigning as Louis VIII. of France, undertook a fifth Crusade, in hope of uniting to his crown one of its most considerable fiefs. The expedition, at first, met with success; and St. Anthony of Padua, who accompanied it, had the pleasure of committing great numbers of heretics to the flames, until, the King dying of a pestilence, the greater part of his army was disbanded. This was the last time, for three centuries at least, that these once happy and flourishing regions were exposed to the horrible desolation of a religious war. Louis IX., and Raimond VII., made a treaty at Meaux, which prepared the definitive destruction of the independence of the south, and its incorporation with the rest of France. The Count of Toulouse promised to exterminate heretics, to maintain the privileges of the Clergy, to raze the walls of his towns and castles, and to give his daughter and only child in marriage to one of the King's brothers. On the 12th of April, 1229, Raimond appeared barefooted before the gate of Notre Dame at Paris, there solemnly swore to those conditions, was introduced into the church, and received absolution. The other great feudataries of the south followed his example, but with extreme reluctance. Roger Bernard, the chivalrous Count of Foix, only yielded to the wishes of his subjects. "As to my religion," said he to the Papal Legates, "the Pope has nothing to meddle therein, since every man's religion should be free. My father always recommended this liberty to me, that in such posture, were the heavens to fall, I might look on with a steady eye, knowing they could not harm me. It is not fear that moves me as your passions list, and constrains me to lay my will in the dust, and make it litter for your appetite; but, impelled by a kind and generous concern for the wretchedness of my subjects, and the ruin of my whole country, desiring not to be thought the disturber, the reckless firebrand of France, I yield me in this extremity: otherwise I were a wall without a breach, and that no enemy could scale." Noble words; yet they betray the absence of settled religious conviction. Roger Bernard remained all his life a secret or open favourer of heretics, and died a Catholic. The Count of Comminges and the Viscount of Bearn were the last to come to terms. Then the south was completely humbled, and the tribunals of the Inquisition replaced the Courts of Love. The feelings of the vanquished populations appear in the spirit of grief, and rage, and vengeance, which animated the last generation of Troubadours.

So far were the Cathari from being exterminated, or even disheartened, by the fearful events of the last twenty years, that, on the very eve of the final destruction of their most powerful protector, they held a Synod at which more than a hundred *Perfects* attended, and erected the district of Rasez

into a new bishopric. The people were still their friends; and such native Knights as had not lost their possessions were always ready to receive the travelling *bons hommes* at their hearth and board. Raimond VII., however, proved the sincerity of his reconciliation with the Church by his vigorous persecution of the sectaries: a reward of two silver marks was given to whoever delivered a heretic into the hands of justice; cellars and forests were ransacked in search of them, and apostates led the messengers of blood into all their hiding-places. The Dominicans monopolized the Inquisition, and, from the very first, violated, in their fanatical zeal, all the laws of ordinary justice. Simple suspicions, vague denunciations, were enough to deprive men of property and life. The accused were never told the names of their denouncers, and never confronted with them: both Innocent IV. and Urban IV. expressly forbade it, lest informers should be discouraged. They were entrapped into condemning themselves by insidious questions, or forced to do so by the torture. The two characters of secrecy and implacable vengeance marked the whole proceedings. Innocent III., indeed, interdicted the old judicial ordeals. Heretics were no longer tried by exposure to the hot iron, or by being thrown into water to see whether they would sink or swim; but those simple, antiquated barbarities were amply compensated by the varied physical and moral tortures that were put in their place. Jurisdiction over heretics was withdrawn from the Prelates and secular Clergy, lest they should prove too merciful. "Proceed summarily," wrote Alexander IV., "and without the importunate bustle of lawyers and judicial forms" (*summarie, absque judicii et advocatorum strepitu*). Gregory IX. made an Edict, in 1231, that persons accused of heresy should have no right of appeal, and that any Judges, Advocates, or Notaries who acted for them should be deprived of their situations. The Synod of Narbonne, in 1233, determined that no protestation of innocence, however vehement, should procure the acquittal of persons against whom witnesses positively deposed. The wife, the children, the servants of the accused could not be received as witnesses in their favour, but could be valid evidence against them; nay, "because of the enormity of the crime of heresy, all criminals and ill-famed persons, (*omnes criminosi et infames*,) and even the partners of the crime itself, may be admitted to accuse or to give evidence!" (Canon 24.)

The vengeance of the Church extended itself to the very dwellings of convicted heretics. They were ordered to be razed to the ground, and converted into dung-heaps, and no human habitation was to be ever erected on the spot: and this not only in the first heat of the persecution; we find such sentences renewed and executed for a century and a half, until, in 1378,

the secular arm refused to obey the orders of the Inquisition any longer in this particular. The confiscation of the property of the condemned was a matter of course: at first a third of it was devoted either to the crown or to secular purposes, but it came gradually to be divided altogether between the Bishops and the Inquisitors. The children and grandchildren of convicted heretics were incapable of all civil honours or employments, of being witnesses before any tribunal, or of making a will; the only exception being in favour of those who had themselves denounced their parents. The stake was the usual punishment; but in cases where it might be thought expedient to let the guilty live, as an example, it was ordered that their tongues should be cut out; and, in any case, the torture preceded the final punishment, in order, if possible, to procure information for the detection of others. Of course the administration of the torture belonged to the Familiars of the Inquisition; the more vulgar office of burning to death was alone intrusted to the secular arm. Heretics who confessed, and wished to be reconciled to the Church, escaped with perpetual imprisonment, which was technically called *immuratio*. Those who came to confess and abjure of their own accord, were, of course, treated more mildly; yet St. Dominic recommended even to this class perpetual chastity, and abstinence, all their life long, from animal food, milk, and eggs, except on Christmas-day, Easter, and Pentecost, when they were to partake of those sorts of food, in order to show they had renounced their Manichæan errors.

At an earlier period, some of the Clergy, more humane than their fellows, or really influenced by Christian principle, had contended for the employment of persuasion, instead of force, in dealing with heretics. Thus Wazon, Bishop of Liege, in the first half of the eleventh century, denied the right of the Church to put her adversaries to death. Even Gregory VII., in a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, (1077,) treats the tumultuous burning of a heretic, by the people of Cambray, as cruel and impious: he did not approve of Lynch *auta da fé*. St. Bernard, in the first half of the twelfth century, said that the execution of heretics was contrary to the will of Him who would have all men to be saved. Other illustrious exceptions might be mentioned. But, in the thirteenth century, all traces of these milder views had disappeared; and there was not one dissentient voice against the cry of the hierarchy for blood. Among the many Doctors who tried to sanction the practice of the Inquisition by a scholastic theory, Thomas Aquinas was pre-eminent. He demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the age, that, in the parable of the tares, the Saviour forbids the destruction of the false plant only where there was danger of rooting up the true plant along with it, and that this danger

was now obviated by the careful examination of the Holy Tribunal.

The Magistrates of Toulouse, after the submission of their Prince, tried to put as many obstacles as possible in the way of the ministry of the Dominicans; and these latter, by their cruelty to the living, and their insults to the dead, exasperated the people more and more. Every day witnessed fresh executions, or else dead bodies dug up and burned; sometimes the living and the dead were burned on the same pile. One day, in 1234, while mass was being celebrated in honour of the canonization of St. Dominic, word was brought to the officiating Bishop, that several Cathari had just administered the *consolamentum* to a dying woman in a neighbouring house. Hurrying to the spot, the Bishop and his assistants endeavoured to convert the poor woman; and when they could not succeed, they had a fire kindled in the street, and threw the dying heretic with her bed into the flames. Once the Capitouls, as the Chief Magistrates of this ancient city were called, ventured to expel the Inquisitors from the limits of their jurisdiction; but they soon got back again. The inhabitants of Narbonne expelled other Inquisitors, delivering the prisoners who were in their hands; and many of the Albigenses retaliated upon such of their persecutors as they could get into their power. A short period of respite from persecution took place between the years 1239 and 1242, because Raimond VII. and his old allies, impatient of the dependence to which they had pledged themselves, renewed the struggle with the Crown. It was like an ordinary civil war, comparatively free from the atrocities of religious hate, and interrupted by frequent negotiations. While hostilities lasted, the proscribed teachers re-appeared in public, and were treated with as much veneration as ever; but Louis IX. proved once more too strong for the refractory nobles. It was the last combined effort of the south, and the Count of Toulouse had to become, for the remainder of his days, the degraded instrument of cruelties with which he had no sympathy. He was bound by his treaty with Louis to destroy the castle of Montsegur, which had been for many years the last refuge and stronghold of liberty of conscience, and which he had himself already unsuccessfully besieged. This stipulation was carried into effect in 1244. Raimond de Perelle, Lord of the castle, was brother of a heretic Bishop, and he had seen his own daughter burned by the Inquisitors. He defended the castle with great bravery; but it was taken at last, and two hundred of its inmates burned to death without a trial. The siege of Montsegur, and its fall, excited the most intense interest through all the south of France. One of the last acts of the Count of Toulouse was the burning of twenty-four heretics at Agen. His death, in 1249, accelerated the fusion of the north and the south, and the

language of the Troubadours, after a generation or two, became for many centuries an unnoticed and unhonoured *patois*. Yet it is not extinct; and in our own day, at the very time that the labours of Fauriel and Raynouard were devoted to the restoration and elucidation of its ancient monuments, Jasmin, a hair-dresser of Agen, the seat of one of the old Catharic bishoprics, astonished and delighted France by his simple and pathetic tales in the idiom of his fathers.

Raimond VII. was succeeded by Alphonse, a Prince of the Royal Family, who had married his only daughter; and, on the death of Alphonse without issue, his extensive possessions reverted to the Crown (1270). The change was marked by an increase in the vigilance and activity of the Inquisition: Louis IX. merited his canonization. At the same time, the state of opinion in the south had undergone a revolution. Among the higher ranks, new families had in a great measure replaced the native Provençals; and, moreover, the theology of the sectaries must have been found less and less satisfactory with the progress of intelligence: even amongst the lower ranks that generation had passed away which could remember the good old times before the Papal invasion. Lastly, as we have repeatedly had occasion to notice, the ill-directed spirit of religious excitement could now spend itself in the channels provided by the Church of Rome itself. The remnant of the Cathari were utterly discouraged; and, during the course of the years 1273 and 1274, all the *Perfects* in France emigrated to Lombardy, the more intrepid only returning from time to time, to make rare and perilous visits. Henceforward, the fury of the Inquisition wreaked itself chiefly on mere disciples, or else on the Waldenses, who increased in number, and gradually filled up the place of the Cathari. During the last few years of the thirteenth, and the beginning of the fourteenth, century, there was a momentary reaction. The extreme unpopularity of the Inquisition, and the preaching of certain Franciscans, who proclaimed that the degenerate Church approached its dissolution, encouraged the refugee leaders to send their agents into all the districts where they still had adherents, and they made many proselytes; but Philip the Fair protected the Inquisitors, and, notwithstanding the humane intervention of Pope Clement V., who rebuked the fierce zeal of the Dominicans of Alby and Carcassonne, more than a thousand victims were burned to death within a few years. Suicide, at this period, became of awful frequency in the dungeons of the Inquisition; so much so, that a peculiar name, *l'endura*, was invented for it. When no other means of putting an end to their lives was in their power, many poor wretches even allowed themselves to die of hunger. The resistance of the south of France to Rome was now broken effectually, and, as far as the Cathari were concerned, for ever.

The very penitents reconciled to the Church had to wear a red cross as a mark of infamy, and to transmit it to their descendants; and this is believed to be the origin of the reprobation to which the Roman Catholic population, until a late period, devoted certain families under the names *cagots* and *Chrestians*.

After attempting to follow, however imperfectly, the terrible tragedy of which the south of France was the theatre, the history of similar persecutions in other places is comparatively tame. In the NORTH OF FRANCE, the Dominican Brother Robert, himself an apostate from the Cathari, was the most celebrated and successful hunter-out of heretics. In 1239, he detected the extensive community belonging to the castle of Montwimer in Champagne, which had been, for more than a century, a metropolis of heresy without awakening the suspicions of the Church. One hundred and eighty-three persons, men and women, with their Bishop, Moranis, at their head, were burned on one pile under the castle walls. Brother Robert afterwards became literally excited to madness in his work of blood, and had to be kept in perpetual confinement. In SPAIN, both the Waldenses and the Cathari had spread, before the end of the twelfth century, into the provinces of Arragon, Leon, Catalonia, and Navarre, which were nearest the French Albigenses, and whose language was nearly the same. The means of extirpation were the same on both sides of the Pyrenees, and, in 1233, Ferdinand III. of Arragon actually threw wood with his own hand on the pile where heretics were writhing,—a royal Fire-the-faggot! In GERMANY, there were a few Catharie communities in Bavaria, in Austria, and on the Rhine. They almost escaped notice until Gregory IX., in 1231, armed Conrad, a monk of Marburg, with extraordinary powers, which he abused to such an extent, that, for more than two years, all Germany was filled with terror. He used to accuse real or supposed heretics of the most horrible and absurd crimes, and leave them no alternative, but confession or the stake. This monster perished by the dagger of the assassin, but persecution did not die with him.

In ITALY the conflict was more serious. Innocent III. actually menaced the citizens of Milan with a Crusade like that which he had armed against the Albigenses. Under his successor, Honorius, the young Emperor, Frederick II., on the day of his coronation at Rome, November 22nd, 1220, raised the persecuting canon of the Lateran Council to the rank of a law of the Empire; and, four years later, we find him issuing at Padua a most sanguinary edict. It was the policy of Monarchs in those ages, when in amity with the Pope, to persecute heretics as a graceful return for his favour; when in conflict with the Pope, to persecute still more, as a proof of their orthodoxy. St. Anthony of Padua and St. Francis of Assisi distinguished themselves at this time by their efforts for the conversion of the

Cathari; yet, notwithstanding the use of both material and spiritual weapons, the heretics of Brescia were numerous enough in 1225 to beat the Catholics in a conflict in the streets, and to burn to the ground several churches. This outbreak was followed by a renewal of severities at Brescia, Milan, Florence, and other cities of the peninsula, including Rome itself, whose inhabitants were gratified with a grand *auto da fé*, in 1231, before the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Gregory IX. introduced the Inquisition into the cities of Lombardy in 1233, and he endowed with special privileges the Association of Knights of Jesus Christ, formed at Parma for the extermination of heretics; yet that did not hinder Frederick from afterwards accusing him of winking at the heresy of the cities of Lombardy from political motives. The people of Milan, finding their city represented by the Emperor as the chief seat of heresy, were at last roused to crush the sectaries they had so long tolerated; and the Podesdat, Oldrado de Tresseno, burned so many victims in the year 1240, that his zeal was commemorated by an equestrian statue, with the inscription, "*Catharos ut debuit urit.*" After a fierce conflict, they were also driven out of Florence in 1245. Yet, towards the middle of the century, the ex-heretic and Inquisitor Reinerius estimated the *Perfects* of Italy to be about 2,350 souls, which were thus distributed: mitigated Dualists, 1,500; absolute Dualists, 500; branch of Bagnolo, 200; French bishopric of Verona, 150; with a multitude of disciples. The jealousy with which the Government of Venice monopolized despotism over its people, hindered the Inquisition from doing much in that city or its territory. The heretics that remained at Milan were protected for more than seventy years by Eccelino de Romano, Uberto Pallavicini, and Matthew Visconti,—by the two former for political reasons, and by the latter from religious sympathy. On the whole the sect was not really extirpated by the sword: it died out rather before the increase of intelligence, and the diversion of religious impulses into other channels. Not but that there were from time to time scenes calculated to strike terror into the people: thus, in 1277, the inhabitants of the little town of Sermione, near Novarra, were convicted, in a body, of favouring the heretics, and more than seventy of them were sentenced to the flames.

The secrecy with which the unfortunate Dualists were obliged to surround themselves during their lingering existence, was near being the occasion of a singular event in the annals of canonization. In 1269 there died at Ferrara a wealthy citizen, Armano Pungilovo, whose extraordinary charities endeared him to the poor, while his austere and exemplary life procured him a general reputation of sanctity. He was buried in the cathedral, in presence of an immense crowd, who lamented

their benefactor; and such was the public veneration, that miracles were soon wrought, or appeared to be, on the spot where he was buried. An altar was built over his remains, and statues were erected in his honour throughout the churches of the diocese. The Bishop and Chapter of Ferrara proceeded to an investigation of the miracles wrought at his tomb, as a preliminary step to applying for his canonization, and professed themselves satisfied of the veracity of persons who testified that they had themselves been cured,—some of blindness, others of paralysis. What was the general consternation when the Dominican, Aldobrandini, Inquisitor-General of Lombardy, brought forward irresistible evidence that the deceased was a member of the Catharic community; that his house had been for years the asylum of their teachers; and that he had both received and administered the *consolamentum*! The Clergy of Ferrara were slowly and unwillingly convinced, the people not at all; but, after repeated investigations, and a delay of more than thirty years, those remains which had well-nigh been proposed to the adoration of the faithful, were dug up with ignominy, and burned to ashes.

Innocent III. did not confine his exertions against the Cathari to Italy and France. His influence was exerted on the eastern shore of the Adriatic and on the borders of the Danube, as earnestly as at the foot of the Pyrenees and the Alps. Complaining that the Slavonic Clergy had discredited their order by their dissolute conduct, he reproached one Bishop with simony, another with open licentiousness, and a third with incest. He summoned the King of Hungary to oblige his vassal, the Ban of Bosnia, to extirpate heresy in that country. The Ban, Kulin, himself a disciple of the Cathari, was terrified into apparent submission in 1202: his successor Ninoslas, however, once more protected the Dualists; and, while their brethren in the south of France were perishing by the sword and the brand, they were actually more numerous than the Catholics in Bosnia. Honorius III. found a docile instrument of Papal severities in Andrew II. of Hungary; and, in 1221, the recently established order of the Dominicans sent many of its members into that country and its dependencies; but thirty-two of those monks were drowned in one day by the fierce Bosnians. Ninoslas submitted, and gave his son as a hostage into the hands of the Dominicans; but a tacit toleration continued to exist in his dominions, and the various attempts made by Gregory IX. to institute a regular Crusade against the Manichæans were always unsuccessful, doubtless because the Bosnians were too poor to offer much inducement to crusading hordes. The invasion of Hungary by the Mongols, with the long time of suffering, confusion, and anarchy, and the intestine and foreign wars that followed, was unfavourable to the views of the Popes;

and, during the latter half of the thirteenth century, many French and Italian refugees found a safe asylum among their Slavonian brethren. It was only in the very last year of the century, that the Inquisition was established in Bosnia, Croatia, and Dalmatia; and, in 1322, John XXII. introduced it into Bohemia and Poland. In 1359, the Ban, Stephen Thuartko, having been roused to open resistance by the violent proceedings of the Inquisitors toward his subjects, Louis, King of Hungary, marched against Bosnia, to re-establish at once his own authority and that of the Church. The expedition was momentarily successful, and great numbers of Franciscans were sent to the field thus opened for their labours; but the Ban afterwards succeeded in rendering himself independent. The long schism between the Popes of Rome and Avignon paralysed the arm of the Inquisition; and Dualism became so completely the established religion in Bosnia, that, when the Council of Constance was convoked, Stephen Thuartko II. had the hardihood to prevent the departure of the Catholic Bishop, who was about to attend the Council, and to send, as deputies in his stead, four heretical Bishops. The Council, of course, refused to receive them. This Monarch's successor, Thomas, consented to receive Roman Catholic baptism in 1445. It is supposed he did so merely in order to obtain assistance from the Emperor against the Turks. He afterwards persecuted such of his rich subjects as did not follow his example, driving them into exile, and seizing their lands. The principal teachers fled to the Herzegowina, whose Duke, Stephen Cosaccia, was the last Prince in Europe who protected the remains of their sect. Thomas's son having refused to pay the stipulated tribute to the Turks, in 1463, Bosnia was invaded and conquered. Re-taken, for a time, by the Hungarians, it fell definitively into the power of the Turks in the sixteenth century. From the moment of the Turkish conquest, we hear no more of the Catharic heresy. It had subsisted longer than elsewhere in this region, partly because of the inferior character of its civilization,—which remained foreign to the progress of the human mind elsewhere,—and partly because of a fierce national antagonism to Rome. There is every reason to believe, with Schmidt, that the Bosnian Cathari,* having no sympathy with either the Greek or Latin Churches, and being brought into contact with a new fanaticism, generally ended by embracing the faith of their conquerors. At least, among the many conquests of the Turks in Europe, Bosnia and Albania are the only provinces in which the majority of the inhabitants have become Mussulmen.

* Here, and frequently elsewhere, we use this term improperly for that part of the population which was favourable to the heretical teachers, and whose religious ideas were unsettled by their influence, without being actually members of the community. It is not likely that many *Perfects* embraced Mahometanism.

Thus the Manichæism of the Middle Ages was extirpated only half a century before the Reformation. After four hundred and fifty years of bloody executions, Rome could celebrate the final disappearance of this obstinate and once menacing enemy. The first impression felt upon a superficial glance at the history, is that of a victory of force over erroneous conviction. But is this impression correct? Was it really by the cord and the stake that the dominant Church triumphed? We have witnessed the vitality of the sect, in the south of France, after the great Crusade, that is to say, after the most tremendous exertion of force that the hierarchy ever put forth, and the most merciless execution that can be conceived. We have seen the Inquisition itself incapable of hunting down the heretics, until it was sustained by a certain measure of public opinion. We have seen Dualism, on the east of the Adriatic, escaping comparatively unharmed by the temporal weapons of Rome, and melting away silently into Islamism. We may add a more decisive instance. The Cathari of Bulgaria were never much persecuted, and not at all from the thirteenth century forward; yet they, too, had dwindled into nothing by the middle of the sixteenth, because their religious principle was worn out. No; as it has been already said, the institution of the Mendicant Orders was the real mean of putting down ultra-ascetic sects, by absorbing the tendencies which had created or sustained them. It is remarkable that, at the Reformation, Protestantism found easy access in all the places where Catharism had been deeply rooted. The spirit of dissatisfaction with Rome remained, as it were, latent in the minds of the people, until it found a form which it could adopt with confidence. We are persuaded that it is not in the power of the sword to destroy any form of spiritual might which can maintain itself against resistance in its own sphere. Moral agency is not only the sole legitimate in moral causes; it is also the sole effectual. In the day of retribution, when Rome will have lost for ever her influence over the nations, and the various phases of past history can be interpreted in the light of their final results, the whole world will feel that the cruelties of the Middle Ages were as useless as they were iniquitous. Persecutors, of every name, shall confess it in that greater day when God shall make inquisition for blood, and the earth shall uncover her slain.

Mr. Macaulay, in his well-known "Essay on Ranke's Lives of the Popes," confesses that, when he reflects on the tremendous assaults which Rome has survived, he cannot conceive in what way she is ever to perish; and he proceeds to picture, in his brilliant and graphic manner, the four great rebellions of the human intellect which have taken place since her yoke was established in Western Christendom,—memorable conflicts, from two of which she has come forth unscathed, and, from all

four, victorious. He reminds us that, after the destruction of the Albigenses, the Church, lately in danger of utter subversion, appeared stronger than ever in the love, the reverence, and the terror of mankind : again, that, in the next generation after the Council of Constance, scarcely a trace of the revolt of Wycliffe and Huss could be found, except among the rude population of the mountains of Bohemia. The third and most formidable struggle for spiritual freedom had dispossessed her, in less than fifty years, of half Europe, and thrown her back upon the Mediterranean ; but, when fifty years more had elapsed, she had secured or reconquered France, Belgium, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, Poland, and Hungary ; and Protestantism could scarcely maintain itself on the Baltic. Her fourth peril was from the infidel philosophy and revolutionary movements of the eighteenth century. Every where throughout continental Europe her influence over the upper classes was apparently lost ; and the reverence of the people seemed departing from her. Yet, when a new order of things rose out of the confusion, when the waters of the great inundation had abated, the unchangeable Church re-appeared, unshaken in its deep foundations ; and, during the nineteenth century, it has been gradually rising from its depressed state, and reconquering its old dominion.

We must accuse this accomplished writer of not having reflected upon the consequences of the idea of the indestructibility of the Papacy, which, without positively affirming, he seems inclined to admit, from a superficial view of the course of history hitherto. Mr. Macaulay tells us, that the north of Europe and America owe their superiority in arms, arts, sciences, letters, commerce, and agriculture, to their Protestantism ; and that the only Roman Catholic countries which have made any considerable progress for the last three centuries,—nay, the only ones which have not decayed,—are those in which Protestantism maintained a long struggle, and left permanent traces. It is his “firm belief,” that the moral effect of the Protestant Reformation is the great source of civilization and prosperity. Then how can he, for a moment, entertain a doubt of its final supremacy ? How confess the moral inferiority of Popery, and yet suppose that it may exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall survey the ruins of the metropolis of Protestantism ? Is the Almighty Ruler of the kingdoms of the earth to be supposed indifferent to their civilization and prosperity ? But, more than this, Mr. Macaulay loudly expresses his conviction that Scripture, as well as reason, are on the side of Protestantism : are reason and Scripture, then, not destined to prevail ? Is the future of the truth not to be taken into account in our anticipations ? It is the height of inconsistency to admit the existence of a God who takes interest in His creatures, and then forget

that there is a divine purpose in human history; to admit—as we are sure Mr. Macaulay does sincerely—the divinity of revelation, and yet suppose the possibility of revelation failing in accomplishing its end. If no genuine philosophy can suppress the essential element of the subject with which it deals, surely that is a mistaken philosophy of history in which Providence is left out.

With a sort of paternal fondness for the paradox which he has taken under his protection, Mr. Macaulay exaggerates the present power and resources of the Church of Rome. The members of her communion barely equal—they do *not* exceed by thirty millions—those of the other Christian sects united. If the number of her children is, perhaps, greater than in any former age, that of other Christians, whether Protestant or Greek, increases in a far more rapid proportion. Her acquisitions in the New World are so far from compensating her for what she has lost in the Old, that it is in America she will first be found in a position of even numerical inferiority. But, leaving statistics, let us return to history. We think the review of the four great rebellions alluded to is any thing but proper to confirm the sceptical conclusion of the great essayist. It would have been a misfortune for the world, if the semi-Paganism of the Albigenses had supplanted even the low materialist Christianity of Rome. Again, it was as impossible as it was undesirable, that the cruel atheistic infidelity of the eighteenth century, or its chilling Deism, should attain any permanent ascendancy. Neither the first rebellion, then, nor the fourth, *ought* to have succeeded. The second and the third have all our sympathies, as far as they were religious, and in this point of view they are properly but one; for the labours of Wycliffe and Huss were not lost,—they certainly helped to prepare the Reformation. Unfortunately the religious movement of the fifteenth century did not maintain its purity; it connected itself with, and finally allowed itself to be absorbed into, the national feeling of the Bohemians, and their half-savage hostility to the Germans. It is but too easy, then, to account for the failure of the Hussites; and there only remains one great question: “Why was not the success of the Reformation more complete?” But this Mr. Macaulay has himself most satisfactorily answered. As long as the Reformation was the work of faith,—the conflict of living piety with a degenerate form of Christianity,—it spread over the face of Christendom with a rapidity to which nothing in man’s moral history can be compared, no, not even the first diffusion of Christianity; but, when a second generation of heads of the Reformation had become lukewarm and worldly, when the Protestant Princes, getting into entire possession of the movement, used it for their own selfish purposes, then the Popish reaction could set in and prevail. The combatants,

to use Macaulay's picturesque expression, had changed rapiers : the intensity of religious zeal was on the side of the Catholics. Their Church was universal in a very real, though low and materialistic, sense : it had no frontiers ; the operations of its strongly organized and united hierarchy took in the whole world ; the energies, vigilance, and sympathies of the entire body were called forth wherever its interests were at stake, no matter in how remote a corner. Protestantism, on the contrary, had for aggressive purposes no organization at all ; parcelled into mere national Churches, isolated from each other, and under the absolute control of their respective civil governments ; their ministry a local militia, useful, indeed, in case of invasion, but incapable of carrying the war into the enemy's quarters. A century after the Reformation, while Rome exhibited to the world the spectacle of a vast society essentially held together by a religious principle, or at least religious claims, in our several Protestant societies, alas ! the national and political element was predominant ; and yet they all, without exception, retained much of the theory and practice of compulsory religion. Under those circumstances, is it strange that the progress of the Reformation should have been suspended ? We will even dare to ask, is it to be regretted that the whole of Christendom was not divided into the set of hard, dry, formalistic, worldly, intolerant Cæsareo-Papacies, which the Protestant Churches would certainly have become, if the prolonged existence of the original Papacy had not maintained something of the first evangelical spirit within them, by forcing them to keep up an attitude of antagonism ?

The experience of the past shows the invincible strength of Rome against a certain amount of gross anti-Christian error, against infidelity, and against secularized religion ; but it should also teach us the weakness of Rome against earnest, unshackled evangelical religion. And, when we look abroad upon the real Catholicism that is growing up among vitally religious members of our Protestant Churches, renewing the controversy throughout Europe and the British Isles in the genuine spirit of the Reformation, winning souls individually, and resting its conquests on the sure basis of personal conviction, we trust we are authorized to hope that word has gone forth from on high for a final and successful struggle with this great and ancient corruption of Christianity.

- ART. II.—1. *The Life of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., interspersed with Sketches from his Note-Books, &c.* By BRANSBY BLAKE COOPER, Esq., F.R.S. In Two Volumes. London: John W. Parker. 1843.
2. *Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S., with a View of his Lectures, Writings, and Character.* By GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.C.S., &c. Second Edition. In Two Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1854.

THE career of the medical man is emphatically one of private life. He has to do with the sufferings and griefs of the individual; and, although he may kindle the warmest emotions of admiration and of attachment in the minds of a great number of isolated persons, his calling is unfitted to excite the plaudits of public enthusiasm, even when the qualifications exhibited are of the highest order. The ministrations of the Church are addressed to the public; and, therefore, when marked by pre-eminent merit, they are simultancously recognised as such *by* the public. The Law attracts a full share of popular attention, and more than a full share of public rewards; not because, in its nature, of higher worth or tending to nobler ends, but because it declares the rights and guards the interests of the community, as well as those of individuals, and its functions are carried on in the presence of associated numbers. The Physician or Surgeon, on the contrary, has no dealings with the community *as such*, and his claims upon its component parts cannot be recognised or felt in common.

It is thus unusual for a member of the medical profession to occupy a prominent place in the public eye. Nor, even when such publicity does occur, is it always to be taken as a proof of extraordinary merit, either professional or otherwise, since, like popularity in other spheres, it may arise from meretricious causes, and possess none of the elements of worth or permanency. In modern times many specimens of the professional character could be produced, in whom nothing seems wanting in natural gifts, scientific attainments, or practical aptitude,—but only a larger and more conspicuous field for their exercise,—to justify a bold comparison with the most famous names in the annals of medicine.

The greatness that impresses the popular mind is seldom, if ever, recognised in a member of the healing profession. If Esculapius was really received among the number of the gods, living or dead, the Greeks must have cherished sentiments that form no part of modern natures. Many men have existed, and many still live, whose entrance into a company elicits the spontaneous expression of universal regard and interest,—the token of general appreciation of services, real or imagined, which they have rendered to their species. The leading statesman, the successful soldier, and the eloquent lawyer, commonly receive these and

yet more substantial marks of public appreciation ; but when was the world's enthusiasm ever excited to a like extent by a career, however able, long-continued, or arduous, devoted to the development and application of principles whose results can be exhibited only in the welfare of the individual ? There may be plausible reasons assigned, and even principles of our nature adduced, which may partially account for this neglect ; but it may be doubted whether the fact be not a reflection upon the estimate formed by mankind of their benefactors, and upon the justness of their scale of recompense.

And yet the qualities required in those who deservedly obtain the laurel in medicine, are among the highest that can be found in any sphere of exertion. Being both a science and an art, it equally requires the possession of reflective and practical talents. The treatment of each case of disease is a piece of reasoning ; a large amount of general principles, each of these the result of induction from a vast number of instances, is brought to bear upon the facts of a particular case, which may not, in all its circumstances, resemble any other case whatever ; and by the daily and hourly repetition of the process, the reasoning faculty must necessarily acquire both acuteness and vigour. Foresight in the detection of danger, and ingenuity in the adaptation of means to ward it off, are essentially requisite. Promptness of action, sagacity, discrimination, and the power to influence the wavering minds of others in moments of peril,—these and other qualifications might be instanced, and would form materials for a comparison with the requirements of the Pleader at the bar or the General in the field. If to these qualities be added the subordination of personal feelings and objects to the good of others, and the kindly sympathy with suffering, which have generally characterized the medical profession, there will appear ample claims upon the respect of the public towards it as a whole, and a just call for a sympathizing interest in those whom its members acknowledge as their chiefs.

Notwithstanding, however, the general rule which thus exists, —tending directly to exclude the hope of fame as a powerful motive of the medical practitioner,—the last half-century presents, in this country, two remarkable exceptions, in the persons of John Abernethy and Sir Astley Cooper. The names of these men have spread far beyond the limits of the profession to which they belonged, and have originated numerous popular legends, which have alternately interested and amused the public. The recent appearance of “*Memoirs of Abernethy*” presents a favourable opportunity for passing in review the principal events in the career of both ; nor is there wanting, as a further inducement, a certain curiosity, that seeks its gratification in looking behind the curtain which ordinarily veils the thoughts and acts of those engaged in a somewhat fearful and mysterious calling.

ASTLEY COOPER was the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooper, of Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk. His mother was a daughter of Mr. Bransby, of Shottisham, a co-heiress descended from the family of Paston; a lady of considerable intellectual attainments, and the authoress of several works of fiction, which had much popularity in their day. Astley was born at Brooke, in Norfolk, on the 23rd of August, 1768. The classical part of his education was superintended by his father, but does not appear to have extended very much beyond the rudimentary stages of Latin and Greek; nor do we find, at any subsequent part of his life, any reference to classical tastes or acquirements.

According to a well known principle, when he afterwards became celebrated, it was the custom to refer his first attachment to the medical profession to the accidental circumstance of his having had the presence of mind to compress a wounded artery, and thus to save the life of a young friend, imperilled by a serious accident. However this may have been, he was apprenticed, at the age of fifteen years, to a Mr. Turner, a general practitioner, of Yarmouth. His residence with this gentleman was short, as we soon find him availing himself of that which formed the first great facility of his early professional life, and, in all probability, constituted his chief inducement to the particular walk which he adopted.

His uncle, Mr. William Cooper, was at that time one of the Surgeons to Guy's Hospital, and Astley was taken by him into his house, as a pupil. This arrangement, according to the exclusive system, prevailing then as now, of confining the surgical offices of the Hospital to those who have been articulated pupils to the Surgeons attached, opened the way to his ultimate appointments of assistant, and then full, Surgeon to Guy's. His uncle appears to have been somewhat old-fashioned in his views; and Astley, in those days, was high-spirited, frolicsome, and idle. The consequence was, that disagreeable discussions became so frequent, as ultimately to lead to a transfer of his indentures to Mr. Cline, at that time the more eminent colleague of Mr. William Cooper. This transfer, which was in all probability brought about by Astley in consequence of Cline's superior reputation, was attended by the best professional results. From that time, he became conspicuously industrious, and seemed to find his chief pleasure in the hospital and dissecting-room; and so rapid and marked was his progress in professional acquirements, that, in 1791, after a short time spent in Edinburgh, he was appointed to give a portion of the anatomical lectures in conjunction with Mr. Cline. From this period, his progress in knowledge, and consequent reputation, was rapid and uninterrupted. His boyhood and youth had been marked by great energy of character and unbounded animal spirits. This seemingly exhaustless energy he now directed, with uninterrupted

industry, to a life-long pursuit of anatomical and surgical knowledge; presenting, to the eye of one who shall scan his whole career, the spectacle of an enthusiasm apparently too ardent to be continuous, persisted in, to the end, with all the regularity and constancy of a law, even after the ordinary motives to exertion were weakened by success.

At this time, no distinct courses of lectures on surgery were given in London, the maxims of the day being included in the anatomical course. Mr. Cooper, however, having gained the sanction of the Surgeons of St. Thomas' and Guy's, commenced a course on surgery, and laid the foundation of the class to which were delivered, in a regular series, for very many years, those lectures which have so far been unrivalled, whether we look to the information they contain, the gracefulness of their delivery, or the popularity which they achieved.

Towards the close of 1791, he married Miss Cook, of Tottenham, a relative of Mr. Cline; and the next year, after a short visit to Paris, during which he attended the lectures of Dessault and Chopart, he commenced practice in Jeffery's Square, St. Mary Axe, where he resided six years.

It was during this period that he laid the foundation of that vast private practice, which continued to increase, throughout his residence in New Broad-street, until, in the year 1805, it had attained an extent and remuneration exceeding any thing known in the records of professional success. Sir Astley has himself, in some slight biographical fragments, indicated some of the favourable circumstances, peculiar to the period, which partly account for this success. At the time referred to,—the end of the last, and the commencement of the present, century,—the city presented a different aspect, at the close of business hours, to what we see at present. The streets of lofty warehouses and large rambling offices, which now make the central parts of the city look so sad in the evening, were then filled with noble houses, in which the merchant-prince and his family were content to live, —often beneath the humble roof of his counting-house. Here he exercised a generous hospitality, and superintended, with patriarchal simplicity, the clerks and servants who ministered to his wealth. At this time, before it became the fashion to imitate the style of the upper classes by a western or suburban residence, perhaps there was a greater concentration of wealth within a small space, in these parts of London, than was ever known in the history of any other commercial city. Under such circumstances, the medical man, who was so fortunate as to gain the confidence of these influential families, had immense advantages, both in the number and compact position of his patients, and in the more liberal scale of remuneration for his services, which the expensive habits of recent times have tended to curtail. Sir Astley states that, for attendance upon the family

of one of these magnates, he received, for several years, upwards of £600 *per annum*.

In reference to Mr. Cooper's professional position during the latter period of his city residence, his biographer remarks:—

"The peculiar position in which Mr. Cooper stood during his residence in Broad-street, was such as no one seems ever to have exactly filled. It appeared as if he had by some magic gained the confidence of every medical practitioner who had access to him; and this insured an extension of his fame over a very large portion of England. This influence did not arise from his published works, nor from his being a lecturer, nor, indeed, from any public situation which he held, although each of these circumstances had its share in producing the result; but it seemed to originate more from his innate love of his profession, his extreme zeal in all that concerned it, and his honest desire, as well as great power, to communicate his knowledge to another, without, at the same time, exposing the ignorance of his listener on the subject, even to himself. This must be looked upon as one cause why his public character became so much diffused by his professional brethren; for he owed little of his advancement in life to the patronage of Court favour. Another peculiar quality, which proved always a great source of advantage to him, was his thorough confidence in himself, in respect to his professional knowledge, so that, after he had once examined a case, he cared but little who was to give a further surgical opinion upon it. This must inevitably have instilled an equal degree of confidence into those consulting him."

The extended reputation and large practice of Mr. Cooper at this time, led some adventurers to make a surreptitious use of his name, an amusing instance of which may be given. A gang of designing knaves established themselves in a house in Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, and were known, by those conversant with their proceedings, as the "Ashley Cooper set." This appellation was derived from the fact of the advertisements commencing with the name of "Dr. Ashley Cooper" in large letters, whilst the names of the other Doctors, who were represented as his assistants, were printed in smaller type. These names were those of Drs. Munro, Daniells, and Duncan, the word "Company" always terminating the list. Daniells had been a small chemist in Wapping; Munro was an obscure practitioner from Scotland; and Duncan was believed to be the black servant-man who played an important part in the proceedings. The plan of operations was, to advertise largely in provincial papers, so as to attract a portion of those persons from the country who were continually coming to town for surgical advice. The "Board," as they styled themselves, sat in consultation during certain specified hours every morning. The black man-servant, who was in livery, had been tutored never to give a direct reply to any question which might be put to him; but to induce any applicant, by evasive answers, to enter the waiting-room. Thus, when asked, "Is Dr. Ashley Cooper at home?" the reply would

be either, "Walk in, Sir," or, "The Doctor is at home, Sir;" and so ingeniously was this system carried out, that it would have been difficult for any one to prove that he had been induced to enter the establishment by a direct falsehood, under the impression that he was to see Mr. Astley Cooper, the Surgeon. There were always two or three persons in the waiting-room, sometimes really patients applying for advice; and there was generally one person in league with the party, whose duty it was to remove objections, or to lull any suspicion that might arise in the mind of a visitor, or otherwise prepare him for his appearance before the fraternity. The plan of proceeding was this:—

"If it were a simple case, and the patient was not likely to 'bleed freely,' one of the Doctors only would see him; his case would be heard, quickly dispatched, and the patient dismissed without any further ceremony. If, however, the applicant were found to be a person from the country, and appeared likely to pay a large fee, whether his disorder was simple or not, it was always represented to be very serious, and a statement made that it was necessary to consult the Board.

"The visitor was then ushered into this room: and he suddenly found himself in the midst of a very imposing scene. Around a table, covered with green cloth, on which were carelessly lying heaps of papers and books, were seated three, four, or sometimes five grave-looking persons; the President, the so-called Dr. Ashley Cooper, being distinguished from the rest by being seated in a raised chair at the head of the table. They were all habited in robes and wigs, which last articles of attire had the two-fold effect of giving an importance to their assumed position and character, and, at the same time, of concealing their features, which appeared to be not an unimportant point with them. On entering the room, the visitor was usually directed to a seat by the President, who was the chief organ of communication, the rest of the party being apparently engaged in taking notes of his queries, and the replies of the patient. As soon as the examination and remarks were concluded, the dupe was requested to withdraw, while the consultation was taking place. He was soon afterwards recalled, and the important document, the result of their united wisdom, was then handed to him. The patient, who had perhaps intended only to pay the usual fee of a guinea, struck with awe at all this unexpected ceremony, then, probably, inquired the amount of his fee. The sum mentioned in reply was often exorbitant, frequently more than he had about his person; but he seldom left the house until they had obtained a considerable amount from him."

Shame at their folly, and fear of the laughter of their friends, would often prevent the dupes from publicly exposing the scoundrels. Occasionally, however, some indignant dupe would threaten to expose them; and, in one case, a sum of ten guineas was recovered by a countryman walking in front of the house for two mornings, loudly relating the circumstances to all who would listen. Notwithstanding these occasional drawbacks, the Ashley Cooper Doctors continued to exist for several years.

Biography, as well as History, admits of episode : the variety and relief afforded are often as grateful in the one case as the other ; and as it is a rule in this branch of composition, that the narrative introduced should have some obvious relation (though more or less remote) to the main design, it will be admitted that the story of the resurrectionist is not unsuitable to the biography of an eminent surgeon of the age gone by. Such, at least, is evidently the opinion of the author of this *Life of Sir Astley Cooper* ; and we are tempted to give our readers an epitome of this interesting portion of the work. Besides gratifying an innocent curiosity, it may suggest an useful lesson, and afford especially a timely hint to those who sigh for the picturesqueness and simplicity of former days. The same facts which bring into bold relief the former quality, will serve effectually to dissipate our impressions of the latter. Let us look for a moment at some of the dark deeds that not long since took place between "the glimpses of the moon," and rejoice that no such hideous outrage now dares to interrupt the repose of the grave.

In the course of his professional pursuits, Sir Astley came in contact, more perhaps than any of his contemporaries, with the exception of Joshua Brookes, with those outcasts of society, the resurrectionists, or body-snatchers. The necessity for this intercourse with the most degraded and reckless of mankind was most painfully felt ; but the credit of English surgery, and the welfare of the whole community through its individual members, were at stake. This was well understood by the Statesmen and Magistracy of the time ; and although loud in their expressions of indignation when some discovery which roused the anger of the populace took place, in general they winked at the forbidden, but unavoidable, offence. Had the law, indeed, as it then stood, been strictly enforced, the progress of this country in one grand department of applied science, and that the most intimately connected with the welfare of mankind, would have been effectually checked ; and English surgeons must have resorted to the schools of Paris and Vienna for the necessary instruction denied to them in their own country. Fortunately, however, the occupation of the body-snatcher was nearly wholly confined to the period of which we write, or the first quarter of the present century ; for previously little Anatomy was taught in England, and subsequently legal provision was made for its due and proper exercise.

The followers of this revolting traffic were almost invariably men of the worst character,—bold, hardy, and of wonderful low cunning. They formed a small community, isolated from all other classes of labourers by the disgusting nature of their employment, and generally working in small companies or partnerships, under the guidance of some man eminent for his

courage, cunning, or experience. Jealousy of each other's success seems to have been one of the most remarkable features of these gangs, and is shown in the extraordinary perseverance and sagacity with which they discovered, and then made known to the authorities, the professional labours of their rivals. They were constantly quarrelling and betraying each other, and not unfrequently encountered much risk to themselves, rather than refrain from enjoying a sweet morsel of revenge.

The best allies of the resurrectionist were the old watchmen employed to guard the various burial-grounds of the metropolis; the great majority of whom, it is believed, were in the habit of receiving a per-centage of the proceeds, as the price of their connivance. The public being aware that graveyards were often robbed, it was not unusual to employ special watchmen to sit up by the grave, or the friends of the deceased would watch by turns. But the unwonted nature of the occupation, and the gloom and stillness of all around, frequently caused them to stay only a part of the night; and even when otherwise, such was the skill and rapidity of the resurrectionist, that a slumber or short absence of half an hour was sufficient to defeat the object of the hireling guardian or the worn-out mourner.

On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, and that poachers make the best gamekeepers, resurrectionists were occasionally employed, by those who had some knowledge of their proceedings, to watch a grave. Where the remuneration offered was large, and the man really desired to execute his trust faithfully, and thwart the schemes of his companions, he was generally outwitted by some among them more active or cunning than himself. One mode adopted was to plan some other undertaking, connected with exhumation, in which he was associated; and then, during his absence, some part of the gang "raised" the coveted body. Another way was, for some friend or two to enter into conversation with him, and ultimately to ply him with drink, to which nearly all the class were addicted, until he was rendered too helpless to interfere with the design in hand.

It was well known that bodies were "raised" with great rapidity; but how it was done, remained to the last a mystery, known to few. The general impression was, that all the soil covering the coffin was removed, and the lid forcibly broken off by suitable tools. Now this plan, erroneously described by the author of the "*Diary of a late Physician*" as that usually adopted, would frequently have led to detection, in consequence of the length of time required, and the noise of so much digging. The true mode of proceeding was this. The body-snatcher first carefully examined any peculiarities of the ground, his keen eye detecting any little piece of slate or wood, or other mark. These he carefully removed, in order to their replacement when all was over,—to avoid creating suspicion. He then

dug down over the head of the coffin, leaving the other portions as little disturbed as possible. When about a third of the length was thus cleared away, a strong crow-bar, of a peculiar form, was introduced between the end of the coffin and the lid. On raising the latter, owing to the superincumbent weight upon the lower portion, it usually snapped across at about one third of the distance from the top. As soon as this happened, the body was drawn out by the shoulders, the burial clothes were removed and replaced in the coffin, and the corpse tied up in a sack and conveyed to its destination. This plan seldom failed, unless the lid proved unusually strong,—a circumstance which not often happened in the coffins of the poor, to which class the operations of the resurrectionists were usually directed.

But the body-snatcher did not always practise as a resurrectionist. By a horrible dexterity in his work of sacrilege, he as frequently forestalled, as plundered, the grave of its appointed prey. In the years 1825 and 1826, there seems to have been an understanding between men of this class and the undertakers of the metropolis; brick-bats and earth were substituted for the bodies of deceased persons; and over many a plundered coffin resounded the solemn service for the dead, or the sob of a broken heart, that was mocked, as well as utterly bereaved. Even the bodies of unfortunate creatures awaiting the judgment of a coroner's jury suddenly vanished, and to the mystery of their death—destined never to be cleared up in any earthly court—was now strangely added the mystery of their disappearance. Of this latter kind is the adventure described in the following story, which may serve to illustrate some of the incidents of this nefarious traffic:—

“Patrick was strolling in the neighbourhood of Sydenham, when he heard that the body of a female had been found in the canal, and taken to the — public-house, on the preceding evening. Ever alive to business, he at once went to the inn, ordered some beer, and soon contrived to enter into conversation with the pot-boy. From him he learned, that the body in the stable was suspected to be that of a pauper, who had escaped from the Woolwich workhouse, and seemed to be without friends to claim it for burial. He also discovered that his informant, on some previous occasion, had been employed for two nights in watching a body placed there under similar circumstances, but had been subsequently so ill repaid by the parish officer for his trouble, that he had determined not to sit up with any other again. This was sufficient for Patrick: carefully examining, as far as his position would allow, the size and form of the key-hole of the stable door, he soon left, and went on his way to London.

“At a late hour on the same evening, Patrick returned to Sydenham with a companion, and, after prowling about for an hour and a half, reconnoitring, proceeded to try if any of the keys he had brought with him would unlock the door of the stable, which was so placed as

to be easily got at from the road. To their delight, the first they used opened it at once, and the rest of their operations within the stable were soon concluded. Having obtained the prize, they turned down a narrow lane, and were soon far away from Sydenham: so that they succeeded in depositing the subject at its destination in London before day-break. The next afternoon, Patrick was sitting in a room at the Elephant and Castle Inn, when a coachman, with whom he was slightly acquainted, came in, and commenced giving an account of a tremendous disturbance which had occurred that morning at Sydenham; telling him that a jury had met to sit on a body, but, on going into the stable to inspect it, they found that the body had disappeared in the course of the night. He little thought how readily the man he was addressing could have explained the matter, had he chosen, or that he had, at that very time, in his waistcoat pocket, half the money the missing body had produced."—Vol. i., pp. 383, 384.

The scene of this hideous theft recalls us to the pleasing recollection that we live in brighter days. Sydenham is now the seat and symbol of all that is ennobling in science and the liberal arts; and we cherish, amid some solicitude and doubt, a persuasion, that, though Art has no power to transform the moral life, it is able steadily to improve and humanize the aspect of Society.

In May, 1816, Astley Cooper signalized himself by performing one of the most difficult operations in the whole compass of surgery,—that of placing a ligature upon the aorta. Aneurism of the aorta, from the nature, and still more from the position, of the disease, as well as the magnitude of that great trunk-artery, is one of the most perilous, and apparently hopeless, of all complaints to which the body of man is liable. The disease may occur in any of the arteries, and consists in a rupture of the inner coat of the vessel, forming a fissure, in which a small portion of blood becomes lodged and coagulates. The outer elastic coat yields to the pressure, and becomes gradually enlarged by fresh deposits of coagulum, until a tumour is formed. This gradually becomes thinner, till it bursts either from the pressure of the blood, or from some sudden exertion. In order to prevent this catastrophe, Surgeons are in the habit of performing an operation, the object of which is to cut off the communication between the diseased blood-vessel and the heart, and thus prevent any further flow into the aneurismal swelling. The circulation is then thrown upon the small collateral vessels, which gradually enlarge and adapt themselves to the new duties they are thus called upon to fulfil, while the former channel becomes contracted to a cord.

The aorta being the great channel through which all the blood passes from the heart, nature has taken every means to protect it from injury; and thus we find it placed in front of the spine, defended by soft, yielding organs, and surrounded by and closely connected with various other important structures; so that to

reach the vessel, without inflicting injury upon other important parts, requires the most minute anatomical knowledge. But, supposing the vessel reached, and a ligature applied, will the circulation be carried on, when thus cut off in full career? Will the comparatively few and small arteries given off between the heart and the ligature be sufficient to supply the place of the main trunk?

Fortified by the study of some rare forms of disease in which the aorta had become unnaturally constricted, and by experiments upon animals, Mr. Cooper felt justified in giving a chance of life to a patient thus perilously situated; and although in the first case life was prolonged but a short time, subsequent attempts, in the hands of himself and others, have met with such success as to justify the procedure.

Deferring, for the present, the consideration of the intellectual and professional qualifications of Astley Cooper, as well as some circumstances of the time which had a bearing upon his unparalleled success, we will proceed rapidly to sketch the chief remaining points of his personal history.

In the year 1815, he migrated westward, and thus closed the busiest and most lucrative portion of his practice. For many years after this, during his residence in New-street, Spring-gardens, he carried on the leading surgical practice in the metropolis; but he never subsequently reached a point equal to the last year of his residence in the city. For several years his professional receipts averaged £15,000 *per annum*; but in the year alluded to, they exceeded the enormous sum of £21,000.

In 1821, he was created a Baronet by George IV., to whom he had previously been appointed Surgeon, and, during the remainder of his professional life, had under his care several members of the Royal Family, and many of the great officers of state, as well as illustrious persons from all parts of Europe. His biographer gives numerous extracts from his memoranda, relating to Lord Liverpool and other eminent individuals, which are interesting records of their habits and characters, though somewhat too courtier-like in their *tone* and *expressions*. The highest honours, and every possible mark of public respect, were now showered upon him by the scientific corporations of England and France, which vied with each other in their tokens of regard; whilst his opinion upon a disease was considered by the public at large as the final estimate of human help, decisive of its present limitation or success. Louis Philippe conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour; he was elected Corresponding Member of the National Institute of France, and of most of the learned Societies of Germany and America; and from William IV. he received the distinction of Grand Cross of the Royal Guelphic Order.

In 1827, he retired from the profession, intending to spend the remainder of his life, in the enjoyment of well-earned retirement,

at his estate near Hemel-Hempstead. A short experience, however, soon convinced him that he was unfitted for a life of inglorious ease ; and, with characteristic decision, he resolved to return, to practise his profession anew. In 1826, and again in 1837, he occupied the honourable position of President of the College of Surgeons, and continued his practice and pathological labours until his last illness. The first symptoms of disease came on him when walking to church at Strathfieldsaye, with the Duke of Wellington, when he was seized with violent and irregular action of the heart, accompanied with great difficulty of breathing. After an illness of a few weeks' duration, he died of diseased heart, February 12th, 1841, in his seventy-third year.

Sir Astley Cooper's scientific character can only be glanced at, in these pages, in the most cursory manner. His fame is not simply that of a good practical Surgeon, but is based upon original discoveries, the value of which is attested by the fact, that they still continue to influence the daily practice of the Surgeon. A comparison of the surgery of the present day with that of fifty years since would at once establish his claims to rank high among the benefactors of mankind, while it would exhibit a striking proof of the immense influence which may be exerted over a class or a nation, by the labours and talents of a single individual. Not half a century since, it was doubted in our schools whether the hip-joint was ever dislocated ; and those who admitted the possibility of the occurrence doubted the practicability of its reduction. Cases were constantly met with in the hospitals, where dislocations had been treated as fractures, until the period had passed in which reduction could be effected ; and others, perhaps equally numerous, in which irreparable injury had been inflicted by pulling a fractured limb, under the belief that it was dislocated. Sir Astley cleared up this cloud of ignorance and error ; and now, as a result of his researches, almost every fracture and dislocation is readily recognised by the merest tyro, and their treatment rendered both simple and efficacious.

We turn to hernia, (or rupture, in popular language,) and trace similar improvements to the same source. The various species of hernia have been distinguished from each other, and from the different diseases with which they had been or might be confounded. The anatomy of the parts through which a portion of the intestines might protrude, and its various coverings after protrusion,—for this constitutes hernia,—were carefully investigated, with the effect of rendering our knowledge of the descent far more precise, increasing our means of preventing constriction of the bowel, or *strangulation*, and making the operation, after strangulation has occurred, far more safe and effectual. We have already alluded to his bold attempts for the relief of aneurism ; and, indeed, there is scarcely a department of surgery,

which has not been improved by his unwearied industry and practical tact.

Our account of his labours would be very incomplete without some reference to his important professional writings. These are distinguished by their unusually practical character, and by the fact that every opinion advanced is the result of personal observation. Nothing is taken for granted, little or nothing is borrowed from others. The illustrative cases are, with few exceptions, taken from his own practice, and form a running commentary upon the doctrines enunciated; nor must it be forgotten, that the whole, amounting to several quartos, were written during the busiest part of his career, or at a period of life when the faculties are seldom very active. His works on the Anatomy of the Breast, and on the Non-Malignant Diseases of the Breast, his Treatise on Dislocations and Fractures of the Joints, and his Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Surgery, are likely long to remain the standard authorities on their respective subjects. For directness of purpose, solidity of matter, and the absence of vague speculation, they are unequalled by any medical works of recent times, if we except the writings of Sir Benjamin Brodie.

The personal qualities of Sir Astley were engaging, and had no mean influence on his success. His elasticity of spirit was un-failing at all periods of his life, and gave a great charm to his intercourse with his friends. Of his graceful person and kindness of manner, we retain, in common with very many now living, the most vivid impression. He was tall and well proportioned, his complexion ruddy, and his whole appearance dignified by an ample quantity of silky white hair. His bearing towards his professional brethren and pupils was open, candid, and affable: to the young professional man his manner was such as to elicit the most perfect confidence. His opinion upon a case was given without any magisterial air, and he would discuss its various bearings with the youngest of his professional brethren, in such a manner as showed equally his interest in his profession, and his respect for his more youthful co-adjutor. His demeanour towards his hospital patients, and the poor in general, was also remarkable. Nothing could be more delightful than to witness the change, from depression to confidence, which often rapidly resulted from a few of his kind and cheerful words.

But we cannot recognise, in Sir Astley, the qualities that constitute the truly great man. He brought good common-sense, vast powers of exact and careful observation, and an undaunted perseverance, to bear upon a practical and noble subject; and these, in connexion with every external advantage, led to eminent and deserved success. But the high sympathy with nature in all her manifestations, the keen perception of the hidden chain that binds together the varying forms of existence, and the glowing interest in human progress which must be

founded on a lively faith in its great destinies, were wanting. His love of money was excessive. His acts of benevolence were not few, but their objects were confined to a narrow circle. His sympathy with merit was considerable, but that merit must exhibit itself within a certain range. The obvious and the practical were too exclusively the excitements of his admiration. He lacked the kindling glow of fellowship with lofty aspirations; and seemed to undervalue the discoveries of science itself, with all their beautiful co-aptations to kindred truths, if unable, at once, to recognise in them some utilitarian application. For abstract scientific truths he had but little taste; for the general amelioration and progress of his species he evinced no enthusiasm; but as the practical servant of society around him,—as the skilful remover of evils which beset the daily life of his fellow-men,—as the assiduous and graceful minister of relief to the afflicted in every walk of life,—he is, perhaps, the finest example of a class whose merits seldom fail to secure a just measure of eminence and success.

JOHN ABERNETHY was descended from a family long settled in Ireland. His grandfather, Dr. John Abernethy, was the author of some volumes of sermons, long held in estimation for clear thought and practical piety. His father removed to London about the middle of the last century, and established himself in the city, as a merchant. The subject of our notice was born in the parish of St. Stephen, Coleman-street, on the 3rd of April, 1764, exactly one year after John Hunter settled in London. After some preliminary home tuition, he was sent to the Wolverhampton Grammar School, where he appears to have obtained the character of a clever, shy, and passionate boy.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Sir Charles Blicke, at that time a Surgeon in large practice, living in Milledred's-court. There is evidence that, during his apprenticeship, young Abernethy evinced a taste for chemical and physiological researches. He once observed, in reference to a certain disease, "When I was a boy, I half ruined myself in buying oranges and other things, to ascertain the effects of different kinds of diet in this disease." As Sir Charles Blicke was Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Abernethy would doubtless have access to the surgical lectures occasionally delivered there by Mr. Pott. There being no regular course of lectures on anatomy at that Hospital, he attended the lectures of Sir William Blizard, at the London Hospital; and his liking for the man, and his interest in the subject, awakened the first impulse of real love for his profession. Sir William was enthusiastic, disinterested, and straightforward; and contrasted favourably, in his young friend's mind, with the more polished but selfish character of his master. Thirty years afterwards, when he

delivered the first of his admirable lectures to the College of Surgeons in 1814, he took the opportunity to pay a handsome compliment to his former instructor,—a compliment which must have been deeply gratifying to the venerable Surgeon, who was present.

In July, 1787, Mr. Abernethy was elected to the office of Assistant-Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Soon afterwards, he took a step which influenced his whole future fortunes. His intercourse with his fellow-pupils at the Hospital had already elicited his peculiar talents for communicating knowledge, and he appears early to have resolved upon following out his natural bias. Thus, by his own unaided efforts, he laid the foundation of the School of Medicine subsequently connected with St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which yet retains its high *status* among the medical educational establishments of the country. It is impossible to avoid being struck with the coincidence of the almost simultaneous commencement of the two schools of Guy's and St. Bartholomew's, by two young men, scarcely past the age of pupillage. It is true that, at Bartholomew's, Mr. Pott had been in the habit of giving about twenty-four lectures on surgery; but where no anatomical lectures are delivered, a medical school cannot be said to exist. It is also true that, at Guy's, lectures had been given previously to Astley Cooper's time; but it was not until his energy had been thrown into the lecture-room, that the full course of subjects received their due attention. Abernethy was the actual, Astley Cooper the virtual, founder of their respective schools. It may be well to pause awhile, to consider the professional influences of the period to which they were subjected, and the general circumstances by which they were surrounded.

At the period when our young aspirants for professional fame entered upon their career, surgery had not been quite emancipated from its alliance with the barbers, and, of course, had yet to achieve a proper position in public estimation. Cheselden, Pott, and a few others had, indeed, stood out prominently, and been recognised as worthy of public honour; but the great mass of their brethren still held a servile position under the Physicians. It was the transition period, between that of a submissive execution of another's orders, and the self-assertion of proved and acknowledged science. They, therefore, became the leaders of professional thought and practice, at a time when it had just put on its more finished and permanent phase. Equal eminence could scarcely have been maintained for any length of time at an earlier period, since it would have been imperilled by the want of a scientific foundation; whilst, at a later period, it would have been difficult to attain equal superiority in the contest with an abler race of competitors, and amid a more general diffusion of scientific knowledge.

But we should take a very imperfect view of the circumstances which surrounded these young surgeons, and exerted a potent influence over their subsequent fortunes, if we were to omit all reference to the vast influence exercised over them by John Hunter. This wonderful man, who joined in himself the close observation of nature characteristic of Bacon, with the power of generalization of Newton, was then near the termination of his career. But few of his contemporaries had faith in his doctrines; and from some, including the uncle of young Astley Cooper, he received the bitterest opposition; so that it was left to the rising generation of medical men to introduce and develop the practical doctrines which Hunter had originated. Cooper and Abernethy had the advantage of hearing Hunter's lectures, and were early convinced that the principles enunciated by him were destined to change, in many respects, the future practice of surgery; and as no important discovery, at least in relation to the general physiological doctrines on which the science is based, has since taken place, it was not their fate to be left behind by the onward progress of professional knowledge. At the same time, they never lost the prestige which they derived from being the first to embrace, and publicly to teach, the novel doctrines of their illustrious master. Nor can we well over-estimate the influence which their great practical talents and unflagging industry had, in causing the reception of these principles by the profession at large. Gifted with more popular talents for public teaching, clearer powers of exposition, and greater practical skill in applying his views to the emergencies of actual life, they may be said to have entered into Hunter's labours, and to have supplemented him in those very particulars wherein he was undoubtedly wanting. It is pleasing to reflect that, in all periods of their career, they never failed to eulogize the man who may be said to have been the great apostle, as he became the great martyr, of physiological science.

The early years of Abernethy's manhood were years of incessant toil. He lectured upon Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, and Surgery,—subjects which are now divided amongst three or four teachers. An attentive observer at the Hospital, he was moreover assiduous in seeking information wherever it was to be found. Although he had little time at his command, and the distance of Mr. Hunter's residence from his own was considerable, he sought every opportunity of attending the lectures in Leicester-square, and endeavoured, by private interviews, to become thoroughly acquainted with his views. But these occupations, in addition to the demands of a growing practice, did not prevent him from entering into original physiological investigations, the results of which were published in the "Philosophical Transactions" and in successive monographs. Some of these, particularly his Papers on the Function of the Skin and Lungs, and on Irrita-

bility, exhibit a power of reasoning, and a talent for discovering the obscure sympathies of the various parts of the human frame, quite unusual in medical writings of the time. In 1791, Mr. Abernethy's lectures became adopted, as it were, by the Hospital, the Governors having erected a new theatre, in which they were subsequently delivered to a constantly increasing class. By 1796, when he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, his reputation was fully established on a twofold basis,—as a popular teacher of his profession, and as a skilful practical Surgeon. His fame as a lecturer naturally brought his name frequently before the public, whilst his numerous pupils, as they began to branch off into practice, all impressed with the highest admiration of their teacher's talents, brought the more efficient blessing of numerous consultations.

In the commencement of 1800, Mr. Abernethy, who had shortly before removed to Bedford-row, entered the marriage state. His mode of procedure was highly characteristic, and would be open to severe remark by the sterner critics of the proprieties, did we not consider the peculiar disposition of the man, as well as the circumstances in which he was placed. During a professional attendance upon a family at Edmonton, he had met with a young lady, Miss Anne Threlfall, the daughter of a retired merchant, and had been much impressed by her kindness and attention. One of Abernethy's most striking faculties was his keen insight into character. Lively, lady-like, and agreeable manners came in aid of the moral qualifications, and his choice was made. But how bring about the important affair? He was very shy, and extremely sensitive, and wholly absorbed in studying, teaching, and practising his profession, so as to have no time to carry on a regular siege. He therefore wrote a note, stating his wishes, and requesting the lady to take a fortnight to consider of her reply. We have only to add, that the answer was favourable, and that the marriage was in every respect a happy one. It is not a little amusing to find, that both Cooper and Abernethy came down to lecture on the evening of their marriage day.

Abernethy's Treatise upon the Constitutional Origin of Local Diseases, popularly known as "my book," was published in 1804. This is the best known of his works, and has undoubtedly exercised much influence upon the modern practice of medicine. The general belief is, that it is concerned exclusively with digestion, and that Abernethy looked to the stomach alone as the great *fons et origo* of all human ailments, and that he had but one mode of exorcising the demon. This is a mistake: the object of the work is to exhibit the reciprocal influence and mysterious sympathy existing between the nervous system and the digestive organs, and the power they mutually exert in the causation and cure of diseases. The subject was certainly not new; but the

suggestive and scrutinizing quality of his mind, together with his talent for clear statement of complicated truths, enabled him to carry his inquiries, in this direction, farther, and announce them more luminously, than had previously been done. The *facts*, indeed, or at least some of them, had been known and commented upon since the time of Hippocrates. John Hunter had paid considerable attention to the subject, and had asserted "that the organ secondarily affected (as, for instance, in head-ache from deranged stomach) sometimes appeared to suffer more than the organ to which the disturbance had first been directed." It was Abernethy's function to trace out this *sympathy*, as it is called, more fully, and to add ampler illustrations of its nature, its complications, and its range.

Abernethy's strong point, after all, was his lecturing. In this he was unrivalled. His thorough acquaintance with his subject, and wonderful facility in conveying his knowledge, were assisted by a combination of physical and intellectual accessories, which greatly added to the effect. His person was graceful, slender, and delicate-looking, with a pleasing combination of benevolence and humour in his eye. He was remarkably free from technicality, and unusually rich in illustration. By the first he smoothed the rudimentary progress of his pupil, and avoided a premature burthening of the memory. The latter peculiarity was so prominent as to suggest the possession of no small portion of genius, and gave an indescribable charm to his discourses. But his chief characteristics were his humour and his dramatic power. The combination of these sufficed to make him equally entertaining and impressive. He thus could rouse the attention, stamp a fact or principle upon the mind, or touch the moral sensibilities, at will. In relating a case, particularly when repeating a dialogue with a shrewd or witty patient, he was inimitably droll, especially when the recital made against himself. But Abernethy's humour, unlike that of Sydney Smith and other wits, was greatly indebted to manner, and is not effective on repetition. His directions for making a poultice are amusing, as found in his published lectures; but those who heard them, say that nothing could exceed the raciness with which they were given. Parts of his lectures, printed exactly as they were delivered, are as amusing as any book of light reading; and in the "Eventful History of a Compound Fracture," may be seen how important information may be conveyed, upon a subject undoubtedly grave, without a trace of dulness. But it was in the more serious portion of his discourse, when reciting some act of neglect or cruelty, that the better qualities of the lecturer were apparent. His voice faltered with emotion, his eye flashed fire, and his whole soul seemed stirred within him. His sympathy with poverty in distress frequently appeared in his illustrations, and proved,

when taken in connexion with his many recorded acts of benevolence to the poor, the kindly nature of the man.

The foundation of Abernethy's character was unswerving honesty. He not only abhorred what was absolutely false, but detested the exaggeration which is relatively or inferentially so. He declined either to say or to do more than the welfare of his patient required, even when, owing to the weakness of human nature, such abstinence was unfavourable to his interests. Early in life he had seen, with indignation and contempt, the means by which some men attain success; and the sight affected his whole future career. Beneath the varnish of a courtly manner and an elaborate toilet, he had seen the coarse-minded and ignorant man in great prosperity. He had seen the fears of the timid invalid coined into ducats by those whose mission it was to chase them away. He had seen an extensive machinery erected, whose main-spring was self-interest, and whose purposed end was to do nothing, though mischief was too often the result. Long before Mrs. Wittiterly and her Doctor had been drawn by the hand of a master, he had studied their types in the school to which that master afterwards resorted. He had seen all this, and was resolved that his own relations with his patients should be free from all mystery, and based upon a clear understanding of their mutual positions. He explained to his patient his actual condition, and what was requisite to be done for him, in language so simple, as to be easily intelligible, and then considered he had done his duty. He no more thought of pretending to a power or a preëminence which he did not possess, than he would to property which did not belong to him. He declined to imitate some of his brethren of the gold-headed cane, and erect himself into an oracle as awful, as mysterious, and as false as that of Delphi. It was not necessary that he should grow rich; but it was essential to his comfort, as an honest, upright man, that he should avoid getting money under false pretences. So far all was right; had Abernethy gone no farther than this, no friend to truthfulness could cast a reproach upon him: but alas! he was to prove another instance of the folly of too exclusively directing the attention to one truth, or one view of a question. In his endeavour to avoid a recognised evil, he fell into another not perceived. From being honest in intention, he sank into uncouthness and rudeness of manner, and inflicted upon the feelings of many injuries they would rather have suffered in their pockets.

The question of the proper bearing of the medical man to his patient is not without interest; and, strange as it may appear, there are different views taken on the subject. Some seem to think that it is proper for the Physician to adopt a conventional artificial voice and manner, and to infuse a degree of *empressement* into his language and tones; in short,

that he should have a technical professional manner, as marked as the "My Lud," and other peculiarities, of the Bar. We cannot assent to this. In addition to the requisite skill, we should expect to find in our Physician all the sympathy that the case may claim from a feeling man; all beyond that, all that is merely called up by art to serve a purpose, we had rather be without. By all means let him be natural; if demonstrative, let him be demonstrative; if naturally reserved, let him not try to play a part:—in a word, let him be honest. A doubt once thrown upon his honesty in one particular, would lead us to fear deception in more important things.

But having said thus much in favour of honesty, we would turn again to Abernethy, and protest against the rudenesses in which he allowed himself to indulge. We believe he fell into this bad habit, primarily, from his thorough honesty of character; and, secondarily, from an irritability arising from physical causes, induced by his early and prolonged exertions. But whatever explanation be given, it admits of no justification, and it is to be lamented as unworthy of a man whose real claims to public attention required no factitious aid. But it is to be lamented, not only as a serious blot upon the reputation of an able and honourable man, but also as a precedent which seems to keep in countenance a herd of vulgar imitators, who, devoid of his talents and real benevolence, aim at similar celebrity by copying his greatest defects. It is to be lamented, moreover, since it has served to call away the attention of the public from Abernethy's true merits, and caused him to appear, in the eyes of many, who only know him through the medium of stories,—a large number of which are apocryphal,—in the character of a savage or a buffoon.

His uprightness of character, and entire freedom from selfishness, might be illustrated by many examples. A gentleman had the misfortune to meet with a compound dislocation of the ankle, (an accident, by the bye, which Abernethy was mainly instrumental in redeeming from habitual amputation,) on the road between Andover and Salisbury. An able practitioner of the former place was called in, and replaced the parts. He then said to the patient, "Now, when you get well, and have, as you most likely will, a stiff joint, your friends will tell you, 'Ah! you had a country Doctor;' so, Sir, I would advise you to send for a London Surgeon, to confirm or correct what I have done." The patient consented, and sent for Abernethy, who reached the spot by mail about two in the morning. He looked carefully at the limb, saw that it was in a good position, and was told what had been done. He then said, "I am come a long way, Sir, to do nothing. I might, indeed, pretend to do something; but, as any unavoidable motion of the limb must necessarily be mischievous, I should only do harm. You are in very good

hands, and I dare say will do very well. You may, indeed, come home with a stiff joint, but that is better than a wooden leg." He took a cheque for his fee, sixty guineas, and made his way back to London. Soon after, a wealthy Clergyman in the same neighbourhood had a violent attack of erysipelas in the head and arm. His family, becoming alarmed, wrote up to his brother to request Mr. Abernethy to go down and visit the patient. Abernethy inquired, "Who attends your brother?" "Mr. Davis, of Andover." "Well, I told him all I knew about surgery, and I *know* that he has not forgotten it. You may be perfectly satisfied. I shall not go." Here, as the narrator says, he might have had another sixty guineas. We are aware that these and similar instances in which he combated the morbid exaggerations of those who consulted him, and endeavoured to reason them into abstaining from undue indulgence in medicine, are looked upon by some as foolish instances of abnegation; but we trust that the claims of honesty and conscience will generally (we cannot expect invariably) be held paramount by the members of an honourable profession, even when self-interest comes backed by a plausible but lax morality.

But has this subject no bearing upon the present state of the profession? Would the existing prevalence of medical heresies have occurred, had the straightforward conduct of Abernethy (without, of course, his peculiarities of manner) been more general among his brethren? We see at present a state of things which cannot, we sincerely believe, be altogether accounted for by the weakness and credulity of the public; we cannot but attribute something to the mystery and the machinery to which we have referred. The public were greatly to blame for the mystery, since they persisted in attributing a power to the medical man beyond all reason: they were to blame in leading to an undue use of medicine, since they supposed that in that alone consisted his power to do them good; and if one declined to prescribe for them, they went to another. But still the profession were consenting parties. There was a want of confidence in the force of truth, when urged with simple earnestness. Had the profession been sufficiently alive to the danger of reaction in the public mind; had they calculated upon the growing intelligence of society; had they sacrificed their immediate interests to the permanent welfare of the profession, they would have prevented the present discreditable state of things. We are not now speaking of vulgar quackery: that must always exist while the masses are ignorant and unreflecting, and thus exposed to become the prey of designing men. We allude to those fashionable systems which are followed by so many otherwise thoughtful and intelligent men and women, who are not to be led astray by mere credulity, but require some one guiding principle, of which they must be convinced.

This has been with many the conviction that the former practice of over-drugging with medicine was wrong. Satisfied of this fact, they have dwelt upon the discovered truth so long, as to have little thought to expend upon the foundations of the system they have adopted. They know themselves to be right on one point of the inquiry; and they too lightly assume the correctness of the rest. Tired of so much physic, they fix upon water, a remedial agent of good repute, and erect a temple of health in which she is the exclusive goddess. As Hydropaths, they can, at least theoretically, get rid of the drugs they so much detest. Or, if unprepared absolutely and ostensibly to "throw physic to the dogs," they tamper with their reason so far as to substitute a semblance for a reality, and, having minutely subdivided the "dummy," swallow it with the greatest possible gravity. Prove to them, if they will listen,—which they will seldom consent to do,—that their fundamental principle is a falsehood; remind them that, for the production of every positive effect, there is required an exactly adequate cause; show them that their great conclusive arguments, their reputed cures, are but prime examples of the logic of *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, and that the same syllogism would equally establish all the competing systems of quackery that now exist, or have ever existed; do all this, and more, yet they fall back upon their first strong conviction, and behind that intrenchment stand, till events prove to them the fallacy into which a partial truth has led them.

We submit the above theory—in explanation of the present state of medical belief, and in which the blame is pretty equally divided between the public and the profession—for what it may be worth, satisfied that it is borne out by all the facts of the case.

Abernethy's reputation steadily increased, until there were few practitioners in London more consulted by the sick of all classes. From distant parts of the country they flocked, returning, in many cases, with strange tales of his odd and *brusque* manner. These tales added fresh wings to his fame. Nor were there wanting traducers, who maintained that the rude speeches and uncouth behaviour were adopted as means of acquiring notoriety. But his merits were sufficient to support his fame. He was no charlatan, collapsing as soon as his trick is discovered from very emptiness. The honours of his profession were bestowed upon him by his brethren, who have more accurate means of judging of scientific and practical merit than the public can possess. The fact has recently transpired, that it was the intention of the King to create him a Baronet,—an honour which he modestly declined, partly from indifference to titular honours, and partly from prudential reasons connected with his comparatively limited fortune. During the last few years of his life, he curtailed his engage-

ments on account of declining health, and spent a portion of his time in the country. His constitution was never robust, and he began to show marks of age at a somewhat early period. In 1827 he resigned the appointment of Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, under circumstances highly characteristic of his disinterestedness and sense of fairness to his juniors. On his appointment in 1815, after a service of twenty-eight years in the subordinate and unremunerated capacity of Assistant-Surgeon, he had expressed his opinion to the Governors, that it was not to the advantage of the institution for a Surgeon to retain the office after the age of sixty. When that time arrived, although his enjoyment of the advantages of the surgerconcy had been short in comparison with his earlier labours, and although he might have followed the precedents of his predecessors and contemporaries, he resolved to illustrate his own precept, and retire; a resolution which the remonstrances of the Governors could only postpone one year. In May, 1829, he retired from the office of Examiner at the College of Surgeons, on which occasion a Memorial was entered in the Minutes of the Court, signed by the leading Surgeons of the day, eulogizing in high terms his scientific labours, and attributing much of the recent advancement of the healing art to his writings. The latter part of his life was spent at his house at Enfield, where, after a prolonged period of declining strength, he expired, April 20th, 1831.

The two works on which we have founded these remarks, cannot, we think, be considered as satisfactory biographies of the eminent men whom they endeavour to portray. They are both remarkably deficient in that literary workmanship, without which few writings will long continue to be read. It will be obvious to most readers, that the biographers have turned aside for a while from more accustomed engagements, to tasks much less congenial, though in both cases a labour of love. The lamented Bransby Cooper has performed his part in a manner which manifests his affection and regard to the memory of his illustrious uncle, but at the same time shows that the pen was not the best instrument that could be put into his hands. In addition to being too long, the work wants proportion in its parts; details of little importance are dwelt upon far beyond their relative value, to the exclusion of topics more attractive; and we look in vain for the clear narration, the keen discrimination of character, and the artistic treatment of light and shade, without which no man can succeed as a biographer. These volumes have answered well enough to satisfy the immediate interest which Sir Astley's death excited; but something more classical is now required,—something which will give another generation a just estimate of the man. We are happy to find

that a Life of the great Surgeon is promised from the pen of Mr. Samuel Warren, whose well known talents and early professional associations render him peculiarly competent to the task. We trust the pledge given will be speedily redeemed, and doubt not that the work will gain fresh laurels for the writer, while it will form a pleasing tribute to the profession with which his early years of promise were connected.

Mr. Macilwain has been unable to forget himself from the beginning to the end of his two volumes. His own peculiar views are intruded upon the reader to a tiresome extent. He appears to consider himself born to elucidate and complete Abernethy's doctrines, and almost buries his text beneath his commentary. Notwithstanding this unhappy egotism, and the exceeding want of arrangement perceptible throughout, the subject itself, as well as the incidental discussions, are so interesting, that we can promise our readers much gratification from a perusal of the volumes. We would simply advise them that the pettishness and assumed tone of unrecognised merit which they will perceive, is due to Mr. Macilwain's idiosyncrasy, and are not necessarily found in a medical biographer.



ART. III.—*Revue de Législation et de Jurisprudence. Nouvelle Série. Rédigée par M. L. WOŁOWSKI et autres. Paris, 1845–54.*

THE management of the prisons, in every country in the world, is good or evil, almost without exception, in proportion to its liberty. England, Switzerland, and the United States stand first in their constant and successful endeavours to resolve this most vexed of economical questions. They are closely followed by Holland and Belgium. France, as in every other of her political institutions, talks, writes, argues with supreme ability; but never can persuade herself to make a decisive movement,—always fearful of acting on her own intimate convictions, from the dread of some fancied insecurity. The German States—theorists in every thing—exhibit scattered instances of improved prison management, in which is visible the real benevolence of the German character, whose efforts are weakened, thwarted, and localized by the apprehensions of enfeebled and timid Governments. Spain, Italy, Russia, Austria, have done about as much as they might be expected to do.

In this country, we have long studied the prison institutions of the United States. Those of the Continent of Europe are imperfectly known to us; yet their experiences are not only highly interesting, but contain many results of extreme value.

Switzerland, as we have said, stands, in this respect, at the head of the Continent. Not that her prison administration is

by any means faultless: the small Cantons, trim, close corporations, have resisted all change; and their prisons are just what they were a century ago. The offices connected with the prisons are amongst the few morsels of patronage at the disposal of these petty Governments; and, both from interest and prejudice, they resist all change. They have, besides, no money to spend; and the extreme smallness of the population prevents all classification of the prisoners, and all management on an enlarged scale.

On the other hand, the three great towns of Geneva, Lausanne, and Berne, have attempted the penitentiary system of imprisonment, with a zeal and discernment which place their prisons almost at the head of all criminal establishments. The moderate number of their population has, it is true, facilitated their arrangements. Large enough to admit of classification, it is not so large as to make that classification either too expensive, or too uncertain.

Yet, even here, a portion of the old leaven remains, and vitiates the system. Every traveller whom the scenery of the Oberland calls through Berne, will have witnessed the disagreeable procession of ill-looking men and women in prison dresses, and accompanied by a couple of officers, with rifles, pistols, and cutlasses, who saunter in the evening along the road of the beautiful environs of the old town. These are persons condemned for small offences, who are sent during the day to work in the roads or in the fields. They are, of course, unconfined in their limbs, to enable them to work; but the least appearance of an attempt to escape is followed by a bullet from the rifle of their vigilant guardians, who are chosen for their skill in the practice of the national weapon. With all this, they often run away, and forthwith become necessarily confirmed depredators. The spectacle injures the moral feelings of the inhabitants, and ruins the unfortunate culprits, who, condemned to out-of-door work, on account of the smallness of their offence, are nevertheless exposed to the gaze of the whole world, and lose for ever both character and sense of shame. For a century, travellers and statesmen have reprobated this mode of treating criminals, which continues, notwithstanding, to the present hour; so inveterate is the force of habit. It becomes all the more absurd, by the side of the really admirable mode of treating the more depraved class of criminals, adopted in the same town. But as the Berne penitentiary is, in some respects, inferior to that of Geneva, we give a description of the latter, as the best example of Swiss prison institutions.

In the penitentiary at Geneva, the prisoners are divided into four classes. In the first are those condemned to the *travaux forcés*, and those condemned to simple seclusion, who, from the nature and circumstances of their crime, deserve the severest punishment. It includes, likewise, relapsed criminals, and

those who, originally condemned to a minor punishment, deserve a greater by their conduct in prison.

In the second class are included all others who are condemned for criminal offences, and those who are condemned correctionally under aggravated circumstances. It contains, likewise, prisoners, originally of the first class, who by their good conduct have deserved a mitigation, and those of the third who by their bad conduct have deserved an aggravation, of punishment.

The third class contains those condemned correctionally who are not placed in the second, and prisoners from the second and fourth who, as before, have deserved mitigation or aggravation of punishment.

The fourth contains all those who are under sixteen, and those from sixteen to eighteen who appear to deserve a milder punishment, or promotion from the other classes.

This system contains within itself means of reward and punishment, which admit, under good management, every opportunity of repression. Solitary confinement, in its strictest sense, is occasionally inflicted in cases of extreme insubordination.

The prisoners of the first class take their meals in their cells, to which they are confined during the hours not devoted to labour, excepting for one hour on week-days, and three on Sundays and *fête*-days, when they are promenaded in the courts of the prison for open-air exercise. They are allowed to receive visits once only every two months, and can only correspond with their friends with the direct permission of the Director, and under his inspection. A fourth only of the produce of their labour is allowed them, by way of pocket-money, though they may dispose of a part of the rest for the support of relatives depending upon them, or for writing materials. In general the prisoner is allowed to choose his own work ; but the prisoners of this class are restricted in their choice, and forbidden many kinds of work allowed to the rest.

The prisoners of the second class take their meals together in the refectory. They are allowed a longer time in the open air ; and can receive visits from their friends every six weeks.

The prisoners of the third class are not confined necessarily to their cells during any of the hours of recreation : these they may spend either in the court or the refectory, according to the orders of the Director. They have the right of spending one-fourth of the produce of their labour in improving their prison fare, and also a right to one visit in the month.

The principal privilege of the fourth class would appear rather *bizarre*, were it not known how great a value those condemned to silence set on a single word. They are permitted to speak with the turnkey who superintends them. It is to be hoped

that the conversational powers of this class of men are of a higher order than those of turnkeys elsewhere, and that they are sufficiently sensible of the importance of their words to deal them out a little less gruffly than the generality of their brethren. In every other case, silence is strictly enforced throughout the prison. The fourth class have likewise the privilege of working in the prison garden.

These classes offer, as we have seen, a very simple means of reward and punishment. In extreme cases the prisoner is not merely confined to his cell, but that cell is darkened by a contrivance which excludes the light without excluding the air. Sometimes, instead of darkness, the prisoner is condemned to a bread and water diet. The Governor arranges these last punishments according to the effect they are likely to have, from the temper of the prisoner. Notwithstanding the silence and the labour of the general rooms, where the prisoners spend together their working hours, the solitary confinement, though with light and without work, is supremely dreaded. The time of its infliction varies from one month to three, for the first class; and from three days to fifteen, for the others. For half of this time the prisoner is prohibited from work; for the other half, he can have it if he likes it,—which he always does.

In the labour rooms are several Jacquard and other looms, often worked with great diligence. The prisoners sometimes execute prison-born designs of considerable merit.

All the cells open upon one long corridor, at each extremity of which a turnkey sleeps during the night. A full view of the whole is commanded from the Governor's room. Escape is almost impossible, and very rarely attempted.

The cost of provisions for each prisoner is about $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ *per* day; that of the turnkeys, a *franc*. The washing and mending of linen costs about $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ *per* day. The salary of the turnkeys is small enough, not *2s.* *per* week: to be sure, they are boarded and, in great part, clothed; but their place is onerous and difficult, and deserves better pay. On the whole, each prisoner is calculated to cost the State a little above *1s.* daily.

Since the establishment of the Penitentiary, the number of relapsed criminals has fallen from *41 per cent.* to *10*, on culprits criminally condemned; and from *26* to *6*, on culprits condemned correctionally. This result is, in itself, sufficient to establish the character of the system.

The product of the labour of the prisoners is one of the least satisfactory parts of the business. It is worth, on the average, little more than *4d.* *per* day; of which the State gets about half. Considering the constant employment of the prisoners, and the trouble taken with their work, this is a very small sum; but there is no system pursued; every thing is left to chance. The employment varies from day to day,

according to the weather and the general health of the prisoner ; and, like all desultory labour, produces a feeble result.

The Penitentiary at Lausanne looks on the Lake, and is one of the most healthy in Europe. That of Berne, as if every thing criminal in that city was destined to publicity, is commanded by the public walks outside the town ; and an inhabitant might easily recognise each prisoner, as the whole body take their daily *promenade* round the court. In other respects the discipline is much the same ; only with an organization somewhat less exact in the minor details of care and cleanliness, and less painstaking with the management of the prisoner. At Geneva, the promotion of the prisoners from one class to another is managed by a Committee "of Moral Surveillance," and their degradation, by the Inspectors ; and every separate case is scrupulously examined. Much greater latitude, in the other towns, is left to the Governor.

The prison management in France is, like most other things in that country, full of interest and piquancy, but without its proper proportion of practical teaching. No nation has more minutely examined, discussed, described, its prisons, with all their details of management and all the deficiencies of their results. And yet no nation guards them from the prying eyes of strangers with more scrupulous rigour. Some time ago a Magistrate, now presiding in one of our principal metropolitan police-courts, and who is, besides, a criminal Judge in a large provincial city, visited Paris, with letters of recommendation from influential persons in England, and requested permission to inspect the Parisian prisons. The permission was promised, but it never came. The Englishman called repeatedly at the Prefecture, was as often put off with promises, and, after a long stay, left the capital without having received it. It was sent, he was afterwards told, the day after he left.

This jealous difficulty arises, not from the character of the police in France, but from the circumstances attending French crime and punishment, which at the same time complicate and perplex the most zealous efforts of the Administration to make the criminal system useful to society. From the first step in a criminal process to the last, from the denunciation of a crime to the criminal's final release from the dungeon to which that crime had consigned him, the authority never forgets that the crime may have a political importance, or be associated with a political movement. The modes of trial have been arranged, altered, manœuvred, the jury system subjected to constant fluctuation, and the decisions of the Courts mystified and disorganized, as successive Governments have, one after the other, urged their own views for their own personal safety, for the repression of disaffection, or for vengeance against open or secret hostility.

It is for this reason that the stranger is so jealously excluded from the indiscriminate entrance to French prisons. He may indiscreetly reveal the existence of arrangements not warranted by simple judicial considerations. This exclusion of strangers would be of little consequence, if the same reason did not hamper the movements of French legislators in all their attempts for the improvement of prison discipline. They are untiring in their endeavours to obtain the experience of others, and to found theories upon them. About eighteen years ago, a Commission visited the United States, and drew up a minute Report of the characteristics, experiences, and results of the two great penitentiary systems at work in that country. Subsequently, other Commissions have been sent to England and Germany. Three or four times a year Reports are published on the subject by the Ministry, in the "*Moniteur*." Projects of law have been presented almost yearly. A special Minister is charged with the superintendence of all criminal matters. He has his post in the Cabinet, partly, be it observed, because of the connexion, above noticed, between prosecution for crime, and prosecution for politics. A special Academy, that of Moral and Political Science, (the junction is curious and characteristic,) devotes its attention to this important matter. And yet nothing is done to purpose. An isolated experiment is made now and then; as, a few years ago, at Limoges; when, a new wing being added to the prison, an attempt was made to introduce something like the Swiss and American systems. It was tried only upon prisoners sentenced to a single year's confinement. They were forbidden to speak during the hours of rest or of walking. They were prohibited from a liberty allowed to the other prisoners, who could purchase provisions at the canteen, and consume them when they pleased; turning the indulgence, not unfrequently, into a prison feast. The prisoners under the new rules were permitted to purchase provisions, as before; but they were compelled to consume them at the refectory, in silence, and during the ordinary hours of meals. In return, they were sedulously attended, preached to, instructed, by the numerous class of Almoners which the Roman Catholic institutions attach to each prison. Every effort was made to bring about a change in their dispositions; but all was to no purpose. The men were very indignant that they, committed for a short time, and for smaller offences, were more rigorously treated than their more guilty brethren. They saw no reason why they should be deprived of their feasts, their fun, their plots, and their mysteries. Hitherto, the licence of purchasing treats had been the principal inducement to work. The liberty of purchase was left them, lest they should be deprived of this incentive; but it was shorn of all its value by the prohibition

of enjoying it socially and noisily. So the men refused to work. After many difficulties, the plan was given up, although arrangements had been made for applying it in various prisons, as they required enlargement or rebuilding, and it had actually been introduced into that of Rennes.

The subdivisions of the actual French law of imprisonment are as follows :—

The first, derived from the Code of Criminal Instruction, distinguishes between the treatment of accused and of condemned prisoners.

The second, from the Penal Code, distinguishes the condemned prisoners according to the *nature*, not the degree, of their crimes ; and arranges them under three heads :—

The first, guilty of infractions of order or decency, or of the game and forest laws, are condemned by Tribunals of simple Police,—as they are called,—and confined in prisons styled *maisons de correction*. The legal term for this punishment is simply “imprisonment.”

The second, guilty of simple larceny, assaults, defamation, and such crimes, are condemned by the Correctional Tribunals, composed of Magistrates of a higher class, acting without a jury, and are confined in prisons formerly called *maisons de force*, now known as *maisons centrales*. This punishment is styled “seclusion.”

Lastly come the condemned for murder, aggravated robbery, treason, and so on. These are tried before the Courts of Assize, judged by a jury, and condemned to confinement “in a fortress,” as the place of punishment is still called, out of feudal reminiscences. Amongst these are the terrible *bagnes* of Toulon, Rochefort, and Brest. Imprisonment in this category is called “detention.”

This arrangement, absolute in theory, is not absolute in practice. The habitudes of the French are not even yet fully accustomed to the use of the jury ; and the consequence is, that crimes of the second class, vastly the most numerous, are judged by tribunals usually consisting of five Judges, holding open court, but deciding upon their own judgment, much after the fashion of their predecessors before the introduction of the jury in 1791. But the feeling of the nation prevented offences of the press, or of political sarcasm against the Government, from being tried without a jury. During the system of comparative liberty, under which the actual criminal system received its later modification, no Ministry dared to propose that these offences should be submitted to tribunals composed solely of Magistrates nominated and paid by the Crown, and removable at its pleasure. Hence the intervention of the jury became necessary. On the other hand, it would never do to assimilate the punishment of journalists condemned for paragraphs, or

republican tradesmen condemned for sneering, to the *régime* of the assassin and the housebreaker. Hence the sentences of offenders tried at the Assizes are often expiated in the *maisons centrales*. To the same place are likewise consigned those guilty of the higher crimes, but in whose favour the jury find what they call "attenuating circumstances." In the same way, under the influence of these same attenuating circumstances, the correctional tribunal substitutes "imprisonment" for the severer sentence of seclusion, carried on under more stringent rules, and in more terrible places of confinement.

The duration of sentences against offenders is regulated according to their last consideration. The imprisonment of the "simple Police," the organization and position of which very much resemble those of the Petty Sessions in England, is from one to five days. Its correctional imprisonment lasts from six days to five years; seclusion, from five years to ten, which is the *maximum* of punishment allowed by the French law to offences not tried before a jury. The "detention" lasts either for life, or from five to twenty years. It may or may not be accompanied with the sentence of hard labour, or *travaux forcés*, which last involve imprisonment in the redoubtable *bagnes*.

Besides these forms of positive imprisonment, the French law has created a system of *quasi*-imprisonment, which follows the culprit after his release. He is not permitted to roam at large over the country, but compelled to settle in an assigned district, usually a very limited one, out of which he may not stir except under severe penalties. This limitation involves the restriction of action and conduct, which, in fact, makes the man, if not a prisoner, at least as little free, except in the mere action of his limbs, as he was before. This *surveillance* is of old date in the French manners; but it was not regularly organized before the Revolution, since which time it has become at once the most characteristic, and the most difficult, part of their criminal system. It lasts through a period varying from five years to the whole of life. Good conduct will occasionally obtain its release. This was provided for with much solemnity by the Constituent Assembly. The candidate for emancipation was summoned before the Council of the Commune,—all the notables of the villages,—who examined into his life since his release, and attested his good conduct; he was then taken to the criminal tribunal by two Magistrates, who cried with a loud voice, "This man has expiated his crime, his conduct is without reproach, and we demand, in the name of the country, that the stain be effaced." The President replied, "On the demand, and at the attestation, of your country, your stain is effaced." At present, in the place of this Socratic simplicity, the former culprit has to forward papers to the country, publish them in the journals, and go through a whole course of preliminary

formalities. We reserve for another occasion the details of these various gradations of imprisonment.

The *bagnes* of France, the most celebrated of the prisons of Europe, were at first four in number. The name is of curious derivation. The palaces of the Sultan, in which the slaves were confined, contained the imperial baths, from which the word *bagno*, in Italian, was used to denote a place of confinement with hard labour; and from hence the French borrowed their term. Of the four *bagnes*, that of Toulon was destined for prisoners condemned for ten years; and those of Brest and Rochefort for prisoners condemned for a longer period; but this distinction has been abolished for some time. The fourth, at L'Orient, was used for military prisoners, but was suppressed in 1830.

The prisoners sent to Toulon or Brest were carried to their destination, in chains provided by a contractor at so much *per* head. This *service des chaînes*, as it was called, was bargained for at eighty-seven francs and seventy-five centimes for each prisoner; besides which, there was the attendance of a medical man, and extra expenses for delays, and other things; so that the bare cost of transmission was about six pounds sterling to the Government for each man. The prisoners destined for Rochefort are sent under a strong escort of gendarmes, at the expense of the departments forming the "inconscription," as the division of the country to which each *bagne* belongs is called. This arrangement is now adopted for the other two.

All those who when condemned are not on the direct road to the *bagnes*, are sent, in the first instance, to the Paris prison called La Roquette, or the New Bicêtre. They were formerly sent to the Old. Thrice a year they are dispatched to their destinations. The day of their being put in irons for their journey used to be a grand day at the Bicêtre. Early in the morning, the courts, the corridors, the workshops, the dormitories, are carefully swept from one end to the other. A general holiday is given to the inmates, no work whatever is done, the prison officers are in full costume, fresh wine and the best provisions are supplied to the canteen. The *forçats* make up their packets, and sew the straw hats for their journey, singing provincial airs. Their escort, a band of about five-and-twenty men, paid by the contractor, arrive with their baggage behind them, which baggage is a complete arsenal of chains, collars, handcuffs, hammers, nails, and the clothing destined for the prisoners on their march. The Director of the prison entertains the officials to a gay and noisy breakfast, whilst the "toilet" of the *forçats* is proceeding. Precisely at noon, the *forçats* are marched out into the court, and ranged along the wall. They are stripped naked, and inspected with a scrupulous minuteness, lest even their nude

bodies should conceal some instrument for escape. This done, the terrible operation of ironing begins.

They are divided into "cordons," or parties of twenty or thirty men. The "cordon" is ordered to march into the middle of the court. There is the chain, stretched out at full length. "Halt," cries the chief of the escort. They halt. "Sit," exclaims the chief. They sit down; and each takes his part of the chain upon his knees. "Caps off," and they take off their caps, and present their heads to the *argousins*, as the men of the escort are called. The *argousin* tries on the triangular iron which is to go round the neck, to satisfy himself that it cannot be passed over the head. Satisfied on this point, the *argousins* join the iron yoke to the chain; then, opening two of the branches, they force between them the neck of the prisoner, join the branches, and fasten them with a huge bolt driven into the iron upon a portable anvil. The back of the prisoner rests against this anvil, and, to prevent his head from being broken by the hammer at work behind him, an *argousin*, holding at the same time the collar in front, keeps his head by main force upon his chest. All this while, the other prisoners—their heads pressed to the bars of the windows—are breaking jests, or talking *argot* with their former comrades. Then, the gestures peculiar to the French under all circumstances, the noise of the iron, the jocular motions of the men themselves, make up a scene which it would be difficult to parallel. All this while, the windows of the private rooms of the prison are full of ladies, elegantly dressed, who have the good fortune to obtain tickets of admission, which are sought after with more frenzy, and granted as a greater favour, than the tickets for any spectacle in Paris.

The ironing is over, and there is a dead silence. The chaplain of the prison is giving them an address. He offers them his paternal adieux, and his exhortation to repentance. He is heard with respect; but the moment he has done, the moral of his sermon, and of the affair in general, receives its full exemplification in the shouts and songs which the prisoners set up. In preparation for their departure, they go in turn to the canteen, where a pint of wine is served out to them. They are then placed in long carts, back to back, with the huge chain of the "cordon" hanging between them; the carriages of the surgeon and of the Government Commissary follow behind, and the multitude in hosts throng on their rear. The crowd has been known to exceed one hundred thousand persons, and has done incalculable injury to property on the line of march. The prisoners are well fed on their journey; and the drivers often buy the surplus of their bread for their horses. But the cold, the heat, and the iron,—which weighs above twenty pounds for each prisoner,—reduce them to a terrible state, before they have

arrived at the end of their long and slow journey, which sometimes lasts for thirty days.

In this state, arrived at the *bagne*, each has to undergo the operation of being unironed. He is placed with his back to an anvil, and two men with huge hammers drive out the bolts. The frame is so shattered in its exhausted state, that men have been known to die under the operation. A smaller iron, of two or three pounds, is then riveted to the leg. The *forçat* is stripped, placed in a bath, supplied with warm wine and wholesome food, and actually nursed for some twenty days. During the time, the Commissary of the prison informs himself of what is known of their character and actions, and makes preparations for arranging them for the future. They are numbered, and coupled two and two, by means of a chain passed through the iron attached to their legs, which is carried up to their waists; thus falling in the segment of a circle, it is known in the prison dialect as "the garland." The "garland" and the iron together weigh about fourteen pounds, and this the prisoner has to bear about him, perhaps for life, at all events for many years, unless by special ordinance he is permitted to work without it.

The *forçats* are divided into three classes,—the *inconnus*, the *méritans*, and the *indociles*. At their entrance, all the prisoners are necessarily comprised in the first class. They are placed on what are called the "floating *bagnes*,"—vessels on which they pass the night, and so much of the day as is not employed in labour. These men work in couples, heavily ironed.

Their good conduct procures them a translation into the second class. The coupling chain is now removed, and the prisoner is allowed better food and clothing. From this class alone are selected those who are recommended to the clemency of the Government, and those who, like Joseph in the prison, are appointed to certain official duties to which pay is attached, and which are a reward for good conduct. They still carry a ring of iron attached to the leg, which is merely a mark of their position, and subjects them to no inconvenience. Extremely good conduct may procure a dispensation even from this, the last remaining mark of severe degradation. They are placed in separate chambers, called *salles d'épreuve*.

Very different is the treatment of the last class. They are looked upon as persons in whom all hope or chance of reformation is extinct; separated from the others, and treated as wild animals, of whom the existence is a necessary nuisance, to be alleviated by what can be made out of them, without more reference to their own feelings than we should have to those of a wild boar. Their separation should be understood to exclude the hours of labour: as the work at the *bagnes* is really a most important branch of the national service, all ranks, ages,

characters, and moralities, are melted down into one vast heap, where the only consideration is practical utility. The only distinction here is for the military prisoners. As the crimes of these last are usually of a very different stamp from those of the rest, and denote a different condition of mind, it would be unreasonable to expose them to the danger of corruption which would be caused by any contact with the hardened villains which form the mass of their fellow prisoners.

The smallest fault is punished on the instant with the whip, or a small cord, called the *ratin*, which is applied to the reins or the neck, and causes exquisite torture. The most terrible punishment is called the *bastonnade*; it is applied on the reins with a tarred rope about an inch thick. The first blow tears the flesh, multitudes of blisters rise and break, and bloody furrows are formed down the body. When the punishment of death is inflicted, it is a singular sight. During the execution the other *forçats* are assembled, ordered on their knees, with their caps in their hands; and when it is over, they rise, and pass round the body in a solemn parade. All is utter silence. A *forçat* is always selected for the executioner.

These punishments are inflicted only after a regular judgment, delivered by the ordinary criminal tribunals. The punishments permitted to the Commissary of the prison, on his own judgment, are of the most simple kind. He can send the offender to a solitary dungeon, or keep him, chained to his seat, on bread and water, for days together. Further he cannot go. With all this, the extreme rigour of the law is, to some extent, mitigated. For instance, the penal code orders that an iron ball shall be attached to the feet of each prisoner, which is very rarely done. The release of the more deserving prisoners from the coupling-irons is against the letter of the law. Besides this, the necessities of the service have introduced many ameliorations into the general treatment of the unhappy subjects. The law only contemplated punishment; but that punishment has been turned to such useful account, that its directors are forced to violate the *literal* directions of the legislature, in order to keep the workmen in good condition, and to facilitate their operations. Thus the *forçats* are tolerably well cared for in bodily matters. As for the rest, it is utterly neglected: no instruction whatever is afforded them; no worship is permitted in public; and the Priest is only to be seen in extreme cases within the precincts. This is a reproach which, it must be admitted, cannot often be made to French institutions, where the superabundance of the Clergy causes their employment in all directions.

The ordinances of former times were yet more severe than those of the actual code. Colbert, a man humane beyond his age, yet issued a regulation, by which, if a *forçat* swore by God

or the Virgin, his tongue was to be pierced with a red-hot iron. Why another name, more sacred than the last, was permitted to be profaned, does not appear. By those old rules, the *forçat* who struck an employer was broken on the wheel; for the first attempt to escape his ears were cut off, and his nose for the second; for other offences he was burnt alive. The fees to the executioners, for each of these operations, were regularly tarified: 22 *livres* for breaking on the wheel; 15 for hanging, or burning alive; 6 for cutting off the ears; and 2 for cutting off the nose, which last one would suppose a troublesome operation, and worth, at least, the fee for a single ear.

Few scenes are more striking than the interior of the *bagne* of Toulon. The forges, with their hundred workmen, each in the red dress of the regulations; the innate ferocity of their countenances, heightened by the pale, strange looks of men always working near the fire in a hot country; their huge iron tools; the reckless audacity of their strokes; the fires; the intolerable heat; all conspire to make up a scene which it would be difficult to match elsewhere. The single guardian, who stands in the midst of these men habituated to every crime, and whom a single stroke from one of the fifty ponderous hammers upraised on every side would kill, almost inspires a shudder when you look at him. But he is safe enough. No violence is ever attempted during the hours of labour; the men have not time for ideas, and therefore no incentives to action.

The scene in the courts outside, less picturesque, is more painful. Here the gangs of twenty or thirty, their chains clanking with every movement, are conveying huge pieces of timber, lifting enormous blocks of stone, or, chained in a circle, cutting into shape immense pieces of timber. The variety of costume is striking: the red dress of the prisoner temporarily condemned, the green cap of the man condemned for life, contrast with the white or brown blouse of the ordinary free workmen, of whom very many are employed in the hulks. Amongst the strangest characteristics is the vivacity of the prisoners: instead of the quiet, business-like tone of labourers elsewhere, these men are shouting, singing, and jesting, with a spirit which, under the circumstances, you suppose to be assumed to drown thought, but which looks natural enough. The infernal clamour of the work is, at least, diversified; and, for whatever reason, whether it be excitement, the effect of noise and a crowd, or that there is nothing further to fear, the animated countenances of these men form the strangest possible contrast to the usual dull, heavy wretchedness of the inmates of a criminal prison.

They are guarded by a "brigade of safety," known as *gardes-chiourmes*. These men wear a military uniform, though not strictly soldiers, and are organized after a military fashion. To

these are added the "masters of the marine," charged with the direction and superintendence of the workers; for nothing is omitted to make the labour effective and useful. Besides these there are the auxiliaries, prisoners whose term is near expiring, and whose conduct has been good during the imprisonment. They are chiefly employed as cooks, and in keeping the building clean, which they do with a scrupulous care, quite foreign to the ordinary habits of the south. In fact, the only clean places in all Toulon are its hulks. Some of these last are even employed as clerks, and intrusted in confidential matters. In the slang of the prison they are known as *pagols*.

The courts are all commanded by loaded cannon, charged with grape-shot. After the termination of the hours of work, the guardians rigorously examine the prisoners, strike their chains with hammers, and follow them in all their movements. Besides this, they have amongst the men themselves well-paid spies, known as "foxes," who give information of the least hint of an attempt to escape. The prisoners of the third class are not only chained together during the hours of labour, but fastened to their beds when they sleep, and to their seats when they eat. Notwithstanding all these precautions, which would seem to be rigorous to cruelty, and minute to ridicule, such is the marvellous instinct of these men, that they actually contrive occasionally to escape. Their proximity to the free labourers, though closely watched, gives them opportunities; their own friends from without introduce themselves, under this disguise; a freemasonry of wonderful acuteness is established between them; they manage to secrete wigs, whiskers, articles of dress; a few seconds unwatched suffice to enable them to free themselves from a chain an inch thick, to change their prison-dress, and to disappear. So magical is the proceeding, that it has been effected without the knowledge not only of the guardian, or of the men assembled around, but of the fellow-convict to whom the man is coupled; for, after a certain residence in the prison, the gangs of twenty or thirty, which are highly inconvenient for work, are broken up, and the system of coupling substituted in their place.

The moment the escape is known, three reports of cannon are heard from the ramparts, and the gendarmes, the agents of the prison, and the peasants who are allured by the prospect of the high reward given for the capture of a prisoner, are on the alert, rushing through the streets, plunging into the houses, or scouring the fields. If the prisoner is secured before the sound of the cannon, he is simply subjected to the penalties in the power of the Governor of the prison. This is done to avoid noise. The authorities are glad to hush up the fact of an escape, and to prevent the means used from being known and imitated. But after the alarm is given, the mischief is done,

and the prisoner is sent before the tribunal, to be subjected to the terrible punishments already alluded to.

Amongst these, is the punishment of the "double chain," which the law permits to recalcitrating prisoners for the term of three years. Under this sentence the prisoner is fastened to his seat, and is only allowed movement for the length of his chain during the whole time. This sentence is only applied to *forçats* already sentenced for life. As to the others, the ordinary punishment is the prolongation of the sentence. The tribunals which judge these offences are known as "Special Maritime Tribunals,"—a kind of court-martial composed of the Maritime Prefect, who acts as President, two naval Captains, a marine Commissary, an engineer, and two officials who are charged with the strictly legal part of the business.

The *forçats* rise with the morning gun, at five in the summer, and half-past seven in the winter. The more favoured class are sent into the workshops; the desperate are forced to labour without protection under the burning sun. All labour is remunerated: the mason earns about twenty *francs per month*, the labourer in iron about twenty-five or even thirty, while those engaged in the lighter work, such as twisting ropes, or weaving, earn little more than three. It is a great object with the administration to encourage the men to work; and for this reason the prison allowance of food is extremely limited in quantity, and comprises no animal food whatever. Bread forms three-fourths of the entire allowance: a few vegetables, a little butter and salt, make up the rest for the prisoners who do not work; cheese and wine are added gratuitously for those who do, and they can purchase meat out of their earnings. A man weak in body, or unskilful in the use of his hands, is thus subjected to a terrible punishment,—semi-starvation being added to his other miseries. To the sick, a ration of meat is allowed in all cases four times a week.

The canteen, known technically as the *cambuse*, is a grated building established in the middle of the courts or dormitories, and kept by some favoured prisoner, who has been known to leave the prison with a little fortune.

When they are assembled for dinner, a whistle is heard, and every one is silent. The "green" prisoners are then fastened to their seats, the "reds" take their places, and those who have earned the privilege of serving, instead of labouring, wander about, their chains still clanking on their legs. A great bowl is pushed down the middle, called the *baquet*, into which every one dips, as it passes, with his wooden spoon.

The worst class of *forçats* are not permitted to labour at profitable work: they sit day and night in the infirmaries, plaiting straw, or making small articles of pasteboard. The servants earn fourpence a day. The sums mentioned are those actually

given to the men ; but, besides these, a supplement of one-third is set aside for those who are only temporarily condemned, and given them when they leave the prison. This regulation, which allows a man a chance of an honest livelihood on his re-appearance in the world, is one of the best in the whole code.

At the sound of the evening gun, they assemble and answer to their names. An hour afterwards, a whistle is heard, and they retire to their immense dormitories, which hold, at Brest, seven or eight hundred individuals. They are then left to themselves, with as much liberty as their huge chains will allow them. Authority and its cannon are without : within is the power of the most audacious, the most violent, or the strongest of the demoniac band. He lays down his laws, enforces the caprices of debauch or fury, denounces the victims of his suspicion or anger ; and woe to the wretch who ventures to murmur !

The *forçat* sleeps with his clothes on, upon a bare plank. After he has been some time in the prison, if he has earned money enough, he is allowed to purchase a mattress. A coverlet is given him, which must last him three years. A bar of iron is at the foot of the bed, or plank rather, round which the chain is fastened.

The prison of Toulon, on the regulations of which this description is chiefly founded, is by much the most popular with the convicts. Their establishment is actually the boast of the townsmen, who, far from feeling it a disgrace, talk about it with pride : the spirit of the prisoners seems to have entered into the population, who always speak of them with consideration, although themselves not better or worse than the population of other towns. In fact, without this establishment, Toulon would be nothing. The glowing sun of the south, and the air of the Mediterranean, cheer the prisoners amid all their miseries. Rochefort, situated in the midst of a marsh, from whose pestilential vapour arises the fatal *canicule* fever, is the worst of the three ; it is one of the most unhealthy spots in all France. Brest, whose port seems to have been hewn out of two mountains, with its frowning buildings and foggy atmosphere, has, of itself, an air of supreme cheerlessness. Free or imprisoned, innocent or criminal, the Frenchman never forgets his vivacity, or the external aids to it. To the stranger, apart from prison associations, the aspect of this last town is amongst the most *triste* on the Continent. Toulon, on the contrary, with its bright sea, its vast vessels looming in the view, its huge rocks glittering in the sun, and its rich magazine, is one of the most striking ; and its general appearance does not lose, as is often the case, its brightness and cheerfulness in its force and immensity.

The *maisons centrales* contain three categories of prisoners : those condemned correctionally to more than a year of imprisonment ; those condemned to the punishment of seclusion ; and women condemned to “ *travaux forcés*.”

These establishments are nineteen in number, distributed over the country with but little regularity; many large districts having single ones, whilst others, equally large, have four or five. The largest, at Nismes, holds twelve or thirteen hundred prisoners.

The first principle which would seem to prevail at these places is a commercial one. Without doubt, both the *bagnes* and the *maisons centrales* were originally instituted with a sole view to punishment. But as the *bagnes* gradually have become state workshops, so the *maisons centrales* have become a state institution of employment. The utmost licence is allowed to the prisoners for enjoyment, provided only that they earn the means of paying for it. The prison-fare, in itself, is a good one. Besides this, a most commodious canteen is erected in the courts, to which the prisoners rush the moment they have finished their dinner, and give themselves to a bacchanalian jollity, which, under all the circumstances, is one of the most striking and characteristic scenes conceivable. They are allowed four glasses of wine a day, (tumblers, be it understood,) at the price of about three-halfpence a pint, which very few are without the means of paying.

The *maisons centrales* occupy, for the most part, the buildings of convents suppressed at the Revolution. These convents, from their literary stores, enabled the French to found those numberless public libraries in the country towns, to which they point as one of the great proofs of their advanced civilization. It was in one of these, the other day, that some one found a parcel of underground bricks; and took thence occasion to claim for the French the invention of subsoil drainage. The circle of utilities of these relics of old superstition is completed by the conversion of their shattered walls into modern prisons. They began as almshouses, places of refuge, schools of morality. The gaoler has now taken the place of the monk, for purposes not very dissimilar. This is not the most curious of the "transmogrifications" of these houses of sanctity. The chapel of the huge monastery of St. Pierre, at Lyons, is now converted into a Bourse, and the converters have not been at the pains to remove from the walls the statues, emblems, and ornaments of Roman Catholic worship. The prices of railways, trade bargains, and mercantile offers, are now thundered forth with the stentorian activity peculiar to that famous city, in the ears of marble saints, virgins, and angels, who had little bargained for such unsanctified discord. Never was God brought into so curious a juxtaposition with Mammon.

The arrangements of the *maisons centrales* are all carried on by private contract. It is the contractor who not only supplies food and clothing, but the most ordinary feeding utensils, to

the prisoner. The Superintendents of works, dispensers of medicine, cooks, bakers, general servants, are all paid by him, and appointed at his nomination. In return, the labour of the prison is all on his account, and for his profit. He is compelled, under pain of forfeiture, to furnish work for every prisoner able to perform it; and the administrators are responsible to him for every prisoner who refuses to work. A more efficient remedy against idleness could not be devised. The working arrangements are liable to appeal to the Prefect, who regulates, besides, the price of work, by the job or by the day, usually upon the advice of the Chambers of Commerce.

This system has had the advantage of materially reducing the prison expenses. And, under this mode of management, the *maisons centrales* are the cheapest prisons in France. While the expense of the guardianship of the prisoners in the Paris prisons amounts to 78 *francs per head* yearly, the same service, in the *maisons centrales*, only costs 26 *francs*. Each prison is managed by a single contractor; this post is adjudged yearly by auction, or rather adjudication, in public biddings.

The guardians are under a military organization, carry uniform and the arms of the line. They are commanded by a *Gardien-chef*, nominated directly by the Minister of the Interior, and two *Premiers Gardiens*, recommended by the Director of the prison.

The gains of the workmen are divided into three equal parts. The first belongs to the contractor; the second is handed over, every Sunday, to the prisoner; the third is put aside for him on his exit from his prison. It is not, however, delivered to him at once, but paid when he reaches the place of his future residence, for a double object: first, to prevent his wasting it in the immediate excitement; and, secondly, to compel his proceeding home with the least possible delay.

Nothing, as we have already hinted, can be more widely different than the treatment of the prisoners in the *maisons centrales* and those condemned to the *bagnes*. The first class, in fact, although but one remove from the extreme of punishment, although, in the worst cases, only differing by an imperceptible line from the wretches destined to suffer the most rigorous cruelties, are treated better than any prisoners in France; we might almost say, than any prisoners in Europe. They are well clad: the rule is, to allow them three shirts, double-breasted coats and waistcoats in winter, light coats and waistcoats in summer. Instead of the bare planks, they sleep upon canvass, with a mattress, two sheets, a woollen coverlet in summer, and a second in winter; while, in all seasons, the *forçat* has but a single coverlet. Their food comprises soup,—usually exceedingly good,—a sufficient allowance of *bouillon*, and plenty of vegetables. To those who are acquainted with the

fare of the French peasant,—ordinarily, brown bread and apples,—this bill of fare in the prison will seem the height of luxury. When they are ill, the provision made for them far exceeds that in the average of hospitals. The strictest civility is enjoined to the Guardians towards the prisoners. Amongst many regulations on this head, is one highly characteristic. The Guardians are forbidden to *tutoyer* the prisoners. It is astonishing how sensitive the French peasant is on this head. Nothing is more common than for the police-courts to hear a long wrangle of assault and battery, because Pierre would persist in *theeing* and *thowing* Jacques, in spite of repeated warnings from the said Jacques that he was not inclined to any such familiarity. Besides this, the Guardians are forbidden to talk to the prisoners, or to use any violence, except for self-defence. They are only permitted to report them.

The men are allowed books; a circulating library is kept by a prisoner, and, although no works are admitted except on the special approbation of the Government, there are few of the exciting romances of the day which are not at work amongst these men, further exciting their already feverish imaginations. Victor Hugo's "*Notre Dame de Paris*" is about the most popular work among them. The more direct prison-novels of Sue and others are forbidden; but they find their way amongst the men, notwithstanding, without any difficulty.

The great hour in the prison is that after the dinner. They dispatch this meal as quickly as possible, and then rush to the canteens. There, after forming parties, they supply themselves with wine and liquor, and commence recitals of their adventures with the zest and ingenuity seldom absent from a Frenchman, and which, of itself, is sufficient to efface all efforts of amelioration from the minds of the less guilty. But, in fact, these efforts amount to nothing at all. A Chaplain belongs to each prison, who imparts some spiritual instruction,—such as one man may give to five hundred. And even were it possible to concentrate the teaching of these good men, it is not by the instruction of a person removed from the world, full of his Breviary, and knowing little of the motives or procedure which influence such men, that much good can be effected. As a positive result of experience, fewer reformatons are known from the *maisons centrales*, and more instances occur of relapsed criminals, than from any establishment of this kind. Besides the influence of the open daylight parties, which invest crime and punishment with a halo of enjoyment and *éclat*, there is the excitement of the silent plots for escape, the murder of the guardians, or actions of private vengeance for offences committed against them by their own comrades. Much evil passion is stirred up by the favouritism shown to certain prisoners, which renders all favour shown to the better-

conducted extremely dangerous to the recipient. In this respect, the organized system of rewards for good behaviour, in the *bagnes*, is infinitely preferable. The Directors are compelled to avow that they can only enforce order, or preserve common security in their establishments, by means of a systematized espionage.

Visitors of these prisons have been struck with the clever look of the men, their sagacious and penetrating physiognomies, and even the elegance of their manner. A very large number of them are noted *escrocs*, the very success of whose frauds depends upon their extra-gentility. There exists, at the same time, a look of unquiet cunning, which it is impossible to mistake. The *bagne* revolts you at first sight,—the spectacle of complete slavery, of inveterate toil, of physical suffering,—too much which appals the soul. Yet, as you look on, you become more reconciled: you see a chance of reformation for the prisoners, a certainty of warning to those inclined to guilt, the vengeance of society roused for some good to it for the moment, and no especial danger for the future. In the *maisons centrales*, on the contrary, there is nothing at first to appal the spectator; there is much even to amuse him. Yet, as he looks on, he cannot fail to be struck with terror at the sight of these men who are daily improving in crime, with the certainty, at no very distant period, of being let loose upon society. He sees no reformation to the offender, and any thing but a warning to the incipient criminal, who is much more likely to be allured than dismayed at the sight of these jovial, excited, and clever criminals, telling their stories with all the piquancy of recklessness, all the interest of daring, and all the details of long experience. You see around you nothing but evil, without a single palliation, a single hope, or even a chance for the future. Amongst the other vices, is the villainous hypocrisy prevalent every where. Assumed by many of the worst class of offenders, not so much to soften their punishment, already sufficiently light, as to enable them to prosecute more easily some deep-laid scheme, their companions, who are in the secret, affect to respect their amelioration; whilst the man who really wishes to reform, the object every where of hatred and mistrust, has the charge of hypocrisy added to the other insults to which he is subjected.

As in the *bagnes*, the prison authorities are forbidden to use corporal punishment. Offences are punished by solitary confinement, on bread and water, unless their aggravation compels a regular trial; in which case the punishments are simply applications of the ordinary law. Every year a list of those who have merited special favour by their good conduct, and who have at least undergone half their punishment, is submitted to the Government; but the number of pardons granted is extremely limited,—not more than five or six a year to each prison.

The work to which the prisoners are set, is always of a light kind: many kinds of employment are forbidden, for fear of interference with free labour. This has long been a vexed question in France, and at each Revolution has employed all the care of the Government; the out-of-door workmen taking advantage of every ferment to endeavour to get rid of prison competition. They have occasionally succeeded for a moment; but, the excitement over, things have gone on just as before. At the same time, real care is taken not to injure the local business of the vicinity of the prison. The men are employed in making boots and shoes for exportation, or for the army, sails or canvass, or in weaving cotton. It is to this last employment that they are set when they can do nothing else. If they do any thing in carpentry, cabinet-making, or light ironmongery, it is exclusively for the use or repairs of the prison. As to the women, they sew gloves, and make up shirts, or shirt-collars, principally for the use of the army, or of the police. The arrangements for work are perfect in their way. Some prisoners will earn as much as seven *francs* a week, but the usual earnings are far under this sum. Three *francs* a week give the prisoner a *franc* for wine and liquor,—more than enough to enable him to do himself a world of harm.

Notwithstanding the light work, the good fare, the pleasure parties, and the excitement of the *maisons centrales*, it is not uncommon to find the prisoners preferring the *bagnes* themselves. This known phenomenon has been the cause of frequent perplexity to the French economists. Amongst the other difficulties of the *maisons centrales*, is the constant occurrence of offences committed with the direct view of obtaining a trial. Men who are discontented with their prison, who have friends in another, and who know by long experience that the system of the prison in which they are at the moment is less to their taste than that of others, commit excesses for the sole purpose of being transferred elsewhere. But the heavier crimes involve transportation to the *bagnes*, and even these have been committed, singular as it may appear, for this express purpose. In fact, the light work of the *maisons centrales* gives the men time for thought, and to many of them this becomes perfectly intolerable. In addition, the excitement of drinking-bouts at the canteen is not sufficient for many, inured from their infancy to a life of violence. The fierce regulation, the air of determination, the reckless exercise of labour, even the cruelty itself, of the hulks, has its recommendation in their eyes; it gives them the excitement they want, it prevents the reflections they do not want, it falls in with their habitude, and it has something of the *éclat* which is one of the main-springs of their existence, and for which they prefer extremes of all kinds, even of their own tortures. The politicians of the Continent in vain seek to veil

this fact, which comes out every now and then before the tribunals with undeniable clearness, to the immense perplexity of all admirers of things as they are. It is difficult to conceive any argument stronger for the efficiency of solitary punishment than this startling, fearful, and unexpected phenomenon.

This is not the only anomaly in the system. Of the mildness of the punishments of the *maisons centrales*, compared with those of prisons for lighter crimes, we shall have to speak hereafter. But an anomaly of another kind exists in the *maisons centrales* themselves. It has been already noticed that the punishments for two separate classes of offences, those called *crimes*, and those called *délits*, are provided for in the same prison. The one, tried by a jury, involves, as a punishment, what is called "seclusion;" the other, a matter simply belonging to the Correctional Tribunals, is called "imprisonment." The first carries with it civil degradation: the criminal is liable to public exhibition; he cannot receive any revenues from his property; a legal interdiction is pronounced against him; a "tutor" and a "sub-tutor" are appointed over him. Nothing of all this is pronounced against the "correctional" prisoner. And yet not only is the punishment itself inflicted under the same rules, and in the same establishments; but the more guilty person finds himself infinitely the better off. As he is condemned for the longest period, he becomes the best proficient in the peculiar work carried on in the prisons, is more interested and experienced in its rules; and it is he in consequence who is named to the official positions which can be held by prisoners, *prévôt de salle*, *chef d'atelier*, and other positions of the same kind. These afford what such men covet most earnestly,—power; and thus while the *reclusionnaire* often envies his more guilty brother of the *bagnes*, he is himself an object of envy on the part of the less guilty "correctional." And thus also the several degrees of crime become confounded in the mind; each higher grade, instead of becoming more terrible, presents results of greater power, influence, daring, and excitement, and therefore of greater attraction. We may now see how much further these anomalies are carried, in a brief view of the prisons intended for those condemned correctionally for a year or less. When the present organization of the prisons was first established, during the fever of the Republic and the Empire, in their zeal for systematizing, the French legislators decreed that every commune should have its prison,—a rule which would have created 39,000 prisons in the country. If it was found actually impossible to provide a cantonal prison, it was then decreed that, at least, each *arrondissement* should be provided with one. Even this would have established 2,800 gaols. These last were actually erected, and serve for temporary imprisonments on account of petty offences of simple accusation, or as places of safety for the prisoners, in the transport from one regular prison

to another. In addition to these, every *caserne* of gendarmerie in France has its strong chamber, in which prisoners are temporarily confined.

At last, all the terrible paraphernalia of imprisonment, as far as regards other than petty offences, dropped to one prison *per* department. It is to this building that the great mass of "correctionals" are consigned; for, beside that the number condemned for a year or less forms a great part of the entire mass, others may be taken to these establishments by an order from the Minister of the Interior. These *maisons de correction*, as they are called, are for the most part old castles of the feudal period. The old Barons made their residences strong enough, and none of the *appareil* of justice has been forgotten. Unfortunately, neither in those days was much of the modern principle, of consideration even for prisoners, attended to; and as the men of old built their castles for their own convenience, and at their own cost, the size is very often far from appropriate to the wants of a state establishment. In consequence, the generality of these buildings are close and confined in the extreme. In one, the administration were actually obliged to leave to the owls the old building, which was tumbling to ruin, and to take refuge in the cellars and donjons of the old feudal chief, who constructed his donjon for the reception of at most a dozen prisoners. From time to time the country has spent vast sums in the improvement of these places; but the original vices of their erection remain, in spite of all that can be done. The *cachot*, or place of solitary confinement, to which the refractory are condemned for offences in the prison itself, is usually a hole just large enough to hold a single person, literally streaming with damp, and with the close, humid, clayey air of a tomb. To many constitutions a day's confinement in such a place is certain death.

The administration of the prisons themselves is very little better. In fact, it is difficult to say that there is any administration at all. For the other prisons, the length of the punishment and its importance have excited all the attention of the legislature, and we have seen that its arrangements are regulated, not always perhaps with perfect wisdom, but always with great care. But in the *maisons de correction* no regulation exists worthy of the name. All the prisoners accused or condemned—for many of the first category are thrust into these places—are huddled together without any distinction of degrees of crime, certain or uncertain guilt, age, sex, or previous character. There is no *surveillance*, except to prevent the prisoners from running away; as to the rest, they may do as they please. Worse than all, there is no organization of labour. This, by far the best feature of the other criminal establishments, is here utterly and absolutely wanting. The unhappy victims are not forbidden work, if they can get it; if they are fortunate enough to have connexions

outside, who will give them a job, or any thing peculiar in their professions,—bits of luck, which do not happen to one in a hundred of the inmates of a criminal gaol. No beds are allowed to the prisoners; they may buy them, if they have the money; if not, they must lie on the straw. There are no prison clothes; the prisoners must find their own clothing. It has been fearful to read the accounts of visitors to these places, who have approached a mass of straw and filth, which looked like a dung-heap, but from which at last protruded the head of a woman, pale, emaciated, and looking as if it had been severed from the body. She had been lying without change in the same place for weeks, not having clothes to cover her.

In many of the prisons, much as has been done for their amelioration, the walls are still coloured with green; the floor, paved with round stones, has within its interstices the accumulation of the filth of months; insects of the vilest kind are crawling about; the smell from the necessary houses pervades every where: in fact, nothing is wanting to complete the description of those terrible dungeons of the Middle Ages, their antecedents and prototypes. The richest departments, as those which count Bordeaux and Lyons for their capitals, had, until lately, the very worst of these terrible cages.

The provision of the prisoners is bread and soup, the same ration for all sexes and ages. The prisons are scarcely warmed: the poor prisoners in the winter have no refuge but their straw. In every respect,—in accommodation, in food, in clothing, even in moral instruction, these *maisons de correction* are inferior to the *maisons centrales*; and when it is added, that in the former there exists for the great mass no means of employment whatever, while it is compulsory in the latter, that in the *maisons centrales* the prisoners have not only the certain means of earning money for necessities, and even for enjoyment, but are likewise assured of a sum to keep them from starvation when they again go abroad into the world; while the wretches of the departmental gaols, after starving and shivering in the cold, moist dungeons for twelve months, are turned at large upon the world without a rag or a farthing; it may seem somewhat astonishing that the lightest crimes should thus entail the most revolting, the most debasing, the most unmanly retribution.

In all the departmental prisons, there exists what is called the *pistole*, a chamber where better accommodation is to be had by paying for it. In old times the price was a *pistole*, whence the name. At present the price is under eight *francs*. As the prisoners here are supposed to be able to pay for every thing, nothing is allowed them *gratis* but bread. As there is, besides, the canteen,—and books and games are allowed,—a man who has money to spend, or who has managed to secrete his part of the last plunder, while his less fortunate comrade was forced to

give it up to the gendarmes, may live in perfect comfort. This last institution completes the iniquity of the whole affair.

It should be remarked, that many of the *maisons de correction* have no court whatever. The prisoners are compelled to remain during the entire sentence within doors, subject to the enjoyments of such quarters as have been just described, without a moment's alteration for the barest necessities of health.

There are no hours of rising or going to bed, no hours of meals fixed by the law ; every thing is left to the discretion of the gaoler. He has to take care of a given number of prisoners for a given number of months ; and if he accounts for them in due time, and can only produce them alive, Justice expresses herself perfectly satisfied.

As if to complete the disorganization of these establishments, the guiding authority which is to regulate them out of doors is so loosely appointed, that it leads to no regulation at all. The Mayor, the Prefect of Police, or the Commissary-General of Police, is ordered by the law to watch over them. As if this were not loose enough already, a gratuitous council of five persons is likewise provided for the same end. Of course, a business which thus belongs to every one is done by no one. Other regulations to the same end have been issued from time to time, as the central authority received some new exemplification of the striking evils of the system ; but the momentary attempts at amendment only added to the existing confusion.

It must at the same time be admitted, in excuse for the anomalies in the French system, that the characters it has to deal with are such as to defy all powers of reason, or of calculation. The prison authorities have frequently taken special pains with the insubordinate or idle characters, and have promised, when compelled to punish them, to restore them to favour, and to place them even in a better condition than that of their comrades, on the simple condition of their submitting themselves to the rules of the prison. All has been in vain. Characters are not wanting, who, the very hour that they are released from solitary confinement, and re-instated amongst their colleagues, have forthwith proceeded to incite them to acts of violence. Transferred from one prison to another, their first action, on arriving at their new destination, has been to circulate in writing, and even to get printed, the most atrocious calumnies against the administration of their abode ; even although the means have been furnished them by being placed in the *bureau des écritures*, as a special favour, in the hope of reclaiming them. Even when placed in solitary confinement, they have managed to pass their communications with the other prisoners ; and, when permitted to walk out, even under strict guard, have been able to secrete papers underground, in the joints of the doors,—any where, in fact ; and the natural love of

Frenchmen for excitement has caused their comrades to watch eagerly for these papers, though containing nothing beyond vulgar inflammatory declamation. These men refuse all kinds of work, alleging that they cannot do it. Solitary confinement does them no good; it only irritates them, inflames their brains, and makes them a trifle more mad than they were before.

Solitary confinement has little effect on the inveterately idle. These men, following the French love of extremes, will even stand apart in the crowd, look on vacantly, and do nothing. Placed in solitude, they are only in their humour, and progress somewhat more quickly to the insanity which has been, from the first, at the bottom of their movements. These, however, are the rarer class; the insubordinates are the most common; and their senseless, unprovoked outrages are only to be equalled by the extreme eloquence with which they sometimes declaim against what they call their oppression. The advocates for things as they are in France, declare that the penitentiary system fails eminently with the very characters for whom it was intended; and those who are cognizant of French experience can quite understand, why its reformatory process has been so slow, compared with the immensity of thought, inquiry, and writing expended upon the subject.

Russia, destined in so many ways to present a contrast to the institutions and progress of the rest of Europe, up to a late period, offered a most striking difference in its application of the principle of imprisonment. Its code failed to recognise imprisonment as a mode of punishment. In this country, until recently, the prison was simply a place of confinement for the accused before trial, and, as such, was administered with sufficient leniency. There was, necessarily, no pretence for harshness. The question of prison discipline was, in this case, wonderfully simplified. With imprisonment as a punishment on the one hand, capital punishments were abolished on the other. The laws directing executions were, in fact, suspended as long ago as the reign of the Empress Elizabeth. From that time executions, except for political offences, became extremely rare. In parts of the empire, as in Finland, they have been definitively abolished; elsewhere, as in Poland, invariably commuted. Ultimately they became restricted to two heads of offences, singularly characteristic of the country,—infractions of the quarantine laws, and military disobedience. This would fully parallel the practice of capital punishment for forgery amongst ourselves, which excited so much horror and astonishment amongst the non-commercial nations of the East.

Meanwhile, the punishments both of death and of imprisonment are respectably represented; the one by banishment to Siberia and by the mutilation of the criminal, the other by the knout. The two last have been abolished; the latter only

since 1845. It has been replaced by what is called the *pleite*, a leather-thong whip, not so utterly barbarous as its predecessor, but of respectable force. It has been said that, while the knout tore away strips of flesh at the second blow, the *pleite* performs the same duty at the seventh or eighth.

The *pleite* was an introduction of Alexander's, in 1825, intended ultimately to suppress the knout, which it did not effect for twenty years. The Emperor—a real philanthropist in his way—proposed to his Council at the same time a plan for producing the effect of punishment without its barbarity, which was effectually to replace the knout. The criminal was to be placed upon a horse, covered with black, preceded and followed by detachments of troops, sword in hand,—an idea eminently Russian; and was thus to be exhibited in the most public place of the town. He was to be covered with a kind of black winding-sheet, with the name of his crime painted in large letters upon his breast and back, and then soundly flogged with the *pleite*. This project was never carried out; and the knout continued its course, through a part, at least, of its old dominion. Yet it was only in 1848 that the National Assembly in France abolished the open exposition of the *forçats*, which took place in a manner in no way different, as to principle, from that proposed by the Muscovite legislator.

This is the only point of resemblance between the French and the Russian modes of punishment. As certain sentences of imprisonment in France bring with them civil degradation, disqualification from the exercise of public offices, and the *surveillance* of the police; so did the Russian sentence of the knout entail what was expressively called a “civil death.” The disqualification and disgrace in Russia were complete; the offender could no longer present himself in society; for the rest of his life he was actually isolated from his species. The very principle of the Russian law commanded this: it divided all offences into two categories,—capital and correctional. The first were uniformly attended with this same “civil death.” The *pleite*, at least, involves no such terrible consequence.

It has been another Russian principle, that no sentence should be for a perpetual punishment of any kind. The offender may be sentenced to Siberia for the most heinous of crimes; the register of his sentence carries with it nothing more grievous than that of the most moderate culprit condemned to the same punishment. Both are equally liable to the will and pleasure of the Emperor, who releases them when in his opinion they ought to be released, regard being paid to the original circumstances of their crimes. This, say the Russians, is a mode far preferable to that of condemning a man for life, and then releasing him afterwards for his own good conduct, or the caprice of the governing power. The law itself is brought into disrespect, they argue, by

this violation of its decrees. Besides which, the uncertainty of the duration of the sentence has a tendency always to keep the offender on his good behaviour; he may at any time receive his release, and has neither the recklessness of one who cannot hope, nor the carelessness of one who knows that his time is nearly out, and that he has little more to fear.

However, notwithstanding Siberia and the *pleite*,—two expansive modes of punishment which may be adapted to every grade of offence,—the discipline of the prison, under modern ideas, becomes almost indispensable even for Russia. The present Emperor, who carried away with him so many strange ideas from his visit to England in 1814, imbibed at the same time a taste for prison discipline. He had scarcely landed in Russia, before he issued a commission, first, for the reform of the prisons of detention actually established; and, secondly, for the establishment of new penitentiary prisons, on the basis of that at Pentonville. The Committee decided on the erection of a building sufficient for 520 prisoners, with solitary cells; but as the effect of perfect isolation upon the Russian constitution was dreaded, its mitigation in most cases was recommended. The prisoners were in consequence divided into four classes, comprising, first, perfect isolation without work; secondly, perfect isolation with work; thirdly, isolation in the hours of meals, rest, and sleep, but labour in common and in silence; fourthly, the same rules as the last, except that the prisoners have permission to speak during the hours of work. The exact amount and kind of conversation then carried on, in the middle of labour, it would be curious to ascertain.

It is even hinted that banishment to Siberia is to be replaced by this punishment. Unfortunately, the economical advantages of obtaining labourers for the mines are too great, and the necessities too stringent, to admit of such a relaxation of the Russian discipline, even were it permitted by other circumstances. The Government has but little notion of the readiest means of enriching the public, by abandoning the gold to the finder. According to the Russian authorities, exile to Siberia is no longer clad with its former terrors. The workmen in the mines, even when criminals, are paid, and, it is said, upon a higher scale than that of ordinary workmen in other parts of the empire. M. de Zehe stated to the Congress which met in 1847 at Brussels for the purpose of effecting prison reform, that the Siberian exiles were in the habit of writing to their friends, declaring that they were much better off than in their own country. Siberia is preferable to Russia, on the authority of a zealous Russian advocate, who certainly cannot plead as a reason that the old country was over-peopled, and that the advantage of the new consisted in its freedom from the crowd.

For the rest, what is a single prison for five hundred persons in

the empire of Russia? If intended for an experiment as to its Russian application, it is neither sufficiently large nor sufficiently general; if for an experiment as to the general applicability of the system, what could be learned from it when experiments so vast and so numerous had been tried elsewhere for a quarter of a century?

Nor does it find much favour in the eye of the Russian legislator. On the promulgation of a new code in 1846, the attention of all the most competent persons in the empire was called to assist in the task of *perfecting* the *snod*, as the Russian code is called. In this task many proposals were made for re-introducing capital punishment, in cases of parricide, murder, or pillage by *forçats* in their places of punishment,—a danger unknown to any other system. The chief objection was the want of an intermediate punishment between death and temporary exile under a system which so pointedly excludes exile for life.

Another proof of the repugnance of the Russians to the prison mode of punishment, is to be found in the fact, that in 1813 the Emperor Alexander instituted a Committee for the purpose of abolishing the knout. After long and serious deliberation, the Committee decided against the abolition, on the ground that prison discipline would fail of any good effect, either as a mode of repression or of amelioration; and declared that the lower classes would see, in the abolition of the knout, full impunity for every kind of crime. The people, in fact, unaccustomed to the pomp and circumstance of capital executions, had concentrated and absorbed all their notions of punishment in this single instrument; and a punishment inflicted in secrecy, and which admitted of none of the terrible public exhibitions of pain or peril to be found in the knout, would be quite inadequate to preserve order in the state. This feeling of the necessity of exhibiting chastisement appears rooted in the minds of the Russian Government, who may be supposed to know most about their own people: witness the notable plan, mentioned above, of subjecting the criminal to a *quasi*-funereal procession. Branding was of old a favourite punishment; and if left to themselves, and away from the dread of European reprobation, the Russian legislature would even now adopt it, as the most ready and efficacious means of meeting the difficulty.

Even in the punishment of offenders, Russia meets with interminable difficulties through its combat with civilization,—its regard for the judgment of nations in a totally different position of society on the one hand, and the necessities of its own position on the other. Where is all this to end? It is just possible that the present struggle may solve the difficult problems which affect both of the two great principles, and are, in fact, as great, though not as patent, with the Christian Russ, as with the Musulman Turk.

The principal difficulty in the Swedish system of imprisonment, is the arrangement of places of confinement for persons accused. Every parish in Sweden was, not many years since, visited periodically by an ambulatory Judge, who heard and decided on the spot. This system, of course, was subject to great delay, and the unfortunate object of suspicion was confined—sometimes for more than a year—in a parish lock-up. He was neither allowed air nor exercise, but he could be visited by his friends, and had the liberty of books, if he was fortunate enough to be able to read. In 1847, a proposition was submitted to the Diet, to reduce the number of these district prisons to 134, to divide the country into the same number of jurisdictions, and to appoint a Judge to each. This plan obviates the intolerable delays of the old system; but in a small country like Sweden, justice administered by 134 judges wants something of its dignity, and still more of its certainty.

The prisons for the condemned are divided in Sweden into three classes,—the first for those condemned in perpetuity; the second for the condemned for a limited period; and, lastly, what are called “provincial prisons.” In the first, the prisoners are confined together, but under strict *surveillance*, by night as well as by day, and with the absolute prohibition of speech. The second class, ten in number, are built on the cellular system, and are all of very modern construction. The provincial prisons are restricted to prisoners sentenced to terms of from two months to two years. Those sentenced for less than two months are placed in one of the 134 lock-up houses mentioned above. Those sentenced for more than two years are placed in the old prisons, where the necessary enforcement of silence is a terrible punishment to those condemned for a lengthened period.

It has been calculated, that, under the new system in Sweden, not one-half of the numbers of the former system will be confined in the prisons. The encumbrance of prisoners waiting for their sentences was terrible. For the greater prisons it has been calculated that accommodation for somewhat more than 1,000 is necessary, and about 2,000 for the provincial prisons. If we estimate the average term of imprisonment at three months, (and it should be remembered that a very large proportion of sentences are always light,) this would suppose 12,000 persons annually to pass through the Swedish prisons. As above 100,000 annually pass through the prisons of France, the morality of Sweden, in proportion to its population, would be about the average.

The system of Denmark is divided into three categories, much on the French plan. It has its *maisons de force*, its *maisons de correction*, and its communal prisons. It is not calculated that above 1,500 persons are under sentence in prison, in Denmark, at the same time, in the communal establishments;

and, arguing upon this proportion, the state of crime in Denmark would not seem to be alarming. Denmark, in 1846, adopted the cellular system, for prisoners sentenced to short periods of imprisonment. It is erecting, by degrees, the necessary buildings. The Government has long decided, for imprisonment for lengthened periods, on the total separation of the prisoners during the night; during the day, they are to be allowed to work together. Unfortunately, the smaller prisons, and those for accused persons, on which the great improvement falls, are in the hands of the Communes, who bear the entire expense, and are not always ready with the money. A want of organization is, likewise, the consequence; and the Government will not interfere, lest it should be called upon to make new constructions on its own account.

Holland, about the same time, adopted the cellular system without restriction, for every kind of offence and every degree of punishment. This system is applied even to women, from whom the same danger of plots, or concerted vengeance, is not to be apprehended. It is a curious fact in the case, that the women confined in the prison at Geneva, when they lived in common, actually petitioned to be placed in separate cells. It must have been some considerable provocation to have induced these people, with all their fondness for gossip and conversation, thus to have made a spontaneous movement for their own separation. It would seem to prove that women, under punishment, are more open to amelioration than men, notwithstanding the prevalence of the contrary opinion. It should be remembered, that the gnawing terrors of remorse, which make solitary confinement so fearful to the male prisoner, are not likely to act to the same extent upon the female, who is usually condemned for less heinous offences. Holland is, we believe, the only country which has thus adopted the cellular system, in its most enlarged and rigorous interpretation.

The systems of Italy are marked with the good intentions and miserable realities, which are the characteristics of that unhappy country. Anomalies and abuses exist every where. The Grand Duke of Tuscany issued some time ago an order which was virtually to suppress the punishment of death and the *bagne*, leaving actually nothing to terrify offenders but inferior punishments; but he permits even yet the Director-General of Police at Florence to maintain the monstrous privilege, by which, on his own sole power and responsibility, and without rendering an account to any one, he is empowered to condemn any person he pleases to a three years' imprisonment. It would be difficult to find a similar abuse in any part of the civilized world. It is true that an appeal lies to the Minister of Justice; but this appeal is surrounded with so many formalities that it is virtually useless. In Rome, a prison constructed for young offenders, so long ago

as the pontificate of Clement XI., has never yet been fairly finished, so as to be fit for its purpose; it is now used for the temporary seclusion of a few women. The present Pope has issued a Commission of Inquiry, which has done nothing. The *maison centrale* of Mantua is actually used to diminish the number of prisoners, when the prisons are overerowed; they perish in a few months in its pestilential atmosphere, and relieve the State from the trouble of erecting new buildings at a very small expense. It is true this State is Austrian. Perhaps, by this time, some reforms have been made in the prison, the condition of which was so bad as to create an outcry in Italy itself.

Piedmont, destined to lead the way in Italian improvements, has built two prisons on the American system at Aubun; they hold, together, about five hundred prisoners.

The present prisons in Italy are mainly old palaces, constructed in the Middle Ages at once for residence and defence; and presenting all the inconvenience of the same appropriation of similar buildings as *maisons centrales* in France.

The Tuscan system, the most completely organized in Italy, comprises four sections; the *bagne*, the *maison de force*, the *maison de détention*, and the *maison correctionale*. It is the same system as that in France, with the exception of the intermediate *maison de détention*, used for offences between what we should call crimes and misdemeanors, and partaking of the arbitrary character of all intermediate punishments. These, it is said, are to be abolished; and as the *bagnes* are supposed to be abolished too, the system in Tuscany will be wonderfully simple, if it can only be made effectual. Offenders under eighteen are subjected to the simple decree of the Director-General of Police, whose sentence only imposes a correctional imprisonment; and as all the "pomp and circumstance" of a trial, so mischievous to young criminals, is avoided, this most absurd legislation has its good side. The prisons are well examined: those for males, by a Commission, composed chiefly of the Clergy, who make regular visits; those for women, by the Sisters of Charity, who are constant in their attention.

The cellular system has been adopted, for some time, in all cases of relapsed criminals, who are separated, with laudable care, from the fresh offenders. It was, likewise, not long ago, about to be adopted for the graver offences, and, perhaps, is established by this time.

ART. IV.—*Johnson's Lives of the English Poets.* (*Murray's British Classics.*) Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. Murray.

THE readers of the biography of Addison in the above collection, of which as perfect and complete an edition has now been laid before the public as care and ability could make it, will probably not be sorry to hear that the "Works of Addison" will form a future portion of the series of which "Johnson's Lives" already constitutes so popular a part.

The prominent men of Addison's day were rendered all the more prominent, and have become all the more familiar with posterity, because of their alliances, sometimes because of their enmities, with one another. As Addison himself said of Virgil and Horace, that "neither would have gained so great reputation, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other," so may it be said of Addison himself and some of his contemporaries. There *are* cases in which posterity will gain little by this. The intimacy of Addison and Swift, (an intimacy which the former kept up at a time when to be faithful to friendship with such a man as Swift was to menace the fortunes of Addison,)—their intimacy when living is perhaps one of the causes why, in the series of the British Classics, the complete Works of Swift are to follow the complete works of Addison. This is a matter for regret rather than congratulation. Addison is welcome to our hearth, as an eloquent and refined visitor, from whose conversation there is always something to be learned, and who, if he be, indeed, worldly, is ever decent. Swift, on the other hand, is a man for the master of the house to see privately in his library, if he really need to hold conference at all with such a writer; but Swift is not a man to be made welcome to the circle at our fireside. Doubtless, even the elegant Addison had his faults, and the coarse and selfish Dean was not entirely destitute of all the virtues. Never, however, can he be esteemed, Christian Minister as he called himself, as "the friend of the family." He will be found, in turns, in fierce antagonism against all. He is no gentle instructor of the young; he has as little reverence for the feelings of the aged as he has respect for the modest fair. Addison raised the character of woman, and paid homage to what he had so raised. Swift coarsely laughed at the moralist for this act, which was done less in a spirit of gallantry than one of civilization. A consideration, briefly held, of the life of Addison will not, perhaps, be accounted as supererogatory, previous to the appearance of his Works. We shall not consider the same course necessary in the case of the Dean of Saint Patrick's.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the living of

Milston, in Wiltshire, worth some £120 *per annum*, was occupied by a learned, not an unwise, and a somewhat eccentric north-country Clergyman, named Laneelot Addison. Laneelot was himself the son of an exceedingly poor Westmoreland "Parson;" and in the character of a "poor child," with favourable testimonials from the Grammar School of Appleby, he was received into Queen's College, Oxford. This was not the period when the wisdom heaped up at the University was satirically said to be great, for the alleged reason that most young men brought some with them, and were sure to leave it all behind them. It was a time when a gigantic labour was required to be spent before a small, but highly-prized, honour could be achieved, and "*Detur digniori*" was the device of the laurel crown.

Laneelot was as bold as, and a far better man than, his namesake in the old romaunt. He was a strong Church-and-King man, at an epoch when the University was governed by authorities which did not consider the Church as infallible, nor the Monarch as necessarily the "Lord's anointed." The chivalrous feelings of the young Bachelor of Arts led him to tilt against the authorities on the grave questions of monarchical and episcopal principles; and in his privileged character of *Terræ Filius*,—a sort of licensed buffoon, who had as much licence at a "Commencement," as a slave in the *Saturnalia*,—he bespattered the supporters of republican opinions, and the friends of religious reformation beyond that accomplished in the Church, with such a shower of loyal and orthodox arguments, and sarcasm not very choice of epithet, that his privilege was not respected. Very soon after we find him, no longer a member of the University, travelling from house to house in Sussex, giving private instruction in the "humanities," and political lessons, to the sons and daughters of orthodox Cavaliers. When Charles II. "got his own again," as it was called, and terribly abused what he so little merited, he rewarded the courageous Laneelot, by appointing him as Chaplain to the garrison at Dunkirk. This splendid piece of preferment was ultimately changed, in 1662, for a similar situation at Tangier.

The good man looked upon the change as a genuine "preferment." He was pleased with the novelty of his position, had a watchful eye, observed narrowly, and finally wrote a book upon Barbary and its inhabitants, which is full of quaint matter, knowledge useful and useless, much credulity, and a simplicity which endears the author to the reader. The reverend Chaplain had been eight years engaged in such duties as Chaplains were then expected to perform, when he applied for a "holiday," and by Government permission he visited England. He was in the full enjoyment of his relaxation when he heard that his post had been given to another. There was scant ceremony and much despotism employed in those days, and the ex-Chaplain

found himself suddenly destitute, and without redress. It was private, not public or official, sympathy which conferred on him the little benefice which he met with in the living at Milston, and its £120 a year.

This pittance he found a Bishop's daughter willing to share with him. The lady was Jane, daughter of Dr. Gulstone, Bishop of Bristol. Three boys and three girls were the fruit of a union which was happy at the hearth, and productive of happiness through the district over which Lancelot presided. The modest Divine amused his leisure hours by literary labours; and in the year 1672, he became the author of "The First State of Mahometanism," and found himself the father of the to-be-celebrated Joseph.

The other children of this union may be dismissed in a paragraph. Of the two younger brothers of Joseph, the elder, Gulstone, was wise enough to believe that a commercial career was not unworthy of a poor gentleman; and he flourished accordingly. The princely merchant became Governor of Fort St. George in India. The youngest son, Lancelot, vegetated as "Fellow" of Magdalen, at Oxford. Two of the daughters died young, and were by so much happier than the Dorothy who survived them, and whom Swift describes as "a kind of wit, and very like her brother."

As a child, Joseph Addison was remarkable for his reserve, his thoughtfulness, and his "sensibility." An illustration of the latter quality is afforded in the course which he took on being threatened by his country schoolmaster, Nash, of whom he was the youngest pupil, with punishment for some childish fault. He could face neither parent nor pedagogue when lying under such disgrace, and the boy fled into the woods, lived upon berries, lodged in a hollow tree, and was happily discovered before he had continued the course long enough to be productive of irremediable evil. The removal of his father to Salisbury, where he was raised to the dignity of Archdeacon and "D.D.," gave him better chances of receiving a profitable education. He was a student both at Salisbury and Lichfield, before he proceeded as a private pupil to the Charter-House, where he founded his friendship with a very worthless person, Mr. Richard Steele, and learned to express himself colloquially in Latin, if not in Greek, with a facility that would have astonished the young ladies who were trying to attain the same in French at Stratford-le-Bow.

Addison was a Charter-House pupil at what we may call a mid-way period between two men of very opposite character,—Crashaw the poet, who was Romanist enough in his rhymes to induce Henrietta Maria to recommend him (very unsuccessfully) as the successor of Ben Jonson to the honours of the Laureateship; and John Wesley, who laid the foundation not

only of his learning, but of his health, at the Charter-House. Our readers will assuredly remember that Wesley imputed his after health and his lengthened life to his following out the paternal injunction to run round the Charter-House play-ground three times every morning before breakfast. Addison was even more delicate of constitution, as a child, than Wesley. This was so much the case, that he was baptized on the day of his birth, so great was the fear that he would never see the morrow.

Addison passed from under the ferule of the learned Dr. Ellis, to take up his residence at Queen's College, Oxford, when he was only fifteen years of age. His father was the Dean of Lichfield,—a dignity conferred on him in return for his services at Tangier. The Dean's son did not cross the threshold of the building founded by Queen Philippa's Confessor a "poor child," as his father had done. He was a young gentleman of good prospects and fine parts. He was, however, fashionable enough to sneer at the New-Year's gift and admonition of the Bursar made to every member, and consisting of a "needle and thread," and a warning to "Take this, and be thrifty." On the other hand, he had already Greek enough with him to serve all disputants as the old member of Queen's did the wild boar in Shotwear Forest. The student, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," was reading Aristotle, when he was set upon by the savage swine. The beast came upon him open-mouthed, and the scholar, with true logical composure, thrust the volume into the animal's throat, and choked him therewith, shouting, "*Porce, Græcum est!*" Thence the boar's head at the table of Queen's on Christmas-Day.

Between the fifteenth and the eighteenth years of his age, Addison spent much time, and gained much reputation, by his Latin poems. They were on all subjects, from the wars of Monarchs to the feats of Punch. They are of rare elegance, considering the early period at which they were composed; and it is remarkable that what it took one boy to write, it required three men to translate. And, after all, the poems in English have none of the raciness, ease, and polish,—speaking of them generally,—which distinguish the originals. In the originals, indeed, that great art which consists in concealing art does not distinguish them. The smell of the lamp is there, and the labour expended on them must have been at the cost of health. Addison was unwise enough to apply closest to study after dinner, with which study should close for the day. In his age, indeed, the repast was taken at an earlier hour than it is now; but still his taxing the brain at a time when less noble organs had that to do, which they can do all the better for the brain being left in "idle vacuity of repose," was committing an onslaught on health, which probably effected both immediate harm and permanent injury.

It should be mentioned that Addison was intended for the Church. The Latin poems of the theological student do not betray any predilection for the calling. Of the eight poems, one only has any decided reference to religion; and that is merely an illustration of the painted window in Magdalen Chapel, which has the Resurrection for its subject. Even in this piece, the "*Resurrectio delineata*," there is less spirit and not more genius than may be found in his "*Sphæristerium*," or poem on a "Bowling-Green." In the mean time, they served Addison's purpose. They helped to secure his election as a Demy of Magdalen in 1689. He became Fellow of the same College in 1697. During the intervening years, he appears to have been as much engaged in instructing others as in improving himself. His industry was worthy of all praise. "Maudlin's learned grove," as Pope calls the Elizabethan "water walk," which is now known by Addison's name, had no more earnest student perambulating beneath its leafy shade at evening-tide than the accomplished son of the old garrison Chaplain at Dunkirk.

Four years previous to his becoming a Fellow of Magdalen, Addison had tried his wing successfully in an English flight, in his eulogistic verses on Dryden. The old bard was pleased with the incense offered him by the younger poet, whose translation of the Fourth Georgic won the high commendation from Dryden, expressed in the congenial phrase, that, "after this, his own hive was hardly worth the swarming." Dryden paid him a still higher compliment by printing Addison's critical prefatory Essay on the Georgics, which was prefixed to Dryden's own translation of the poem. When it is remembered that the last-named author was the most accomplished writer of prefaces of whom English literature can boast, the compliment may be the better appreciated. Johnson truly says of Dryden's prefaces, that they were never thought tedious; and upon them Burke is said to have formed his own style. Dryden's critical remarks on Polybius the Historian will suffice to stand for proof of what is here asserted.

Johnson speaks slightly of Addison's Greek; that is, he suspects, rather than affirms, that Addison's scholarship in this respect was not of a high quality. Yet Addison very early projected a translation of Herodotus,—a labour which demands a most accomplished scholar for its suitable execution. That the project was not realized, appears to have been determined, not by Addison's incapacity,—he translated two books,—but by Tonson the publisher's caprice.

Tonson probably conjectured that the public continued to prefer the free and comic rendering of ancient authors which was still in fashion. We may cite a passage from the translation of Herodotus, which was a favourite book in Addison's day. Thus one passage in the *Euterpe*, (169,) which may be

literally rendered,—“Apries is reported to have held such a high opinion of his power, that he imagined there was not even a deity able to dethrone him,”—is thus given in the translation referred to: “Apyres was perswaded that neither God nor the divell could have joynted hys nose of the empyre.” To a young scholar of such refined taste as Addison, a translation like this must have seemed as an offence which it would be creditable to abolish. The booksellers of the day did not, however, think so. We have now before us a translation of “The Twelve Cæsars by Suetonius,” published by “Briseoc, over against Will’s Coffee-House, 1692;” and professedly “done into English by several Hands.” This translation is full of faults which *ought* to have been exquisite torture to the scholar-wits at “Will’s,” and which assuredly would have been such to *him* who founded and frequented “Button’s.” Addison would have hardly described the “Grammarians,” as “cattel which Tiberius chiefly delighted in;” nor would he have said of the agents of Tiberius, that “they never could pick the least hole in the coat of Caligula:” still less would he have described Cæsar as “hurrying to Rome in a Hackney-coach!” We confess that we regret the abandonment of the translation of Herodotus by Addison; and this in despite of the fact that his translations from Ovid partake of a great deal of the freedom and laxity in which translators indulged, and which Johnson not unjustly censured. Johnson, however, has not failed to render justice to the subtle and refined criticism, and the pure taste, which distinguish Addison’s notes. In these respects, they are often equal to any thing he subsequently produced in the Spectator, when treating of the subject of True and False Wit.

Addison’s next production, addressed to Mr. Henry—afterwards the famous Dr.—Sacheverell, was his metrical “Account of the great English Poets, from Chaucer to Dryden.” As Miss Sacheverell is said to have been the especial object of Addison’s admiration at this time, the “Account” may probably have been drawn up for her gratification; a surmise not the less well founded, from the fact that the writer thought but little of his work. In this the author was not wrong, especially as it is to be remembered that he satirized Spenser, without having at the time read a line of his poems! Nevertheless, his comment on Spenser is correct.

“Old Spenser next, warm’d with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barb’rous age,
An age that, yet uncultivate and rude,
Where’er the poet’s fancy led, pursued,
Thro’ pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dream of dragons and enchanted woods.”

Had the commentator only added that these enchanted woods were painted with a truth and beauty hitherto unexampled by

those whose office it was to paint in words, he would have done Spenser full justice. That poet was in one respect like Mrs. Radcliffe, a magnificent describer of scenery on a large scale. In the lady it was the sole merit of books which our grandmothers were foolish enough to read, and that brought with them a Nemesis of terror, which most deservedly descended upon the readers.

Addison's judgment on Milton is less savage than Johnson's, though he equally disliked Milton's politics. Cowley he praises for his "spotless life,"—a praise to which that poet has no incontestable right. Pope has been censured for laughing, in his Treatise on the Bathos, at a line of Addison's applied to Cowley, in which the author says:—

"He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less."

This line is akin to the nonsense in the tragic passage of—

"My wound is great because it is so small."

But the best writers are not free from such faults. We may instance the careful Johnson, who translated Addison's Latin poem on the Battle of the Pigmies and the Cranes, and who was guilty therein of the following *couplet*:—

"Down from the guardian boughs the nests they flung,
And *kill'd* the yet *unanimated* young."

Johnson subsequently made sense of the last line, by changing the word "killed" into "crushed."

A far greater error was committed by Addison himself, in this very critical "Account of the English Poets, from Chaucer to Dryden." In it no allusion whatever is made to Shakspeare: and this omission occurs in a poem of which the critic-author is so careful as to observe that "justice demands" that "the noble Montagu" should not be left unsung. Posterity has been more just; but, a century and more ago, the demoniacal pollution of Congreve was in higher estimation than the pure morality of him who wrote the lines on "the quality of mercy." The offence of omitting Shakspeare from a list of English poets has a parallel in the error of a recently-published Universal Geography, in which the compiler forgot to make mention of so insignificant a place as Switzerland!

Addison, in the year of his majority, had taken his "Master's degree," and had begun to run in debt,—a common concatenation of things with University men in those days. He, at the same time, kept his eye steadily fixed upon his future advancement. Within the next four years we find that the clerical student had so far progressed in his knowledge of theology, as to have praised King William in two ardent poems,—English and Latin. He had, also, secured for a

patron the great Somers, with an intellect which, for more than one reason, may be described as Olympian. Addison, moreover, had won the friendship of Mr. Montagu; and the future Lord Halifax, in return, was determined to win Addison from the Church, and attach him to the world.

But the paternal "Mr. Dean" was exceedingly anxious that his son should take orders. The blandishments of the world, however, worked too seductively on the mind of Joseph, who yielded himself thereto without much resistance. If this course disappointed the Dean, that good gentleman was, probably, not less disappointed at the political views embraced by his promising boy. He had hoped to make of him a High-Churchman and a Tory. The son, hitherto, had become only a fine gentleman and a Whig. The Dean was puzzled to account for it.

Montagu's excuse for counselling Addison not to enter the Church, but rather to look towards a political career, was founded on the allegation of the immorality and corruption which distinguished most of the men of business of the period; the latter being without a liberal education. Montagu was reasonable enough to help the youth onward in the career which he had induced him to select. The patron procured for the *protégé* a travelling commission to Italy, with £300 a year to defray the expenses. In those times, gentlemen who travelled at the cost of the Government, were expected to furnish all the information they could which might be profitable to Government. Perhaps it was because Addison neglected—and neglected because he disliked—the duty of *espionnage*, which no gentleman now undertakes, except a Russian "gentleman;"—it was, probably, because of this mingled dislike and neglect, that the pecuniary allowance fell into arrears after the first year of payment. Addison travelled on at his own expense. We wish we could say, that he was relieved of the burthen of his debts, before he proceeded to travel at the cost of his creditors. His object in travelling was to "complete the circle of his accomplishments." He took with him his collected Latin poems, for much the same purpose as poor Goldsmith took his flute and his thesis,—to obtain for him welcome by the way. A pleasant paper might be written on the incidents of the foreign travel of these two men, both of whom have attained what the world calls an "immortality of fame." We have not space for such a parallel here. We must be content to notice that the learning of Oliver procured for him a *dole* at some foreign College; his flute, bread and fresh straw in a barn. The elegant volume of Addison won for him compliments from a poet like Boileau, and condescension from a philosopher like Malebranche. Oliver herded with peasants, and Joseph consorted with

Peers. Goldsmith sank to slumber on the straw of an out-house; Addison courted "Nature's sweet restorer" on a bed of down, beneath a palace roof.

Lord Bacon somewhere remarks, that the man who enters upon foreign travel without a knowledge of the language of the country wherein he intends to sojourn, goes to school, and not to travel. Addison was going to Italy, and accordingly he stopped for a year at Blois, to study—French. He had found his ignorance of that language a drawback to all social and intellectual enjoyment, when he was in Paris; and he was aware that he would experience the same disadvantages in Italy and elsewhere. French was the polite universal language; and he was right in his resolution to master it. If Cato made himself a proficient in Greek at eighty, Addison might laugh at the difficulties of French syntax at six or seven-and-twenty.

It may be observed of him, that, even at this time, he could not pretend to a very correct practical knowledge of that English language, which he subsequently wrote with such grace and purity. The Duke of Marlborough could not have spelt Calais with a greater indifference to orthography than Addison, who writes it "Callice." He as often makes use of "travail" as "travel," when he only means the latter; and Priscian's head is broken, over and over again, with the phrase, "I have went."

If the author of the finest papers in the *Spectator* was thus careless of grammar in his private letters, that great moralist was, at the same time, as apparently careless in matters of religion. His letters continually afford illustrations of this fact. Writing to Montagu, from Paris, in August, 1699, he says, with a sneer, "As for the state of learning, there is no book comes out at present, that has not something in it of an air of devotion. Dacier has been forced to prove his Plato a very good Christian before he ventures upon his translation; and has so far complied with the taste of the age, that his whole book is over-run with texts of Scripture." It is something new to our ideas to find an English theological student ridiculing the "*grande nation*" for a tendency towards piety. But there were many anomalies in France at this period. Dangeau tells us, that in the seventeenth century the Parisians were taught to dance by English "professors!" And again, the future moral teacher of his nation, writing to Edward Wortley Montagu, from Blois, in the Lent season of 1700, says:—"News has bin as scarce among us as flesh, and I knew you don't much care to hear of mortification and repentance, which have been the only business of this place for several weeks past." At Chateaudun, addressing Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, he manifests a still worse taste, —to use a light term. He is ridiculing the foolish superstition of the people; but, "wit" as he was, he lacked the wit to perceive that his own ridicule trenched closely upon blasphemy. He is

speaking of a fire which had seriously injured the little town. "The inhabitants tell you the fire was put out by a miraele, and that, in its full rage, it immediately ceased at the sight of Him that, in His lifetime, rebuked the winds and waves with a look. He was brought hither in the disguise of a wafer, and was assisted, I don't question, with several tons of water." The occasion warranted rebuke, but not a rebuke in such a tone as this; but there was nothing which a "fine gentleman" so much affected as a sneer. It was worn with his pounce-box and his clouded cane; and accordingly, Addison having been ill of a fever at Blois, at which place, by the way, he used to entertain all his "masters" at supper, where they surrounded him like the professors round the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*,—and having recovered from this fever, born perhaps of these heavy suppers, he remarks, that "I have very well recovered, notwithstanding that I made use of one of the physicians of this place." Indeed, but for this sort of wit, his letters of this period would be as dry as Sahara. It is the poor thread of a stream which gives a little life to a wide extent of aridity. There is, however, occasionally something better than this sort of jaunty wit in his letters, as he grows older and more observant. How true is his observation, that, in order that Louis XIV. should walk in splendour, his subjects were obliged to go barefoot! And again, when contemplating the magnificent despotism of the Doge of Genoa, he remarks, in the same incontrovertible spirit, "that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence."

Addison leaves France with a Parthian dart driven at the scholars. "Nothing is more usual than to hear 'em at the Sorbonne quote the depths of ecclesiastical history and the Fathers, in false Latin." He forgets that Shakspeare is not blameless in his quantities, and that he forces a pronunciation of Hyperion, the very sound of which would have been anguish to a Sybarite. Ten years subsequent to the time when Addison detected the Professors of the Sorbonne in the commission of that unpardonable fault, a wrong quantity, his poetical friend Hughes published his dramatic poem, "The Siege of Damaseus," wherein Eumenes appears with the penultimate long, and Heraclius with *his* penultimate short!

The private letters of Addison written from Italy, are far superior to those he penned at Blois. Not that even in these he is always correct in his conclusions or his prophecies. Thus, he describes Venice, meaning thereby the Government, "as the most secure of cities!" And so indeed it seemed at this time; but the wave of the old French Revolution struck that ancient Government, and thereby shivered it to fragments, as though it had no more strength than a goblet of Venetian crystal.

It is curious that, at this time, the Italians appear to have

been far more reconciled to a German dominion over the great peninsula, than they are now. It must be remembered, however, that at the period in question the French Monarch was endeavouring to establish a French despotic rule over Europe, precisely as Russia is aiming at the same object now. The battle of Blenheim, which finally crushed the insane and wicked attempt, had not yet been fought. "That," says Addison, "which I take to be the principal motive among most of the Italians for their favouring the Germans above the French, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of Italy to have Milan and Naples rather in the hands of the first, than of the other." He adds, in a truly popular spirit,—and we should state that we are now quoting from the volume of his "Travels,"—"One may generally observe that the body of a people has juster views for the public good, and pursues them with greater uprightness, than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests, which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice the good of the country to the advancement of their own fortunes." Here were Whig principles to vex the ear of a Tory Dean; enunciated, too, by a son of whom he felt himself compelled to be proud, in spite of those principles!

It may, however, be very well questioned, whether Addison's principles, with reference either to politics or religion, were very strictly defined at this period. Throughout the record of his Italian journey, we find him with an evident leaning to republican principles, and yet, as on his passage through Switzerland, ridiculing the English Commonwealth refugees, and speaking of Charles I. reverentially, as "the Royal Martyr." There is the same inconsistency in matters of religion. He loves to draw contrasts and construct parallels; but he neither fixes a moral, nor makes a necessary inference. Thus, when he has extended his journey into Germany, and sojourns at Hamburg, he notices the vicinity of the *Raths-Haus Keller*, or gigantic Wine-cellar,—which Heyne has so much more finely illustrated in poetry,—to the English church. He is rapturous on the Cellar and its exhilarating contents; and then adds, in a letter to Lord Winchilsea, "By this Cellar stands the little English chapel, which, as your Lordship may well suppose, is not altogether so much frequented by our countrymen as the other." He does not complain of this; nay, he falls into the evil fashion, and writes to Mr. Wyche, "My hand, at present, begins to grow steady enough for a letter; so that the properest use I can put it to, is to thank the honest gentleman that set it a-shaking. I have had, this morning, a desperate design to attack you in verse, which I should certainly have done, could I have found out a rhyme to 'rummer.'"

This was written in 1703: meanwhile a change had come over his fortunes. He had sojourned in Italy in fond companionship with Hope. He had examined the dead and living body of Rome with the eye and the instrument of an anatomist. He had explored the valleys, walked in gladness on the slopes, and traversed the vine-clad mountains with a soul attuned to nature's beauties, and ever ready to be gratefully affected by them. He had, moreover, painted what he saw, in words which impressed the scene upon the mental eye of the reader, never to fade from the memory, and which, nevertheless, when given subsequently in a printed volume to the world, were so coldly received by an unappreciating public. In addition to this, he had prepared his immortal Dialogue on Medals, the first and the best of scientific treatises rendered in a popular manner; a work, however, which was not delivered to the public, until the hand which drew it lay cold in the grave, forgetful of its cunning. A great portion of "Cato" was also sketched forth during this journey; and he wrote his "Ode to Liberty and Halifax," while crossing the Alps, whose beauties were all lost to him in his own sensations of uncomfortable bodily cold. On the Alps he was as prosaic, save when abstractedly employed in building the lofty rhyme, as the Boston traveller who stood in presence of Niagara, and saw nothing in it but a deplorable waste of water-power.

We have said that Hope was the companion of Addison in Italy. Disappointment, however, soon took her place. He had just been designated for the post of Secretary from His Majesty to Prince Eugene, then in Italy, when King William died, a change of Ministry ensued, and down sank all Addison's immediate hopes into the dust. This was a *catastrophe*; for the calamity assumed that shape in the eyes of an aspiring man, who had been living beyond his means, in the expectation that a fortune to come would pay for the expensive follies of the past. It was for this reason that, instead of repairing to England, he travelled as economically as he could through Germany, awaiting abroad the advent of better times at home, and living as showily as was in his power upon the proceeds of his Fellowship, and small and uncertain supplies from his father the Dean.

These supplies ceased, before he reached Holland, by the death of his father, in 1703. "At my first arrival," writes Addison from Holland, in 1703, to Mr. Wyche at Hamburg, "I received the melancholy news of my father's death, and ever since have been engaged in so much noise and company, that it was impossible for me to think of rhyming in it, unless I had been possessed of such a muse as Dr. Blackmore's, that could make a couple of heroic poems in a hackney-coach and a coffee-house."

Such was the present epitaph uttered over a father by his son. When the latter, however, was at the summit of his short-lived fortunes, he designed that a superb tomb and a befitting epitaph should mark the spot where rested, in Lichfield Cathedral, his father's bones and his own. But fashion buried the son in Westminster Abbey, and Tickell was left to supply the ponderous elegy which lies heavy on all that was mortal of honest, simple, and high-minded Lancelot.

Swift, it will be remembered, when peevishly jotting down, in 1728, in slipshod poetry, the incidents of Addison's career, says that—

“——Addison, by Lords caress'd,
Was left in foreign lands, distress'd,
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a Squire.”

There is here only an approximation to the truth; and Swift cared very little whether he were wide of or near that sacred mark at which poetry should aim, quite as carefully as philosophy. The facts are these:—

The “proud Duke of Somerset,” who, like all excessively proud people, was excessively mean, required what was then called a “bear-leader,” or travelling tutor for his son, Algernon Lord Hertford. His Grace made an offer, through Jacob Tonson, then in Holland, to Addison, who was also sojourning there, engaged on no more active pursuit than waiting on fortune. “I desire,” said the proud Duke, “that he may be more on the account of a companion in my son's travels, than as a governor; and as such I shall account him. My meaning is, that neither lodging, travelling, nor diet shall cost him sixpence, and, over and above that, my son shall present him, at the year's end, with a hundred guineas, so long as he is pleased to continue in the service of that son, by taking great care of him, by his personal attendance and advice, in what he finds necessary during the time of travelling.”

This was not a very magnificent offer from a grandee so proud that, when his Duchess once tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, to secure his attention while she was speaking to him, he rebuked her for the act, as one of inexcusable freedom! Addison saw the offer in its proper light, but, by the same light, he discerned some worldly advantages behind it. He therefore wrote to the Duke, more with the simplicity of his father's character than the acuteness which generally marked his own:—“As for the recompense that is proposed to me, I must take the liberty to assure Your Grace, that I should not see my account in it, but in the hopes that I have to recommend myself to Your Grace's favour and approbation.” At this hint from a client in want of a patron, the Duke at once broke off all further negotiations, after a rough intimation

that he would not have Addison come to him on any account. "I must look for another," says this incarnation of pride,— "I must look for another, which I cannot be long a-finding." And so terminated the episode of "bear-leading."

Addison came to England, nevertheless. He was thirty-three, dependent on his pen, lodging in a garret over a shop in the Haymarket, and a neighbour of the poet and physician, Dr. Garth. The fortune of Addison was made on the field of Blenheim. The victory rendered the Government ecstasie, but they were in want of a poet who could fitly celebrate it. Halifax intimated to Godolphin that he knew a minstrel equal to the mighty theme, but he would not name him, because Ministers were too mean to merit being served by one who could strike the lyre with such effect. The result was as much petty bargaining as over a common ware for common purposes, chaffered for by common people. The office of celebrating such a victory should have been seized upon in a rapt poetic rage by the Laureate for the time being. But the tinsel crown of *Versificator Regalis* was then worn by poor Nahum Tate, who was then, and remained ever after, totally unequal to the task. It was undertaken by Addison, who received a retaining fee, in the shape of an appointment as one of the Commissioners of Appeal in the Excise, which he was entreated to consider as "an earnest only of something more considerable."

With this encouragement Addison mounted his Pegasus, and charged into the realms of rhyme, with a power and effect which he had never hitherto equalled, and which he, to our thinking, never surpassed. The defect of "The Campaign" is its occasional tautology, but it is truthful, earnest, impartial, lucid; uniting simplicity with grandeur, and for ever memorable for the simile which compared Marlborough with the angel who—

"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

Pope ridiculed the poem, and stole the best line in it. We will give the two passages:—

"'T was then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So, when an angel, by divine command,
With rising trumpet shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene, he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased the' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

This fine, and yet not entirely faultless, passage is thus marred and minced in the "Dunciad:"—

"Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
'Mid snows of paper and fierce hail of pease,
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm!"

It may be said that, in a satire, this is simply a justifiable imitation, a mere comic adaptation of a serious phrase. Pope, however, has in a serious poem stolen another of Addison's lines. He has just faintly disguised it; but the felony is not to be hidden beneath so transparent a covering. Thus, in "The Campaign," we are told that—

"Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast;
And those that paint them truest, praise them most."

Pope's metrical translation of passages from the letters of Heloise, which he has *welded* into his "Epistle of Heloise to Abelard," ends with these lines:—

"The well-sung woes shall soothe my ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most."

Johnson says of this passage, that Pope did not know how to use what was not his own, and that the borrowed thought is spoiled by the borrower. "Martial exploits," says the Doctor, "may be *painted*, perhaps woes may be *painted*, but they are surely not *painted* by being *well sung*. It is not easy to paint in song, or to sing in colours." The plagiarisms of Pope may be said to be yet an untreated subject. If any one be curious to see a proof of his skill in what may be tenderly called "adapting," the curiosity may be gratified by comparing Pope's "Essay on Man" with that portion of the "*Pensées*" of Pascal which is devoted to a discussion of the same subject.

Let us add, with regard to "The Campaign," that if the Pegasian pony of Nahum Tate was not equal to ambling over such a field, a future Laureate—heavy, drinking Eusden—boldly mounted the genuine winged steed, and was rewarded for his daring by being kicked off, and very undignifiedly rolled in what mud there may be about Helicon and the Hippocrene. Pleasant Phillips also attempted the same martial theme. His treatment of it is as the "Battle of Prague" played on a Jew's-harp, with a penny-trumpet accompaniment.

Addison wore his honours with his usual silent dignity. His habitual taciturn reserve, at least in the presence of strangers, was remarked in him even at Blois. It increased with him subsequently; but, as D'Israeli observes, after allowing his deficiency in conversational powers, "If he was silent, it was

the silence of meditation. How often at that moment he laboured some future ‘Spectator!’”

Nor was empty honour the minstrel’s sole award. With the golden profits of “The Campaign” he relieved himself from a burden that had clung to him up to this time,—the burden of his College debts. Such relief it may have been, which helped to make of him what Lady Mary Wortley Montagu describes him to have been,—“the best company in the world.” This was still only with his familiars. He was as bashful and reserved as ever before strangers. But if he had not the ease and self-possession which mark the well-bred man on all occasions, neither had he, in the slightest degree, the presumption and vulgarity which ill-bred men employ in order to cover their lack of refinement.

From this time Addison was conscious of being a man of note. In 1706 he was raised to the office of Under-Secretary of State, and was a welcome man in coffee-house circles, where Steele clung to him more ostentatiously than Boswell to Johnson, and Swift was but too happy to claim as a friend a man from whom he yet so differed in every respect. As for Addison’s labours, they partook of something of the contradictory character which marked those of past times, in connexion with his position. When he was an ecclesiastical student, he wrote poems on bowling-greens and barometers; and now that he was an Under-Secretary of State, he became the author of “Rosamond,” a ballad opera, to which Clinton set very indifferent music. “Rosamond” ranks, in a literary point of view, as much above the usual productions of the class to which it belongs, as Metastasio’s pieces of a similar sort rank above those of all his competitors in the same style. As may be supposed, however, there is much trash even in a ballad opera by Addison. Such as it was, it was too refined for the public of his day; and perhaps the most satisfactory result arising from it was, that the praise of it by Tiekell made true and fast friends of that gentleman and Addison.

If “Rosamond” was a mistake, it was not the only one which Addison made. In 1708, he published his well-known pamphlet on the War. In this he commits two errors, which then wore the guise of incontrovertible truths, but at which we may now smile with a species of good-natured commiseration for the unhappy gentleman guilty of the double delusion. The first portion of Addison’s error is, that the French nation must necessarily be for ever fixed in their animosity and aversion against England. The second lies in the assertion, that “the Strait’s mouth,” meaning thereby Gibraltar, “is the key of the Levant, and will be always in the possession of those who are Kings of Spain.” The Anglo-French alliance, and the English flag above the Rock of Gibraltar, are sufficient

replies to these unlucky vaticinations. It may be added, however, that what Addison predicted of the French has been asserted, as a thing to be desired, by other statesmen. Thus General Oglethorpe, in the reign of George II., declared that nothing was to be so little desired as a friendship between England and France; and, in the reign of George III., that eminent diplomatist, Sir James Harris, asserted not only that the two countries were hostile by nature, but that it was in the eternal fitness of things, that they should remain so. Let us remember with humility, that the natural enmity, as it is called, was aroused by ourselves. When Edward carried on an unjust war with France, to establish a claim which he professed to hold from the Princess who never had it to bequeath to her heir,—then were sown the seeds of a disunion which English triumphs only embittered. We say again, it ever becomes us to be humble and self-accusing, when mention is made, as by Addison in his War pamphlet, of the hostility of Gaul, as being fixed and unalterable.

This pamphlet, as also the correspondence of the Under-Secretary of State, presents us with matters which we may consider in connexion with the present times, and their terrible incidents. In a letter addressed by Addison to the Earl of Manchester, July 23rd, 1708, there is the following passage:—"We had an unlucky business that befel two days ago the Muscovite Ambassador, who was arrested going out of his house, and rudely treated by the bailiffs. He was then upon departure for his own country; and the sum, under £100, that stays him; and what makes the business the worse, he had been punctual in his payments, and had given orders that this very sum should be paid the day after." The angry Muscovite declared that his injured honour could be appeased by nothing less than the sacrifice of the lives of the bailiffs!

But we have to shift the scene, and to exhibit Addison in a higher character and holding a more responsible position than any which he had hitherto attained. This was the Secretaryship of Ireland, to which office he was appointed in 1708. He accompanied the Earl of Wharton, when the latter proceeded to Dublin as Viceroy.

We have already remarked how curiously some of the occupations of Addison contrasted with his profession or position for the time being. We have here an additional instance. When we speak now of Addison as Secretary for Ireland, and Member for Malmesbury, we have really little or nothing to say of him in either capacity. As Secretary, a post which he held conjointly with that of Keeper of the Records in the Birmingham Tower, (Dublin Castle,) he performed the routine business of his office no better than less gifted men would have done. He resided in London nearly as much as before, leading a

"coffee-house life," and, save when he sojourned at his suburban residence, Sandy End, Fulham, keeping rather late hours and mixed company; and, though not an intemperate man, compared with his contemporaries, yet drinking far more than was profitable for either mind or body. The moderation of Addison would be excess in these days.

As Member of Parliament, he may be dismissed in a few words. He utterly failed in the part, and was as physically incapable of addressing a large assembly, as poor Cowper himself. When the luckless literary M.P. made the attempt, he was overwhelmed with confusion, and the encouraging cheers of his friends only rendered him the more confused, and made his painful incapacity the more remarkable.

But Addison distinguished the era of his Irish Secretaryship by his contributions to the "*Tatler*," a serial started by Steele, and upheld by the co-operation of such able men as Addison. On looking through these once celebrated papers, we have been struck with their general want of correctness of style. There are brilliant exceptions, but for the most part the "manner" of this professed improver of men was what may be designated as "slipshod." But this penny paper was nothing the less popular. Its rapidity of illustration, if one may so speak, its worldly good nature, and its sparkling fluency, rendered it generally welcome. King Tath or Tat, who invented hieroglyphic ideas and conversation for the early and taciturn Egyptians, must have felt his very mummy warmed with a sense of delight, at seeing his name and vocation revived in barbarous England,—but in the most pleasant of manners.

There would be small profit in studying the "*Tatler*" now; but it was not without its uses when it first appeared. At that period, literature—such literature as was cared for by the large portion of society which arrogates to itself the not very flattering appellation of the "world"—was of an uncleanness now happily inconceivable. Dramatic literature, the most popular, was of all the most infamous. The severe Milton even could advocate "the well trod stage anon;" but in Addison's days there was no such thing as what Milton so designates. To furnish to the "world," therefore, a semi-didactic paper thrice a week, in which there should be a regard for decency, such as even most of its readers did not care for, was to do the latter especial good, and to lay the seeds of a greater good to come. The period of that greater good arrived when Addison founded the "*Spectator*" for readers at home, and wrote "*Cato*" for those who knew of no more profitable way of spending their time, than within a theatre. The consequent improvement, if slow, was sure. Many a lady whose orthoepy was in so feeble a state, that she thought Augustus began with a G, learned spelling as well as morality from the "*Tatler*" and "*Spectator*."

Many a gallant Captain came to relish the didactic essays, which at first appeared to them as unintelligible as a Peruvian *quípo* to a puzzled Spaniard.

We speak of these papers only as the "schooling" administered by moral philosophers. Epictetus gave good instruction in his day, and was not without his uses. The Heathen had to be made clean, before he could comprehend or long for the after "dear delights." Addison was not yet the man to teach more. If we needed a proof of this, we should call in unbiassed Tonson, who deposes that the book which he usually found open on Addison's table was Bayle's Dictionary. Our moralist, refined and gentle as he was, yet, despite his being the professed reformer of the morals and manners of domestic life, was, according to the "Journal to Stella," now drinking deeper than the Dean of St. Patrick's, now dining at hedge-taverns with Swift and Garth, anon banqueting too profusely with Lords, going home late and a little disordered, and up early to reform manners, with hand somewhat unsteady, and intellect somewhat confused.

The "Spectator" first appeared in 1711. A change in the Ministry afforded Addison a leisure by which he profited, though he did not covet it; and into the new paper he threw all his energy and talent, and upon it he has reared the reputation which remains bright and unassailable as ever. With it the name of Addison is inseparably connected:—Addison and the "Spectator," Johnson and the "Rambler." If these be compared, Addison will still bear the examination, and issue from it triumphantly. Addison's aim was alike to improve, not only morals, but language. In the latter respect the papers by C., L., I., or O., in the "Spectator," will still be found models of good taste, grace, and expression. Johnson Latinized our "well of English, pure and undefiled." Addison sought to recover for it beauties which had been marred by a succession of bad writers. A greater praise than is due to either may be fairly awarded to a man very different in most respects from both Johnson and Addison: we allude to William Cobbett. Whatever opinion may be formed of that remarkable individual as citizen, politician, demagogue, or Christian, only one opinion can be entertained of his services in behalf of the English language. No writer that we can remember ever expressed himself in such purely harmonious Saxon-English, as Cobbett. He, for instance, would never have used the term "felicity," when he had the better, and the native, term "happiness" ready for his use. If Cobbett had been as careful for the preservation of other matters worth cherishing, as he was of Anglo-Saxon terms and phrases, he would have won a larger meed of praise and acknowledgment from posterity. As it is, he is almost forgotten. Addison would have looked at him with an inclination

divided between patronage and raillery ; Johnson would have been more savage against Cobbett than he has been against Milton.

Comparing Johnson with Addison, as essayists and instructors of men, the former may be said to awe, while the latter charms. Johnson is the stern disciplinarian, crushes errors as well as vices beneath the masses of hard oburgation which he hurls at them, and is as sesquipedalian and pompous upon trifles, as upon matters of life and death. Addison is your true *ludi-magister* ; “master” as he is, he is also “a boy with the boys.” He corrects failings by showing their absurdity : he does not smite the erring with a flail ; he takes them cordially by the hand, puts them in the straight path of morals, and sends them on their way with a compliment. Johnson’s compliments, on the other hand, are as the precious balsam which bruised the head it was made to heal. Addison has more pity for, than wrath against, great offenders. Johnson smites them with thunderbolts. Addison gleams out with playful summer lightning ; and while offenders admire, they yet *look up*. Their eye is not on the earth, their gaze is on heaven ; and when the moral philosopher has got them there, he leaves them to the chances of finding a Christian Missionary who may do what *he* was unequal to,—lead them to something more profitable than gazing.

Let us add that Johnson himself has done full justice to the merits of Addison as a writer. “Whoever wishes to attain an English style,” says the philosopher of Bolt-court, “familiar, but not coarse ; elegant, but not ostentatious ; must give his days and nights to the study of Addison.” The end may be attained without the double sacrifice here mentioned ; but Johnson’s assertion, on the whole, remains indisputable : it is applicable not only to the serious papers and to the apologues of Addison, but also to his incomparable criticisms, and to his inimitable series in which he delineates our good old friend Sir Roger de Coverley, through whom the author made human beings of bestial English Squires, by simply showing to them the picture of a brother who was attractive because he was virtuous.

The finish and neatness of Addison’s writings are as remarkable as their elegance. He has nothing that is *rudely* sketched. With him you walk on sunny slopes, in trim gardens, by pleasant streams, and with a sound of melody ever in the air. Johnson, on the other hand, drags you with him through scenes of Scandinavian grandeur, majestic pines, and thundering cascades. The edifices of Addison are like the villas in ancient Tempe,—matchless for grace, purity, and perfection. Those of Johnson have, with all their splendour, something rough about them, and something short of a *graceful* perfection. They are like the gorgeous palaces of the Incas,—of pure and solid gold, but roofed with straw.

Our waning space warns us that we must be brief in our future remarks; nor is it necessary that we should do more than add a note or two to the well known details of the years of Addison's life which yet remain to be noticed. It is not necessary that we should recount their history.

The production on the stage of Addison's "Cato," in 1713, marks the period at which his reputation as a writer was at its culminating point. This piece, formed on the severe model of Racine, and so regardful of the unities of time and place, as to be guilty of more absurdities than if the same time-honoured matters had been treated with some degree of liberty, had the good fortune to appear at a period when society—a society which lived very much, like that of the old Athenians, in the theatre—was split into two great factions, rather than parties. The poem—for it is more of a dramatic poem than an actual drama—is full of political allusions. These were applauded by one party as applying to the other, and the applause was repeated to the echo by the adverse faction, to prove that the application was not accepted in the sense implied. No wonder, then, that this piece of dull grandeur was triumphant. In our days, we suspect that it is not often read, and we suppose that it is still less frequently acted. It is, nevertheless, more full of terse sayings, which we are every day quoting familiarly, (and perhaps without knowing the parentage of the citation,) than any English poem with which we are acquainted, except Gray's "Elegy;"—not a line of which has escaped being turned into what Johnson (very incorrectly) styles "the watch-word of literary men," namely, quotations.

Johnson notices a number of foreign languages into which "Cato" was very speedily translated. Since the period in which he wrote the biography of Addison, the tragedy in question has been translated into *Russian*! We may strongly suspect, however, that the passages in favour of liberty and against the despotism of a single man, although that man be not a Czar, have been, according to the German term for translating, "*over-set*" into Russian, rather than faithfully rendered.

Let us add a trait of the times nearer home. The Church of England gave its testimony of approval to this stage-play. Dr. Smalridge, Dean of Carlisle, and Canon of Christ-church, Oxford, witnessed the representation of the piece in the last-named city; and the reverend gentleman writes of it to the author, "I heartily wish all discourses from the pulpit were as instructive and edifying, as pathetic and affecting, as that which the audience was then entertained with from the stage." Poor man! And yet at this time the pulpits of England were not all echoless of certain sounds. If the "Established" pulpits were not all mute, neither was there silence in another quarter. Pomfret, as enthusiastic as Whitefield, was then awakening souls. Matthew Clarke was giving a better instruction than "Cato."

Bradbury, that cheerful-minded Patriarch of the Dissenters, was then at least as edifying as Dr. Smalridge's theatrical hero. Neal was then pathetic and earnest in Aldersgate-street, and John Gale affecting and zealous amid his little circle of hearers in Barbican. Had Dr. Smalridge been required to listen to learned, but careless, Lowman, he might have been puzzled at that good man's discourses; but there was matter in them as instructive as any thing uttered by Mr. Booth in "*Cato*." There was a better instruction still to be had under Dr. Williams and his assistant, honest John Evans, in Petty France. Simon Browne had not yet come to London; but Samuel Wright had already had his pulpit shattered by a Sacheverell mob, whose leaders applauded Mr. Addison's tragedy. Leland could then have uttered a better comment on Plato's dissertation on Immortality, than the pseudo-Cato of the stage; and there were besides numberless Ministers equally gifted, then preparing to take their places, and teach men a richer wisdom than that which the Dean of Carlisle found in the measured lines of a perhaps unbelieving tragedian. Indeed, as we have intimated, the Dean's own Church was less ill-provided for in this respect than he himself seems to have suspected.

We may not pause to detail the story of Addison's quarrels with Pope and Steele. We must not, however, omit to notice his elevation to the post of Secretary of State. This occurred in 1717. The new Secretary not only was unable to speak in Parliament on behalf of the Government he did *not* serve, but his very niceness in choice of expression, when called upon to write a state-paper, made him of less use than a common clerk, who did, indeed, perform the task to which the "nice" Addison was unequal.

By resigning his post, he escaped from the difficulty with some loss of reputation, covered in part by a plea of ill health, and compensated by a pension of fifteen hundred a year. He had now, too, been for a year the husband of the widowed Countess of Warwick, a lady who may have had many faults, but who has been very unjustly treated by posterity. Addison had long known her, had been a sort of Mentor to her son, and had gained her hand by power of persuasion and a few sacrifices. She was a very proud woman, doubtless; but she can hardly be charged with making the home of Addison unhappy. That gentleman himself was far from being a domestic person. He did, indeed, employ the opportunities and leisure he enjoyed at Holland House in commencing a work on the "*Evidences of Christianity*" which he never finished, and in projecting a translation of the Psalms which he never began. But he was still a man addicted to the too free use of wine. He reigned supreme at "*Button's*," as Dryden had done at "*Will's*," and as Aken-side vainly attempted to do at "*Tom's*." But he kept late

hours at the coffee-house presided over by the Countess's old servant, and it was a long way home from Russell-street to Kensington.

With respect to the work commenced and the one projected, Tonson remarked, that he always thought that Addison was a Priest at heart! and that he undertook them because he had some idea of entering the Church, and some intention of becoming a Bishop. Upon this Johnson very well remarks, "that a man who had been Secretary of State in the Ministry of Sunderland, knew a nearer way to a bishopric, than by defending religion or translating the Psalms."

We will not discuss the merits of Addison's political papers written at this period. When his Works come before the public duly edited and annotated, they will be more enjoyed and better understood, than they could be here by description, within the limited space at our disposal.

We come then to the last scene,—a scene preceded by much suffering, but endured with much patience. Addison had long been labouring under a painful difficulty of breathing, which was now attended with dropsy. At the last moment, he is said to have called to his bed-side the youthful and dissipated Earl of Warwick, that he might see how a Christian could die. The story has been accepted by Walpole, for no better purpose than that he might declare that Addison was tipsy at the time of the incident. But not only is this notoriously untrue, but the incident itself has doubtless been much exaggerated. The expression would not have been creditable to Addison, nor was it in accordance with his humility of spirit. During his latter years he had, no doubt, grown a wiser and a better man, and his last hours may have been made profitable to a young libertine like Lord Warwick. The "legend," however, will probably stand accepted for ever. To our thinking it misrepresents Addison. He had been throughout life a worldly man, yet not without thoughts that were above the world. He had never let go his hold, if we may so speak, of the mantle of God; and in his declining health he clung more tenaciously than ever to that, and to a hope of mercy through the merits of the Saviour. The story, however, by which he is made to speak of himself as exemplifying the Christian in death, gives to him the arrogance of the Egyptian soul which, on appearing before the Tribunal of Life and Death, commenced its string of self-laudations by the humble assertion that it had never committed evil. Addison died on the 17th of June, 1719, at what may not be inappropriately called the premature age of forty-seven. Whiston fancies he is highly eulogistic of his "great friend," when he expresses his admiration of a Secretary of State who "*retained* such a great regard for the Christian religion, that he began to read the ancient Fathers of the first three centuries before he died." Before a

quarter of a century had passed, some of the "household of Cæsar" were listening to as competent interpreters of good tidings as the ancient Fathers; and the era was coming when even Secretaries of State made their duty to Cæsar subservient to that which they owed to God.

As a pioneer in this great work, Addison will always obtain a full share of the respect of posterity. It was something to drag society out of the mire in which it wallowed, and give it a position on the raft of morality. He was not altogether alone in this work; but had he been aided by a thousand colleagues, the work would have been little profitable, and the raft would soon have been wrecked, but for those who went forth upon the waters of life in the only vessel that could afford salvation, and that could bring the weary to a haven of rest.

It was Madame de Staël, we think, who said, that if all men of superior minds do not exhibit a perfect morality, it is only among men of superior minds that perfect morality is to be found. The morality at which this good lady hinted could no more make men religious, than the daily association of the Athenians with all that was refined in art could make them pure in soul. *The morality which is the only true morality is that pointed out by Locke, who says, that "in morality there are books enough written both by ancient and modern philosophers; but the morality of the Gospel doth so exceed them all, that, to give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I shall send him to no other book than the New Testament."*

- ART. V.—1. *Costume in England.* By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. London: Chapman and Hall.
2. *History of British Costume.* By J. R. PLANCHÉ. London: Charles Knight.
3. *Dress, as a Fine Art.* By MRS. MERRIFIELD. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.
- 4 *The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours.* By M. E. CHEVREUL. London: Longmans. 1854.

THE earliest and most natural display of personal taste is in dress; and it has, therefore, in all ages and among all people, received peculiar attention. The demands of necessity and propriety are soon met; the "coats of skins" of which we read in the most ancient history, formed a suitable and sufficient covering. But the vanity of fallen human nature would soon display itself; and if the sons of Adam were content with the simplicity of the original design, undoubtedly the daughters of Eve contrived some ornamental additions. During the infancy of nations this vanity has but limited means for its

display; but invention is early tasked to produce diversity of shape or colour, in order to secure individual pre-eminence, as well as for personal recognition. Required diversity soon improves the taste of the designer; and some varieties, from their appropriateness and beauty, establish themselves as a sort of standard; while new forms are continually evolved, which, at length, in a highly civilized state of society, elevate dress to the dignity of an art; while the multiform fabrics and the multitudinous designs which crowd the market make it positively a labour and a difficulty to decide "wherewithal we shall be clothed."

As the highest skill of the artisan has always been pressed into this service, the costume of any given period indicates the nation's position as to wealth, taste, the state of mechanical art, and so forth. The style of a button is often as significant as the reverse of a coin; and there are chronological tables in other than printers' types:—in fact, between fig-leaves and flounces there lies the history of the world. We find, too, that phases of national character are reflected in costume. To take familiar English examples: the prudish constraint of one Court is seen in the severe and jealous dress of Elizabeth; and the unbridled licence of another in the voluptuous undress of the time of Charles II. The gay silks and rich point-lace of the Cavalier, the plain cloth suit of the Roundhead, the Dutch fashions introduced by William of Orange, the numerous changes resulting from the last war, all illustrate the action of political and religious influences upon social life.

But if dress, when viewed retrospectively, is an index of *national* character, when viewed contemporaneously it is equally significant of *individual* character. We may judge of a man otherwise than by reading the lines of his face. His handwriting, his walk, his mode of action, his manners, every thing he does, betrays some peculiarity; and so true is this, that a telegraph clerk can tell by the working of the needles, whether his respondent two hundred miles away is nervous and undecided, or prompt and energetic. Character greatly influences the toilet, and there finds a natural expression. Some people can no more help having finery in their dress than they can help a florid style of speech; and there are others, besides Quakers, who, by the same sort of necessity, are undeniably plain in both. It is not difficult to discern whether prudence or extravagance, vanity or modesty, refinement or vulgarity, predominate,—whether men and women are precise or negligent, superficial or thorough, without making their personal acquaintance.

Dress exerts, too, a powerful influence upon ourselves as well as upon observers. Every one has experienced a sense of more than discomfort,—of humiliation, when unusually

shabby; and everybody knows how disgraceful the livery of the prison is considered by its wearers. Slaves have always had a distinctive garb, which it was death for them to exchange for that of free citizens. The vestments of the Jewish Priest, the Bishop's gown, and the Judge's robe, are familiar examples of the dignity which appropriate dress confers. It would be difficult to say how far the peculiar feeling which attaches to the Sabbath may be attributed to our Sabbath clothes, or how far a gala-day would be shorn of its attractions if we could not don a little extra finery.

Unfortunately, the rules of taste are rudely violated by a large proportion of society; and it is to the correction of some of the most egregious and ridiculous of these errors that, with the free use of the works before us, we wish to direct attention.

Many ladies, and a few gentlemen, have an instinctive perception of what constitutes harmony of colour. It is not a problem, a subject of thought with them, but an instinct. Incongruity and inappropriateness offend their eye, as a discord in music grates upon another's ear. But these are exceptional cases. The finery which is often displayed by the fairer sex is something quite curious to behold. We see gentianella bonnets trimmed with pink, and either a little parterre of brilliant flowers within, or perhaps a patch of ribbon on one side and black velvet on the other, or even two discordant colours, one on either side;—light-blue shawls barred with crimson worn over dresses in which maroon is shot with amber, and many other extraordinary combinations. Ladies very rarely study what colours harmonize with their complexion, or what style of pattern is best suited to their figure. One lady who is undoubtedly sallow, orders a light blue bonnet, because it looks so well on the head of another lady who is fair. And Miss who is above the middle height, appears some day in a pretty dress, having strongly marked horizontal stripes, which, of course, have the effect of dwarfing her one or two inches; but another Miss who is both short and stout, thoughtlessly buys a similar dress, and is not a little startled at the unexpected effect.

The gentlemen are not a whit better. The colossal figure of Mr. A. appears to advantage in a full, wide-sleeved cape, which hangs about his person in goodly folds; whereupon Mr. B., who is a pudgy little man, hides himself in a garment that looks much like a Chobham tent. Mild-featured individuals look unhappy in discordant neck-ties, and insignificant creatures look self-complacent in clothes of conspicuous pattern. In fact, there is so little congruity between people and the dress they wear, that half the town might be going about in hired wardrobes. Indoors, and for evening dress, it is customary for ladies to display the figure so freely, that it becomes a question not so much of taste as of decency; and if the custom is barely tolerable when

assisted by the budding freshness of youth, it is absolutely intolerable afterwards. Ladies who are no longer young, think to compensate for the ravages of time by a fuller display of their charms, and by brighter-coloured drapery, and more excessive ornament, than they would ever have ventured upon in days when such indiscretions are easily pardoned. This is a class of errors common to both sexes. In this age of shams—of false hair, artificial teeth, rouge, padding, and straps—to be honestly genuine is to be singular, if not ridiculous; yet surely to be natural and true is consistent and correct. How flatly the grey whisker contradicts the curly brown wig above it! And how the eye that has lost its fire mocks the rouge upon the faded cheek! We are surely not so blind, that any old woman can deceive us with a mouth over-full of brilliant teeth! This sort of patchwork is much like the modern paint and stucco upon the lower story of an old house, which draws attention to the gaping chinks above, and makes the little, narrow, diamond-paned lattice look more antiquated by contrast. No, if youth is lovely, age is lovely too, as well as honourable. We gaze with pleasure on the countenance full of repose and quiet dignity; the gentle eye speaking benevolence, the sunken but healthy cheek, and the snowy hair setting off the pale flesh-tints to such advantage. There is grace and dignity here, to which we render involuntary homage. But that other thing which is more of Art than of Nature, too proud to seem what Time has made it, we can neither love, reverence, nor pity.

Time, however, works other changes than those of material decay. The mechanical ingenuity employed with doubtful success in the art of deception, has been more worthily employed at the mill; and if the “Cleopatras” and “Cousin Feenixes” of society think the history of manufacturing enterprise a subject much too vulgar for their notice, they are willing enough to participate in the benefit of its results. If it would not fatigue them too much to carry their memory back forty or fifty years, they would recollect silks at double and treble their present price; velvets, of necessity, an occasional luxury; cotton prints at more *per yard* than would now furnish an entire dress; and laces, considered desirable investments for spare guineas, scraps of them hoarded up as rich treasures, only worn at rare intervals, and then looking, we are bound to say, undeniably yellow and dirty. The poorer classes had small opportunities for display. Sally went to place in the carrier’s cart, her scanty wardrobe contained in a small box, and a smaller bundle. When there, she wore all day long a species of frilled night-cap on her head, a blue print bed-gown on her back, and list slippers on her feet. Hodge, the ploughman, made his choice between a blue tail-coat with brass buttons, or a drab one with broad skirts and bountiful pockets; and he was sorely puzzled in deciding between a

waistcoat to match, or a double-breasted crimson twill. But Sally's niece, what with Manchester prints, cheap ribbons, and penny lace, is on the whole rather smarter than her mistress; while Hodge's son pauses bewildered over broadcloths, do-cskins, beavers, Twceds, mixtures of silk, hair; cotton, shoddy, and wool, each in endless varieties of colour, quality, and character. The vestings and trouserings are in equal diversity, and the inventive genius of the tailor has contrived a different style of garment for every variety of cloth.

Trade of late years would seem to have been completely revolutionized. Manufacturers have discovered that it is better to work for the million at a small profit, than for "the upper ten thousand" at an extravagant one; and they have taxed their ingenuity to produce a sightly article at a moderate price. That they have succeeded, all must admit; that their success will be yet more complete, few can doubt who have opportunities of judging. But something beyond mere material is necessary. A fabric may be very beautiful as to texture, but, if of unsuitable colour or eccentric pattern, it will be rejected for an inferior quality which has been more judiciously treated. Thus care on the part of the buyer in his selection, compels equal care in every stage of the production; and the tastes of producer and consumer act and re-act upon each other, generally with mutual benefit. The improvement that has taken place in our manufacturing designs, especially during the last fifteen years, cannot be fully appreciated without an actual comparison with previous results; though no one can have failed to observe how much of elegance often characterizes even the inferior productions of the present day. Not only is the actual workmanship superior, but the patterns are selected with more regard to the proposed uses of the material, and are more in accordance with the principles of art. Brilliant colours have given place to subdued and neutral tints; variety, to harmony of colour; large and complicated designs, to studied simplicity; so that, instead of attracting attention principally to itself, the pattern is now not only subordinate to the fabric, but is adapted to display that fabric to the best advantage. It would be evidently useless to bring out superior designs, if the popular taste were not sufficiently educated to appreciate and prefer them. The manufacturer cannot afford to be ahead of his age, although he must be abreast of it. The question is to him purely one of market value, and the increasing attention which he devotes to this department is highly significant.

Whether this extraordinary improvement in the public taste will continue, depends upon the neutrality or interference of fashion; and fashion depends upon ——! Who or what is this mysterious power, to whose decrees all yield implicit obedience? Where are the fashions for next season? and what extremity of

folly may they not propound? And yet whoever would break away from these trammels must expect to be quietly dropped by his friends; and should he commit the further imprudence of venturing on some original and comfortable device, he may think himself happy in escaping with a volley of small witticisms, more or less good-natured, as the case may be. Nevertheless, a man who should indulge in any freak of extravagance, however extraordinary, might justify himself by precedents of undoubted authority. There is no part of our costume, either male or female, that has not already passed from one extreme of absurdity to another, and been most admired at its highest point. Coats have been worn with voluminous skirts dangling about the wearer's heels, and with scanty lapels descending six inches below the waist. Coat-sleeves at one time fitted skin-tight; and more than once have been so wide as to sweep the ground. Flapped waistcoats, which, in the time of George I., reached nearly to the stocking, were soon cut so short as to be nearer the arm-pits than the thigh. The close-fitting, tightly-strapped trouser contrasts ludicrously enough with the trunk-hose of the sixteenth century, stuffed out with five or six pounds of bran to such an extent that, as an Harleian manuscript tells us, alterations had to be made in the Parliament-House, so as to afford additional accommodation for the Members' seats! * The form of the shoe has undergone numberless changes. In the time of Henry VI., it was worn with points two feet long, which required to be attached to the knee; while fifty years later it was twelve inches broad at the toe, to the great damage of the public shins; and in the following century the shoe seems to have been discarded for the pantoufle, or slipper, which, refusing to fit the foot, went "flap, flap, up and down, in the dirt," in a manner essentially Turkish. The cravat, which, on its introduction, was worn unstiffened and so loose that the chin was comfortably buried in its folds, has been until lately so stiff and tight as to compress the throat within a trifle of strangulation. The hat once had the appendage of a long tippet, or

* It is related that a fast man of the time, on rising to conclude a visit of ceremony, had the misfortune to damage his nether integuments by a protruding nail in his chair, so that, by the time he gained the door, the escape of bran was so rapid as to cause a state of complete collapse! It may have been that similar mishaps caused the substitution of wool or hair for bran, which afterwards became common. Holme, in his "Notes on Dress," says, "A law was made against such as did stuffe their 'bryches' to make them stand out; whereas, when a certain prisoner (in these tymes) was accused for wearing such breeches contrary to law, he began to excuse himself of the offence, and endeavoured by little and little to discharge himself of that which he did weare within them: he drew out a pair of sheets, two table-cloaths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glasse, a combe, and nightcaps, with other things of use, saying, 'Your Lordship may understand that because I have no safer storehouse, these pockets do serve me for a roome to lay my goods in; and though it be a strait prison, yet it is a storehouse big enough for them; for I have many things more yet of value within them.' And so his discharge was accepted and well laughed at."

“liripipe,” varying in width from a mere streamer to a heavy piece of drapery falling down in ample folds, and which either trailed on the ground, was tucked into the girdle, or was wrapped round the neck. Sometimes the hat has stood up a foot above the crown of the head, and sometimes fitted close to it: it has been flat and broad, cocked, steep, and pointed; plain and party-coloured; simple and elaborate: it has been tasselled, plumed, and richly jewelled; triangular, square, oval, and round;—often very picturesque, and generally very comfortable, neither of which can be predicated of the Parisian canister to which we seem indissolubly wedded. As to hirsute appendages, the beard was for a long time cherished with the utmost care; every hair was sacred, and the necessary periodical trimming was matter of grave consideration. So “curious” were some in their management, that they had pasteboard cases to put over the beard at night, lest it should be rumpled in their sleep! Referring to the barbers,—the “artists in hair” of that day,—Stubbs says, in his “Anatomic of Abuses,” 1583:—

“They have invented such strange fashions of monstrous manners of cuttings, trimmings, shavings, and washings, that you would wonder to see. They have (for the beard) one manner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut; one the Dutch cut, another the Italian; one the new cut, another the old; one the gentleman’s cut, another the common cut; one cut of the Court, another of the country; with infinite the like vanities, which I overpasse. They have also other kinds of cuts innumerable; and therefore, when you come to be trimmed, they will ask you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enemy,* or amicable to your friend; grim and stern in countenance, or pleasant and demure; for they have divers kinds of cuts for all these purposes, or else they lie.”

From this class of vanities we are happily free, the razor having made a clean sweep of the whole. The moustache only

* The barbers flourished in spite of Stubbs’s abuse; for a song, dated 1610, says:—

“Now of beards there be
Such a companie,
Of fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard
To treat of the beard,
Though it be ne’er so long.

“The soldier’s beard
Doth match in this herd
In figure like a spade,
With which he will make
His enemies quake,
To think their grave is made.

“The stiletto beard—
O, it makes me afeared!
It is so sharp beneath;
For he that doth place
A dagger in his face,
What wears he in his sheath?”

existed on sufferance, and never seems to have flourished luxuriantly since the time of the ancient Britons, whom Strabo describes as having immense tangled moustachios, hanging down upon their breasts like wings. In the twelfth century men wore their hair in long ringlets, reaching down to the waist,—a fashion which came under the ecclesiastical ban. We read that a certain Bishop preached at Court with such eloquence on the sinfulness of the practice, that his hearers were affected to tears, when the wily Prelate, perceiving his advantage, whipped out a pair of scissors from his sleeve, and cropped the penitent congregation. Fashion, however, was too strong even for the Bishops, and long hair grew still longer. Thirty years later a young soldier dreamed that one of the enemy strangled him with his own locks,—a project so very feasible that he at once reduced them to a safe length. The hint was taken by the army, and the alteration was gradually made by all ranks. The beaux of a later day made free use of curling-irons and gay ribbons; and, in Henry the Seventh's time, enclosed their hair in a gold net or caul, according to the custom of the ladies of the period; and for the better display of this ornament, the plumed cap, instead of being in its accustomed place, was slung behind the back,—an idea to which the ladies of our own time are evidently indebted.

These are not the only examples of effeminacy which have, from time to time, disgraced the exquisites of the sterner sex. They have carried pocket-mirrors to reflect their own vanity, and pocket-combs with which to dress their periwigs at the play. They have worn stays to give an unnatural slimness to the waist, and adopted a peculiarly feminine expedient to fill out the cloth skirts beneath it. They have displayed ear-rings in their ears, brooches in their bosoms, and feathers on their heads. Gay knights have hidden their steel armour under silk mantles, and trusty squires have exceeded their dames in a weakness for embroidery.

On all such vagaries we now look with a smile of complacency, which says plainly, "How much superior are we to our forefathers!" We laugh at a fop of Henry the Sixth's time, with his pointed shoes full two feet long; his embroidered doublet with sleeves nearly a yard wide; and on his head an irregularly shaped hat, from the crown of which depends a train reaching to his heels. But have we really made such progress in the art of dress, that an exquisite of the nineteenth century can afford to laugh at him of the fifteenth? Is his costume more classical, more commodious, more graceful? Let us sketch it as it was a year or two since. Head—surmounted by a covering in shape like a garden-pot, as tall, and, if not quite so heavy, yet almost as hard, having a brim too narrow to shade the eyes effectually,

and leaving the rest of the face unprotected; coloured black to absorb the sun's rays; unventilated; and ingeniously contrived that it must either fit so tightly as to endow its wearer with a chronic headache, or so easily as to occasion him cheerful exercise in gusty weather. Neck—immoveably fixed in a deep, stiff, circular collar, above which a helpless-looking countenance smiles feebly, as though striving, but failing, to express satisfaction with the arrangement. Chest—exposed to all weathers by an open vest, which is generally of some wild and impracticable design. Back—and the back only—covered by a coat of such scanty proportions as to be a very slight protection, and of a hard, angular outline. The remainder of his person is enclosed in pantaloons, sometimes of outlandish material, and often displaying a pattern of such startling magnitude, that one leg reveals but two-thirds of it, and the imagination, or the other leg, supplies the rest. Feet—imprisoned in tight boots of most unnatural shape, but which are regarded with greater satisfaction than any other part of the costume. It is quite possible that the ancient representative of our Bond-street dandy was the greater fool of the two; but in the matter of dress the evidence against him is not overwhelming.

As to the ladies, it is an open question whether they have been the leaders or the led, in the various absurdities which have marked the history of British costume. The truth seems to be, that there has been a sort of rivalry between the sexes; any new folly on the one side being quickly surpassed by the ready ingenuity of the other. The men, being less favoured by Nature, may perhaps be excused for having anxious recourse to Art; but the ladies—we should be the last to enter any similar plea in favour of their extravagances; and therefore leave them without excuse, though they seem greatly to need it. At one time we find them adding eighteen inches to the height of their head-dress; at another, four or five inches to the heel of their shoe; and at a third, not inches merely, but feet, to the circumference of their waist.* A volume might be written on their elaborate head-dresses. Stubbs describes their hair as "curled, frised, and crisped, laid out in wreathes and borders, from one ear to another. And, lest it should fall down, it is underpropped with forks, wires, and I cannot tell what, rather like grim, stern monsters, than chaste Christian matrons. At their haire, thus wreathed and crested, are hanged bugles, ouches, rings, gold, silver, glasses, and such other childish gewgawes." Nearly two centuries later we find that the evil has increased,

* Soon after fardingales came into vogue, Lady Wych, the wife of our Ambassador at Constantinople, had a private audience of the Sultana, during which the latter inquired, with evident concern, if all Englishwomen were afflicted with a similar enlargement of the hips.—*Planché*, p. 280.

and heads look up two feet higher, at the very least. These structures of natural and artificial hair were built round a centre of wool or tow; and, being well plastered with flour and pomatum, and fastened tightly with pins and ties into curious shapes, varying with the taste and skill of the operator, were ready to receive plumes of feathers, chains of pearls, or beads. "Bunches of flowers were also stuck about the head, surmounted with large butterflies, caterpillars, &c., in blown glass, as well as models, in the same brittle material, of coaches and horses, and other absurdities."* This fashion had its drawbacks. Such complicated designs were not to be hastily destroyed; and accordingly we read of grey powder being freely used to hide the accumulation of dust, and of poisonous compounds which were found useful in keeping down the insect population. A hairdresser is represented on the stage as asking a lady, how long it is since her head had been "opened and repaired." She answers, "Not above nine weeks;" to which he replies, "That is as long as a head can well go in summer; and therefore it is proper to deliver it now, as it begins to be a little *hazardé*." Cleanliness was in no better repute than godliness in those days!

Of course the hats to cover these towers were on a proportionate scale. To our irreverent imagination, one of them looks like a clothes-basket inverted; another not only retains the basket shape, but mounts a sort of terra-cotta chimney-pot above it; a third is neither more nor less than a very elegant pair of stays, decorated with flowers and lace; while a fourth is on the same principle as the hood of a carriage, and can be put up or let down at pleasure. The ladies have always been careful in adorning the outside of the head; but in these cases pictorial representations can alone do justice to their taste.

The immense ruff of Elizabeth's time is keenly satirized by Stubbs; also,—

"The devil's liquor, I mean starche, with which they strengthen these pillars of pride." And "beyond all this they have a further fetch, nothyng inferior to the rest, as, namely, three or four degrees of minor ruffles placed *gradatim* one beneath another, and all under the *maister devil ruffe*! each of them every way pleated and crested full curiously, God wot. Then last of all, they are either clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needle-worke, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sunne, moone, and starres, and many other antiques strange to behold."

Then our belles have rejoiced in sleeves so wide as to require tying up in knots to prevent their trailing on the ground, and so rigid as to stand up on the shoulder like enormous epaulettes; so long as to fall over the hand, and so short as to be a mere loop over the shoulder; in long-waisted dresses, short-waisted

* Fairholt, p. 392.

dresses, and waistless dresses or sacques; in skirts limp and straight, stiff and baggy; in the wheel fardingale, and the still more monstrous hoop petticoat; in aprons that covered the feet, and in aprons that might have better served for babies' bibs; in scarlet stockings; in red-heeled, green-heeled, and lace-covered shoes; in heel-less shoes, and shoes with nine-inch heels;* in knitted hoods, in beaver hats, and in chip bonnets: and if they have appeared at all times irresistible, they have also displayed their consciousness of it, and manifested a waywardness and love of change most trying to the paternal and marital purse. Their ornaments have been as numerous as fleeting. A writer in the year 1631 thus catalogues the apparatus of a fashionable lady of his time:—

“Chains, coronets, pendans, bracelets, and ear-rings;
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroyderies, and rings;
Shadowes, rebatoes, ribbons, ruffs, cuffs, falls,
Scarfes, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls,
Thin tiffanies, cobweb lawn, and fardingals,
Sweet fals, vayles, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins,
Pots of ointment, combes, with poking-sticks and bodkines,
Coyfes, gorgets, fringes, rowles, fillets, and hair-laces,
Silks, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold,
Of tissues with colours of a hundred fold.
But in her tyres so new-fangled is she,
That which doth with her humour now agree,
To-morrow she dislikes.”

No wonder that another writer should pettishly declare, that “a ship is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready!” This charge of extravagant display is, we are sorry to see, of still longer standing. Even so far back as the time of Edward III., an old chronicler describes the women as “passing ye men in all mannare of arraies and curious clothing.”

It appears, too, that the “fast” young people have not always been of the ruder sex. Stubbs says (1583):—

“The women have doublets and jerkins, as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder-points, as man's apparel in all respects; and although this be a kind of attire proper only to a man, yet they blush not to wear it.”

Pepys records (June, 1666):—

“Walking in the galleries at Whitehall, I find the ladies of honour dressed in their riding-garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine; and buttoned their doublets up their breasts; with periwigs, and with hats. So that only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me.”

* This high heel was a tolerably substantial fashion, and maintained a firm footing for more than a century. In the introduction of the Venetian “chopine”—a hollow patten, eighteen inches thick—this folly may be said to have attained its height.

Addison complains (1711) that, when riding on horseback, the ladies affected male attire; namely, coat, waistcoat, periwig, cravat, hat, and feather. About this time the practice of snuff-taking had become so prevalent among them, that its natural consequences, pipes and tobacco, seemed likely to follow. This class of absurdities is now exploded; but it is not very long since the equilibrium of the fashionable world was evidently disturbed, and no one could guess what extraordinary results might happen before it was restored. The Bloomer costume was brought over as the latest novelty, but it came from the wrong quarter, and was accordingly frowned down as a Transatlantic vulgarity.* But, by way of compensation, gentlemen's waistcoats were in eager demand for their wives and sisters, together with fancy studs, and an adaptation of the shirt-front; and ladies of title arrayed themselves in rough great-coats, ornamented at considerable intervals by enormous horn-buttons, such as any member of the extinct order of coachmen might have envied.

Being an eminently *practical* people, it is perhaps hardly to be expected that we should give ourselves much trouble about the graceful or artistic character of our costume, provided it be tolerably comfortable, and leave the body at sufficient ease for actual service. But although it is quite possible, especially in female apparel, to combine the picturesque with the practical, yet we have the taste to reject both, and display an ungainly style of dress, which at the same time restrains freedom of action. It will surely be admitted, that the general outline of the figure ought to be preserved; or that, if the natural form is not to be displayed, it is at any rate not to be distorted. What shall we say, then, of the universal use of stays among women of every rank in life, and of tight-lacing as its natural result? It has no better recommendation than that of antiquated custom. Who would suppose that a fine lady of to-day would "twitch," because fine ladies, from the time of Edward I. downwards, have rejoiced in "a gentyll bodie and middel small?" Our reverence for the past is not usually so extreme; and truly such a relic of barbarism is strangely out of place in these days of hypersensibility and delicate refinement. The Chinese custom of crippling the feet is not more absurd, is not nearly so injurious, and is in reality not more inelegant. It may be somewhat mortifying

* There may be doubts as to the good taste of the Bloomer dress, but there can be none as to its good sense. Long skirts are perpetually in the way. Can any woman run in them? or walk in them without fatigue, especially against a moderate wind? or walk up-stairs without tripping herself up? or down-stairs without tripping up other people,—that is, if they follow closely? In dry weather these trailing skirts sweep the streets, and all that is in them; and in wet weather are elevated, whether necessarily or not, some inches above the ankle, and, in spite of every care, bemire both the wearer herself, and her companions.

to learn, when at length a slender waist has been acquired, and irreparable mischief been done, that even *in appearance* nothing has been gained, but a very great deal lost; yet it is nevertheless true. Nature's proportions are always harmonious; and when that harmony is broken, the effect is displeasing to a correct eye. No part of the figure should appear either large or small by comparison with the rest: as soon as a waist appears slender, it has "ceased to be beautiful, because it is disproportionate." If young ladies could only be brought to think thus, the evil of tight lacing would be very speedily ended, and, ultimately, the lesser evil of artificial supports would be ended too. Milliners of every degree encourage their use, and not from disinterested motives; for we learn that—

"It is so much easier to make a closely fitting body suit over a tight stay, than it is on the pliant and yielding natural form, in which, if one part be drawn a little too tight, or the contrary, the body of the dress is thrown out of shape. Supposing, on the other hand, the fit to be exact, it is so difficult to keep such a tight-fitting body in its place on the figure without securing its form by whale-bones, that it is in vain to expect the stays to become obsolete, until the tight-fitting bodice is also given up."—*Mrs. Merrifield*, p. 100.

There is another article of dress to which we do not more definitely allude, the abolition of which would be so much gain to the real elegance of the female figure.* They are both glaring instances of the thoughtlessness or false taste which accepts, as a standard of form, any caricature from a Paris magazine, although flatly contradicted by common sense and the rudest copies of every statue ever modelled.

Let us hope that, as a means of improving personal appearance, regular out-door exercise will obtain more attention. It would, also, be wise, on many accounts, if a little of the time which is now spent on embroidery and other fancy needle-work, were devoted to the more homely duties of the kitchen. There cannot be better exercise. By developing the muscles of the arms and chest, it improves the figure, and at the same time adds to the list of "accomplishments" the most valuable of them all.

Having sought to free the figure from some of the trammels which, much to its detriment, Fashion has so capriciously imposed, we may briefly refer to the assistance which the face may receive from colour judiciously employed:—not carmine and pearl-powder, gentle reader, but coloured draperies and accessories.

It is at once seen that, of the three primary colours, red and yellow are not of equal intensity, and that blue is very

* The article in question is generally supposed to be of recent introduction; but a very knowing monk who flourished in the fourteenth century, says of the ladies, "They wored such strait clothes that they had long fox-tails sewed within their garments to holde them forth."

much less brilliant than either: also that the secondary colours (orange, purple, and green, each composed of two primaries) are weaker still; and that the tertiaries and broken colours are lowest of all. Thus we have three distinct classes of colours, of three degrees of intensity, and the components of each class having proportionate relative values. Each colour, too, has a variety of tones when mixed with white, or of shades when mixed with black. But any given tone will appear lighter than it really is, when contrasted with a darker shade of the same colour; or darker, when placed beside a lighter tone. When two *different* colours are placed together, not only will the light shade appear still lighter by contrast, but the hue of each will be considerably modified; each will become tinged with the "complementary" colour of the other. This requires some explanation. If the eye be for some time fixed upon one of the primitives, (say red,) there will be seen another colour, (green in this case,) formed of the two remaining colours, and which will be seen for a few moments, even after the exciting cause is removed. Thus, after gazing upon a bright yellow, violet will be called up, which is composed of blue and red; blue in its turn creates orange, which results from a union of red and yellow. The secondary colours are not often vivid enough to create an actual spectrum, though their influence is still considerable: thus green produces a *tendency* to see red, and therefore red will look more brilliant when seen after, or in contact with, green, than with any other colour; and so with the rest. These are said to be "complementary" or "compensating" colours; and in all cases form the most brilliant, as they are the most natural, contrasts. We quote from M. Chevreul a few examples of the changes produced upon each other by two colours in juxtaposition:—

"*Red and white.*—Green, the complementary of red, is added to the white. The red appears more brilliant and deeper.

"*Orange and white.*—Blue, the complementary of orange, is added to the white. The orange appears brighter and deeper.

"*Green and white.*—Red, the complementary of green, is added to the white. The green appears brighter and deeper.

"*Blue and white.*—Orange, the complementary of blue, is added to the white. The blue appears brighter and deeper."

The changes are greater when black is substituted for white:—

"*Red and black.*—Green, uniting with the black, causes it to appear less reddish. The red appears lighter, or less brown, more orange.

"*Orange and black.*—Blue uniting with the black, the latter appears less rusty, or bluer. The orange appears brighter and yellower, or less brown.

"*Green and black.*—Red uniting with the black, the latter appears more violet or reddish. The green inclines slightly to yellow.

"*Blue and Black.*—Orange unites with the black, and makes it appear brighter. (?) The blue is lighter,—greener, perhaps."

Let us see the effect of analogous colours upon each other.

"1. Take red, and place it in contact with orange-red, and the former will appear purple, and the latter become more yellow. But if we put the red in contact with a purple-red, the latter will appear bluer, and the former yellower, or orange. So that the same red will appear purple in the one case, and orange in the other.

"2. Take yellow, and place it beside an orange-yellow: the former will appear greenish, and the latter redder. But if we put the yellow in contact with a greenish-yellow, the latter will appear greener, and the former more orange. So that the same yellow will incline to green in the one case, and to orange in the other.

"3. Take blue, and put it in contact with a greenish-blue: the first will incline to violet, and the second will appear yellower. But put the blue beside a violet-blue, and the former will incline to green, and the latter will appear redder. So that the same blue will in one case appear violet, and in the other greenish.

"Thus we perceive that the colours which painters term simple or primary,—namely, red, yellow, and blue,—pass insensibly, by virtue of their juxtaposition, to the state of secondary or compound colours. For the same red becomes either purple or orange, according to the colour placed beside it; the same yellow becomes either orange or green; and the same blue, either green or violet."

It must not be supposed that because yellow and violet look well together, therefore any face will look well beside them; or that because blue is a cool colour, it will harmonize with unimpassioned features. On the contrary, the idea is, that in every type of complexion some tint predominates, and with this tint the drapery must either contrast or harmonize. M. Chevreul instances the two extreme classes,—the light-haired, and the dark-haired. In the former, the blue eyes are the only parts which form a contrast with the *ensemble*; the hair, eyebrows, and flesh-tints being all of one general hue, so that the harmonies of *analogy* prevail. In the latter, not only do the white and red tints of the skin contrast with each other, but with the hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, and eyes; so that here the harmonies of *contrast* prevail. Now as orange is the basis of the tint of blondes, sky-blue, which is the complementary of orange, will be found the most suitable colour; and, for a similar reason, yellow and orange-red accord well with dark hair, while blue is the most unsuitable colour that can be chosen. But we quote further examples, *verbatim* :—

"*Rose-red* cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. It is necessary, therefore, to separate the rose from the skin in some manner; and the simplest manner of doing this, without having recourse to coloured

materials, is to edge the draperies with a border of *tulle*, which produces the effect of grey, by the mixture of white threads which reflect light, and the interstices which absorb it. A delicate *green* is favourable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favourable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark-green will be less objectionable than a delicate green. *Violet* is one of the least favourable colours to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone. *Blue* imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favourably to white, and the light flesh-tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this colour. *Orange* is too brilliant to be elegant: it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint. Drapery of a lustreless *white*, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours. *Black* draperies, lowering the tone of the colours with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear, relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.”—*Chevreul*, pp. 274–277.

Our author then takes up the bonnet,—a delicate subject, and one that requires to be handled with care; but a subject also of such consideration that he has very properly “given his whole mind to it.” And first, of the fair-haired type:—

“A black bonnet with white feathers, with white, rose, or red flowers, suits a fair complexion. A lustreless white bonnet does not suit well with fair and rosy complexions. It is otherwise with bonnets of gauze, crape, or lace; they are suitable to all complexions. The white bonnet may have flowers, either white, rose, or particularly blue. A light blue bonnet is particularly suitable to the light-haired type; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers, but not with rose or violet flowers. A green bonnet is advantageous to fair or rosy complexions. It may be trimmed with white flowers, but preferably with rose. A rose-coloured bonnet must not be too close to the skin; and if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient separation, the distance from the rose-colour may be increased by means of white, or green, which is preferable. A wreath of white flowers in the midst of their leaves, has a good effect.”

Secondly, of the dark-haired type:—

“A black bonnet does not contrast so well with the *ensemble* of the type with black hair, as with the other type; yet it may produce a good effect, and receive advantageously accessories of white, red, rose, orange, or yellow. A white bonnet gives rise to the same remarks as

those which have been made concerning its use in connexion with the blonde type, except that for brunettes it is better to give the preference to accessories of red, rose, orange, and also yellow, rather than to blue. Bonnets of rose, red, and cerise, are suitable for brunettes, when the hair separates as much as possible the bonnet from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red; and white flowers with abundance of leaves have a good effect with rose. A yellow suits a brunette very well, and receives with advantage violet or blue accessories; the hair must always interfere between the complexion and the head-dress. It is the same with bonnets of an orange colour more or less broken, such as chamois. Blue trimmings are eminently suitable with orange and its shades. Whenever the colour of a bonnet does not realize the intended effect, even when the complexion is separated from it by large masses of hair, it is advantageous to place between the latter and the bonnet certain accessories, such as ribbons, wreaths, or detached flowers, &c., of a colour complementary to that of the bonnet; the same colour must also be placed on the outside of the bonnet."—Pp. 280-282.

Of course, the remarks here applied to bonnets furnish many hints for general application. It is not wise to wear more than two *decided* colours at the same time, and they must be not only harmonious contrasts, but well balanced as to strength or intensity; and a "startling effect" must be always avoided. Broken and semi-neutral shades will be found very effective as a sort of ground-work for brighter tints, which should be used sparingly, as in nature. The proportion of red and yellow in a landscape is very small, the prevalent hues being varieties of green, and the neutral tint of hills and distant objects; while the cool, calm, ethereal blue bends gratefully over all. Or you have the yellow broom and purple heather at your feet, but there is little colour elsewhere; the few trees visible wear sober russet; above are the grey rocks with their deep, dark rifts, and beyond, in the blue distance, are "the everlasting hills," the heavy clouds dragging wearily against their summits. It is the same throughout the scale; the brightness of a flower is relieved by a proportionately large mass of leaf, and that again by the brown soil on which it rests; the bright tinting of the sea-shell is toned off to a colourless edge, and is relieved by the sombre hue of the outer side; and in the rainbow,—unique in its brilliant colouring,—the tints blend into each other so gradually, that it is impossible to say where one ends and another begins. Mr. Ruskin goes so far as to say, that "colour cannot at once be good and gay. All good colour is in some degree pensive, the loveliest is melancholy." Without venturing quite so far, we confess to a partiality for sober tinting. But to return. Grey has the peculiarity of looking well in any contrast, giving something of brightness to more sombre colours, and subduing the glare of those more brilliant. Black and white are considered neutral, and, as we have seen, are seriously affected, when brought in

contact with other colours. The effect of black drapery is to diminish objects, and of white to enlarge them; so that the former ought to be avoided by persons, especially ladies, of diminutive stature, and the latter by those who are specially favoured in measures of length and breadth.

As to *ornament*, young people especially cannot dress with too much simplicity. A pretty face looks best, devoid of ornament, just as a jewel sparkles brightest in a plain setting; and a face that is not pretty will gain nothing from bedizenment, but may gain much from a tasteful arrangement of the hair, &c. In this question of hair, fashion allows unusual latitude, every one being at liberty to employ the style that best becomes her, whether curls, braids, or their endless combinations and varieties, by which the oval of the face may be assisted, more or less of the forehead and cheek displayed, apparent breadth given, or height added:—in all this, individual taste has free scope. Flowers are appropriate. Sashes have always a graceful effect, that is, of course, when the body and skirt are of one colour. Jackets are inadmissible on the score of taste, but are favoured by considerations of economy. Jewellery is only suitable to the middle-aged, and even by them should be worn in moderation; nothing looks worse than an excessive display of rings, chains, and baubles. All studs and coloured buttons are inappropriate; these belong exclusively to male attire. The hanging (inner) sleeves now so much worn are exceedingly elegant, both in their shape and the designs generally worked upon them. Embroidered and other white trimmings serve to mark the borders or edges of the various parts of the dress, and may be used freely with good effect, provided the several portions correspond with each other.

Dress ought to be so contrived as to set off the person to the best advantage; but in many cases this becomes a secondary consideration, and the person mainly serves to set off the dress. Some people *carry* their clothes, and some *wear* them; just as some men feed at dinner-time, and gentlemen quietly dine. Others seem to think that in order to dress well, it is necessary to follow closely every change in the fashions; whereas the best-dressed people follow these changes at just sufficient distance to escape singularity, and rather object to a “faultless perfection” in their outfit. A gentleman is as remote from the fop as from the sloven; and a true lady will see that she is neither over, nor under, nor tastelessly dressed. Herrick says prettily:—

“A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a playfulness.
A lawn about the shoulder thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthral the crimson stomacher;

A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly ;
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat ;
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility ;
 Do more bewitch me than when art
 Is too precise in every part."

It is not to be supposed that this is an apology for a slattern ; it is merely the poetical way of expressing a preference for graceful simplicity over a too rigid perfection.

Perhaps we owe some apology to the ladies for picking their dress to pieces so completely. The alterations we have suggested are modifications of the prevailing mode rather than sweeping changes : the general design—outline—of modern female costume leaves little to be desired. But with regard to matters of detail,—appropriateness of colour, pattern, and general ornament,—in short, all that is left to individual taste, there is undoubtedly much to be learned. There is always some style of dress more suitable than any other, and in which a woman appears to the best advantage. This style she ought to know, and not for her own sake only. Across the Channel they understand these things perfectly, and the toilet almost supplies the place of personal attractions. What an effect would be produced, if one result of the new alliance should be the union of French taste with English beauty !—though, so far as the sterner sex is concerned, the effect would be perfectly heart-rending, and the words of Prior would find a universal echo :—

"The' adorning thee with so much art
 Is but a barbarous skill :
 'Tis but the poisoning of a dart,
 Too apt before to kill."

Pending^{*} their slaughter, the gentlemen may be dismissed very briefly. First of all, if we can discover nothing that is picturesque, and but little that is graceful, in the present style of their costume, we may at least congratulate them on having attained perfect ease and comfort in their dress. It is not many years since they were emancipated from the miseries of a tight fit, when the difficulty of getting a coat on was only equalled by the apparent impossibility of ever getting it off again : considering, moreover, the straps, and buckles, and lacings, and paddings of triple thickness connected with it, there must have been quite as much comfort in a suit of plate armour. But now we see every where roomy coats, that will button, that display a liberal allowance of skirt, that protect the knees and chest as well as the back, that are altogether better proportioned, and do not describe an impossible waist a few inches under the shoulder ; in short, sensible coats, in sufficient variety of shape and material

for every possible want. But we protest against the extravagance of those fast men who think they cannot have too much of a good thing. Hugh Miller relates that a witless tailor of Cromarty, being commissioned to make a coat, succeeded perfectly well with his task, until he got to the second sleeve, which he stitched to the pocket-hole. Some of the coats that meet our eye appear to be of Cromarty manufacture, with the legs of a pair of breeches by some mistake stitched in at the arm-holes.

There is better taste displayed in the style of waistcoatings and trouserings; also in the shape of some of the outer garments; the sleeved cape, for instance, which, if ample enough, is a great improvement on the ancient Spanish cloak. Boots and shoes, too, are made on a much more sensible plan, being wider, so that the sole of the foot is firmly supported, instead of overhanging at the sides whenever a step is taken; longer, so as to allow more play to the foot; and stronger, which is a double advantage, since it shortens, not only the shoemaker's, but the doctor's, bill. Some people think that a slovenly *chaussure* may pass muster under voluminous skirts or a well-fitting trouser: but this is a great mistake. The condition of the boot and the glove are quite as important as any other part of the equipment—we had almost said, more so; for if these are at all shabby, they reduce every thing else to the same level; while a well-fitting boot will give an air of neatness and respectability to a suit that is rather *passé*.

As to the collar, notwithstanding its present dimensions, which point in the direction of the ruff, it is more seemly and more sensible than the “lay-down” collar, which, with its accompanying strip of black ribbon, was so much in vogue a few years since, and is still popular in America:—a most unpleasant and unwholesome fashion, which medical men do well to denounce. Mr. Wendell Holmes gives the following sound professional advice:—

“Choose for yourself. I know it cuts your ear:
I know the points will sometimes interfere:

* * * *

But, O, my friend! my favourite fellow-man!
If Nature made you on her modern plan,
Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars—were they made of tin!”

Those who suppose that we would inculcate a love of dress, greatly mistake; though we wish to direct attention to a subject that is imperfectly studied, and much misunderstood. As a rule, every thing is left to the milliner and tailor, and we helplessly acquiesce in their decisions. We should like to see more of independent judgment, and less direct imitation. Why should half

the world go into livery, because one year blue cloaks are said to be in fashion, or scarlet cloaks in another? The same faces cannot look well in both. In most other matters we proceed upon some principles or rules of action, but in this we are guided by mere fancy or caprice. Not one lady in ten who enters a draper's shop has previously made up her mind as to the colour of the dress she is about to purchase; and is only confused by the number and variety displayed: whereas a little attention and study would save much valuable time, and, in many cases, not a little annoyance. If it is difficult to know what colours are *most* suitable, it is not difficult to learn what colours are *unsuitable*; which would narrow the question, and simplify the process of choice. Dress should be appropriate, as regards personal *physique*; harmonious, as regards its component parts; comfortable, for the sake of health; and consistent, as regards social position. Those who neglect the first three rules do less than justice to themselves; those who neglect the last, offend other people. If they dress above their station, they exert an evil influence upon their equals, and excite the contempt of their superiors; if they dress below their station, they presume upon their social position, and transgress the laws of good taste and good breeding.

- ART. VI.—1. *History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes, to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.* By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. Three Vols. Murray, 1854.
2. *Hippolytus and his Age; or, The Beginnings and Prospects of Christianity.* By CHRISTIAN C. J. BUNSEN, D.D., D.C.L., D.Ph. Second Edition. Two Vols. London: Longman and Co. 1854.
3. *St. Hippolytus and the Church of Rome in the earlier Part of the third Century. From the newly-discovered Philosophumena.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster, &c. London: Rivingtons. 1853.

IN his Preface to a former work,* of which the work above-mentioned is to be regarded as "a continuation," Dean Milman observes, "The history of the Jews (Judaism) was that of a nation; the history of Christianity is that of a religion." But the latter of these propositions will vary in its meaning, according as, in the use of the terms *Christianity* and *religion*, that which is merely nominal in each case is supposed to be

* "The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire." 3 vols. 1840.

comprehended or excluded. The history of *a* Christianity, or *a* religion, which blandly, or indifferently, permits the sanction of its venerable name to every thing that claims the privilege of wearing it,—and the history of *the* Christianity which “has no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reproves them,” must, in the nature of the case, differ from each other, as widely as do the main subjects to which they respectively refer. The one is the history of what is *often* either little or nothing more than a name, or simply an external and visible system. The other is the history of that which is *always* a reality, an economy essentially spiritual and divine; and which may, or may not, according to circumstances, be found in connexion with what is external and apparent, yet still retains, under all possible conditions, an existence and operation of its own, independent of all names, and of all systems merely conventional, and has also a separate, though it may be, in great part, an unwritten and undiscoverable history. Undiscoverable history, we say; for where are the materials from which this deeper history, of that which can alone deserve the name of Christianity, may be composed? The antecedent and preparatory system of ancient Judaism has its history, with ample illustrations, in the Scriptures of the Old Testament; from which, especially with the advantage of the lights thrown back upon it from various parts of the New Testament, and imparting a transparency to all its symbols, we may readily inform ourselves of its inherent import and original design; and may perceive, also, very much of its internal and spiritual working, down to the time of its ceasing to exist as a divinely-perpetuated and availing institution. The writers of the New Testament, in like manner, under an authority inherited, by a divine commission, from the Fathers of the Old, present us with a history of Christianity, down to a date of several years after the ascension of its Author, from which the true character, and the specific objects of this completed revelation of divine “grace and truth,” are distinctly ascertainable. But is there any “continuation” of *that* history, already existent, or hereafter practicable, on which any true disciple of genuine Christianity would seriously undertake the responsibility of advising any “anxious inquirer” to place his dependence, as being likely to conduct him to a more comprehensive, or more exact, acquaintance, either with its intrinsic character as a divine religion, or with its legitimate and all-important *primary* results, in the great matter of human salvation? With reference to such continuation, there has been no lack of ingenuity or labour. Inquirers of all classes, from all sorts of motives, “have considered the days of old, and the years of ancient times,” and “have accomplished a diligent search.” All accessible writings and records, ecclesiastical and pagan, have been

thoroughly sifted for whatever might serve to make up a creditable history of the times which witnessed the transition of Christianity from its apostolical into its post-apostolical condition; but to very little purpose. On this subject pagan writers in general, with few exceptions, observe a silence scarcely less marvellous to us, than was, to them, the strange dumbness of their silenced oracles. And, what is still more remarkable, amongst Christians themselves, the true history of Christianity below the date to which it is brought in the New Testament, although its "effectual working" may be fairly regarded as having been, at so early a period, very nearly commensurate with its nominal diffusion, does not appear to have been made, except within narrow limits, and often under circumstances exceedingly suspicious,—and under what would appear to have been almost a *destiny* to speedy oblivion,—the subject of either written record, or very prevalent tradition.

On this point, however, a very little consideration may suffice to establish the conclusion, that there is much less reason for regret than what might, under the first impression of our surprise and disappointment, appear to be reasonable and becoming. And, as in other cases in which apparent loss turns out on fair examination, and still more on actual experience, to be in reality a positive advantage, this very early and somewhat abrupt *hiatus* in the succession of accredited materials for the earlier years of post-Apostolical Church history, so often and so gravely lamented, is, in one most important view of the whole case, rather a benefit than a calamity; and shows, plainly enough, how much more of advantage there may be to us, concealed in the negation of the things which we desiderate, than there is of wisdom exhibited in our vain utterances of regret at their absence. The means of information, as to the character and doings of very early Christianity, are scanty enough; so scanty as very naturally to suggest, to those who have any thing to gain thereby, no inconsiderable motives to the fabrication of all sorts of legends. But what then? This very dearth of authentic record as to the period in question, imposes upon us, in the outset of our inquiry, the very merciful and admirably protective necessity of learning our Christianity, if we would learn it wisely and well, from records which not only make us, with reference to that object, most happily independent of any other sources of instruction that might have appeared to be desirable, but which also place us, at once, and without any obligation to the task of any very long or difficult inquiry, in a clearer light and upon higher ground than we could reasonably hope to gain, or even to approach, by any historical records or doctrinal "developments," which a more recent but less demonstrably authenticated Christianity might proffer in their stead. Nothing more to our advantage, for the purpose of our study-

ing Christianity to good effect, could have been provided for us, than that we should thus be, as it were, shut up to the paramount excellence, as well as to the supreme authority, of the unambiguous and infallible "oracles of God."

There is another aspect of this matter, to which the following remarks of M. Bunsen are, *in part*, (as indicated by *Italics*) eminently pertinent:—

"Christianity," he says, "is a *history* and a philosophy. This it has, to a certain degree, in common with all religions, and, in particular, with those *founded upon written records*. But the peculiarity of Christianity is, that it alone possesses a *true historical basis*, whose character is neither mythical nor doubtful, but at once spotless and universal; and a true philosophical basis, the principles of which are identical with the intuitions of reason and conscience, to which they perpetually appeal, above all constitutional or ritual authorities and usages. The *historical basis of Christianity is the life of Christ and the teaching of His Apostles, as contained in Scripture*."—*Hippolytus and his Age*, vol. i., p. 303.

This being admitted, not only is it essential to the divine character and stability of Christianity, that its basal history, "as contained in Scripture," should be, as it is, so strictly true to fact as to involve nothing in the least degree mythical or doubtful. It is, farther, almost equally important, for the purpose of its being entirely free from the taint, or even the suspicion, of those imperfections, that such history should by some means, in the peculiarity of its intrinsic character and in the pre-eminence of its position, stand off distinctly apart from all other histories whatever. In short, to exhibit its full use and value as a "basis" for a fabric so important as that of Christianity, it was required that it should be so unmistakably isolated in its character, as to be incapable of being confounded with any history out of itself; and, at the same time, so clearly definite in its outline, that, throughout all time, it should be incapable of suffering any addition on one hand, or any abatement on the other, which might not, on a fair inspection of the original basis, be readily discovered.

The very simple and safe criterion established for that purpose is that of *divine inspiration*. The history of Christianity, as contained in Scripture, having been written under that sanction, is *sacred* history; while other histories of it, usually called "ecclesiastical," stand in the lower position of something intermediate between that which is sacred and that which is known by the somewhat uncourteous epithet of "pagan" or "profane." On one hand, from the similarity of their subject, they claim affinity to the former; but, on the other hand, the imperfections and errors which are almost inevitably incidental to them, stamp upon them a resemblance to the latter, immeasurably nearer

than that which they bear to the former. The *descent*, even as to style and spirit, which has been so often noted, in the compositions of the earliest and most esteemed of the "Fathers," as compared with those of their immediate predecessors, the writers of the New Testament, is sufficiently remarkable to strike the attention of the most heedless observer. The language is immediately, and even painfully, felt to be no longer that of a divine oracle,—"*vox hominem sonat.*" And he who wants a sure *historical* basis for his Christianity, must, for that purpose, go back beyond the "Fathers," to that "foundation of the Apostles and Prophets," of which "JESUS CHRIST Himself," not any "Vicar," either in heaven or on earth, is "the chief Corner-stone." The rather, because the descent, in point of *credibility*, from the Apostles and Evangelists of the New Testament, to other writers after them, is, in many cases, almost equally remarkable and monitory. In particular, like the profane histories, to which we have already stated them to bear, in some respects, so near a resemblance, the early annals of ecclesiastical history, in the form in which they have come down to us, abound in fables and legends, invented some centuries later than the periods to which they refer. And thus, though perhaps unintentionally on the part of the original authors or more recent inventors, we are intelligibly, though not expressly, warned, that, on leaving the divine record, we no longer walk on sacred, nor even on safe, ground. Dean Milman accordingly remarks, on his arriving at the date (A.D. 53) at which the Scripture history of St. Paul so suddenly breaks off, "We pass, at once, from the firm and solid ground of authentic and credible history upon the quaking and insecure footing of legendary tradition."

We have only to remember this divinely settled *ne plus ultra* as to the historical basis of our faith, and we are at once put upon our guard against the various additions, which, under the several forms of monasticism, papal supremacy, the power of absolution, indulgence by purchase or penance, and other innovations, have been, not *built upon*, but attempted to be *laid beside*, the scriptural basis of our holy religion, as being of equal authority with Scripture itself, and therefore an essential part of the entire foundation. There is an awkwardness in even seeming to supplement that which is divine, by human additions; and therefore the figure is changed, the facts remaining precisely the same. These *new* things—new, as not being "contained in Holy Scripture," and, some of them, not even in the earliest Christian history to be found after the latest date of the New Testament—are not "additions," but "developments," forsooth, of the *embryo*, or at the best *youthful*, Christianity (as it is assumed to be) of our Saviour and His Apostles. Tertullian well earned the distinction he enjoys in Latin Christianity for the large service which his notion of development enabled him

to render, in support of some of its nascent corruptions.* And Dr. Newman will, doubtless, hereafter "share the triumph and partake the gale," for having so well followed in his train. The "Protestantism" which he has repudiated, may hear, without any alarming emotion, that, in his judgment,† *it* "is not the Christianity of history;" whether by "history" he means the post-Tridentine, the mediæval, or the ante-Nicene records of the Church, after the close of the scriptural canon. At that point its "historical basis" is in a position of severance from all succeeding history. It refuses, therefore, and, to be consistent with itself, must needs refuse, to be tested, *absolutely*, by even the earliest of the three. It will not, as Dr. Newman assumes, "dispense with historical Christianity altogether." But neither will it consider history written under a divine inspiration, as being merely on a level with history not so authenticated. Moreover, independently of this indestructible distinction, between that which is sacred and that which is not, there is the fact, stated by Dean Milman, that, at the best,—

"Early Christianity cannot be justly estimated from its writers. The Greeks were mostly trained in the schools of philosophy, the Latins in the schools of rhetoric; and polemic treatises could not but form a great part of the earliest Christian literature."—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 58.

M. Bunsen also holds the idea of a gradual "development of Christian doctrine," and so regards it as a *part* of "the great miracle of the last fifteen hundred years, that the fundamental records and ideas of Christianity have been saved and, although very imperfectly, developed and preserved for future development in the whole of Christendom, as it exists at present, in the East and in the West." We are not prepared to agree with him entirely in all the views which he expresses on this subject. But at present, with particular reference to Latin Christianity, we shall only say, that he differs from Dr. Newman and from the Romanists in general, on the important question of the *locus* of the *developing authority*. This authority Dr. Newman supposes to be vested in the infallibility of the Church in continuance.‡ M. Bunsen places it in "the universal conscience," which he assumes to be "God's highest interpreter." Only, he will have it distinctly understood, that "the Divine Spirit is infused into the universality of the human conscience, which," says he, "is identical with the God-fearing and God-loving reason, and answers, in those sublime regions, to what, in things connected with the visible world, is called 'common sense.'"§ And, further, against the pretensions of all

* *De Virginibus Velandis*, cap. i.

† "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," pp. 5, 6.

‡ *Ibid.*, chap. ii., sect. 2.

§ "Hippolytus and his Age," vol. i., pp. 409, 410.

ecclesiastical formularies to be rules of faith, he limits his assent to the condition of their "clear concordance, not only with Scripture, but also the earlier Fathers and Decrees."*

In histories bordering on early antiquity, a scarcity of facts is usually compensated by a commensurate abundance of legend and fiction. And that the general history of early Christianity is not wholly an exception to that practice, is a fact familiarly known, though often tardily admitted. Dean Milman, however, puts in a demurrer in favour of Rome, when he says, "that the mythic or imaginative spirit of early Christianity has either respected, or was not tempted to indulge its creative faculty by the primitive annals of Rome." This statement takes us somewhat by surprise, as we have always held to the general persuasion, that, to do justice to herself, the Church of Rome should add to the other illustrations, in which she glories, of the analogy subsisting between the ancient Pagan and the modern Papal city, that the early history of *both* is somewhat fabulous and legendary. Our surprise, however, at the Dean's compliment to Rome, on the score of her freedom at the outset from a mythical and imaginative spirit, is turned into amusement, when we perceive that, after all, it is simply a compliment paid to her gravity, or to her *wit*, at the expense of her *honesty*. For, in the very same paragraph,—to say nothing of "the embellishment, if not the invention, of St Peter's Pontificate, his conflict with Simon Magus in the presence of the Emperor, and the circumstance of his martyrdom," of which the Dean would appear to make small account,—we read of "spurious decrees and epistles inscribed, centuries later, with their names," and of "martyrdoms ascribed with the same lavish reverence to those who lived under the mildest of Emperors, as well as those (who lived) under the most merciless persecutors." We read, also, on the very same page, of the "worthlessness of the traditions" on which a certain "list of Popes" was composed, and of the weakness, or rather the utter destruction, of the authority of "all the old Roman martyrologies."†

The Dean yet farther makes it appear that if the Church of Rome was ever, in her earlier history, innocent of imagination and myth, yet by the time that Latin Christianity was beginning to assume a separate and independent condition, she had either caught that soft infection, or had greatly improved in her art of lying invention. For, with reference to that time, he observes:—

"Sylvester (Pope, A.D. 314) has become a kind of hero of religious fable. But it was not so much the genuine mythic spirit which unconsciously transmutes history into legend; it was rather deliberate

* "Hippolytus and his Age," vol. i., p. 412.

† "Latin Christianity," vol. i., pp. 22, 23.

invention, with a specific aim and design, which, in direct defiance of history, accelerated the baptism of Constantine, and sanctified a porphyry vessel as appropriated to, or connected with, that holy use; and, at a later period, produced the monstrous fable of the Donation,—a forgery as clumsy as audacious.”—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 56, 57.

And if she was slow in contracting what the Dean would consider the comparatively venial fault of *mythical* invention, she acquired it most thoroughly at last. For, as he says, “at the height of the Middle Ages, Christian mythology was as much a part of Latin Christianity as the primal truths of the Gospel.”* Observant of these blemishes in the post-Apostolic histories of Christianity, but not equally observant, or less reverent, of the higher character and claims of the earlier and *sacred* history of the New Testament, or ignoring those claims altogether, and confounding all distinctions between “the precious and the vile,” writers of the class now represented by the school of Tübingen have attributed to *that* history, also, a character so largely mythical and legendary, as to leave to Christianity no better “historical basis” than that of a fable or a dream, or what Dean Milman calls “a historical impossibility.”

We wish them joy of the conclusion upon which their reasoning has landed them, and proceed to remark that such histories as we have of times subsequent to those of the Apostles, so far as they are to be trusted, possess the value which is common to all true history, enhanced by the peculiar interest which necessarily attaches to them from their intimate relation to the sublime and sacred subject which equally underlies them all; although, since “Christianity has more faithfully recorded her dissensions than her conquests,” it may not often, in its genuine character, display itself upon the surface. A “Universal History” of Christianity, however, even though limited to the most notorious of its *external* manifestations, is, like a universal or very comprehensive secular history, a work of which the various parts cannot, without a damaging compression and confusion, be made to go abreast, or *pari passu*, even in a tabulated form, to any considerable distance. Hence, most ecclesiastical writers, soon after passing from the Scriptural records to the literary and documentary remains of later ages, find themselves compelled to parcel out their work into “divisions” and “chapters” on distinct subjects, often so numerous as to render the observance of historical continuity, at least in the minds of their readers, a task even more difficult than that which Julius Cæsar is said to have been in the habit of accomplishing,—the task of reading, writing, and dictating, at one and the same time,—or, at the

* “Latin Christianity,” vol. i., p. 466.

least, as tedious as that of plaiting, by hand, a great number of cords into one uniform thread. Otherwise, they contract their scope, and select some portion of the general subject for separate and—saving a moderate amount of occasional indulgence in digression and episode—continuous consideration. And so Dean Milman, after having woven, out of innumerable details, a history of Christianity at large, to the extent of *four* centuries, finds it convenient, for the present, to restrict himself to such matters as belong, directly or indirectly, to *LATIN* Christianity. It will, no doubt, be generally satisfactory, that he has thus facilitated, to himself, and still more to his readers, who are even more concerned than himself to consider “*quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent*,” the task of mastering the leading points in the religious history of the Middle Ages. For, as he justly observes, “the great event in the history of our religion and of mankind, during many centuries,” (after the concluding date of the last of his three preceding volumes,) “is the development and domination of *LATIN CHRISTIANITY*.”

In this division of the general subject of Christianity into Greek, and Latin, and—as he now proposes—Teutonic Christianity, the appellation of “Catholic,” as expressive of what belongs to an all-comprehending and visible Unity of “all who profess and call themselves Christians,” is very quietly, but for that reason most emphatically, ignored. The Christianity of which “the Roman Pontificate is the centre,”—would the Dean only adhere, as surely he might have done, to the terms of his own choice,—is no longer, with the implied consent or connivance of general Christendom, to flaunt in the arrogant and false distinction which it has assumed, as though it were *Catholic* Christianity. It is to be simply “Latin,” from its well-known historical connexion with that language; just as the Christianity, of which Constantinople was so long the reputed centre, and the Christianity, which at so early a period found a home amidst the wilderness of nations and tribes northward of Italy, have received the names of Greek and Teutonic Christianity, from the language which in each of these two cases, respectively, was sanctified by Christianity, as the depository of its holy mysteries, and the channel of its heavenly teaching. There is, indeed, a Catholic or Universal Church, and therefore a Universal Christianity. But to assert that the Unity implied in the conjunction of these terms is, and must be, a *visible* Unity, is, in a word, to give the lie to all Church history, both Greek and Latin, from a date almost immediately sequent on the Apostolic age. And neither Greek, nor Latin, nor Teutonic Christianity, nor all of them together, can be *Catholic* Christianity, any more than a part of any thing can be equal to the whole. It thus appears that the palmary argument for *one* visible ecclesiastical head of Christianity as the Body of Christ on earth, resting, as

it does, upon the assumption of an actually *visible Unity*—which yet, excepting for a very short period after the rise of Christianity, never has been seen!—turns out to be a mere imagination, or, rather, an invention, to serve the mere purpose of bolstering up a system, which cannot stand without it, but which, in the judgment of its interested votaries, despite of the facts of uncontested history, and all the power of arguments unanswered, must at all hazards be maintained.

With respect to Dean Milman's limitation of his subject, it should also be borne in mind, that (according to an intimation given in what may now be called his Introduction to the present work) while, in writing the History of Christianity, it is not his intention to decline altogether the examination of religious doctrines, with their development and variations, his "*leading object* is, to trace the *effect* of Christianity on the individual and social happiness of man; its influence on the laws and institutions, the opinions, the manners, and even the arts and literature of the Christian world;" and, with a view to this object, to write "as a historian, rather than as a religious instructor." He has chosen this particular course, the rather because he is of opinion that "nothing acts so extensively, even though perhaps indirectly, on the formation of religious opinions, and on the speculative and practical belief or rejection of Christianity, as the notions that we entertain of its influence on the history of man, and its relation to human happiness and social improvement;" and because, moreover, he believes that, in so doing, he "enters upon ground not pre-occupied by any writer of established authority, at least in this country."* He has thus adopted an intelligible rule in the selection and treatment of his topics, which will serve equally to explain his *omission* of some things usually to be found in works on ecclesiastical history, and his *insertion* of others, of which there is elsewhere, in connexion with that subject, little or no mention. And it is this *peculiarity of the object* aimed at by the Dean, throughout the entire work, and the new abridgment of his scope to the particular field of Latin Christianity, which constitute, in conjunction, the distinctive character of the three volumes of his History now more immediately before us.

So long as Christianity, on its expansion from Judea and the countries immediately round it into the Heathenism beyond them, could be considered to be Catholic, in the sense of its possessing something like a visible unity, and for many years afterwards, that is, for a considerable part of the first three centuries, the Dean very clearly shows it to have been scarcely at all a Latin,—much less a Roman,—but, with comparatively few exceptions, a *Greek*, Christianity.

* "History of Christianity," vol. i., pp. vi., vii., 47-50.

"Their language was Greek, their organization Greek, their writers Greek, their Scriptures Greek; and many vestiges and traditions show that their ritual, their Liturgy, was Greek. Through Greek the communication of the Churches of Rome and the West was constantly kept up with the East; and through Greek every heresiarch propagated his peculiar doctrines. The Greek Old Testament was read in the synagogues of the foreign Jews. The Churches, formed sometimes on the foundation, to a certain extent on the model, of the synagogues, would adhere, for some time, no doubt, to their language. The Gospels and the Apostolic writings, so soon as they became part of the public worship, would be read, as the Septuagint was, in their original tongue. All the Christian extant writings, which appeared in Rome and in the West, are Greek, or were originally Greek; the Epistles of Clement, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Clementine Recognitions and Homilies, the Works of Justin Martyr, down to Caius and Hippolytus, the author of the 'Refutation of all Heresies.' The Octavius of Minucius Felix, and the Treatise of Novatian on the Trinity, are the earliest known works of Latin Christianity which came from Rome. In Gaul, the first Christians were settled chiefly in the Greek cities, which owned Marseilles as their parent, and retained the use of Greek as their vernacular tongue. Irenæus wrote in Greek; the account of the martyrs of Lyons and Vienna is in Greek. Vestiges of the old Greek ritual long survived, not only in Rome, but also in some of the Gallic Churches. The *Kyrie eleison* still lingers in the Latin service." — *Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 27–29.

It is not easy—rather, it is impossible—to determine, with any thing approaching to absolute exactness, the period at which that which had previously been wholly Greek, or very nearly so, began to exhibit, in the Western Churches of Africa and Europe, its new *phase*, as Latin (not, even yet, Roman) Christianity. The Dean observes, that "in Africa Latin Christianity *began* to take its proper form in the writings of Tertullian."^{*} But he has elsewhere assigned ingenious and fair reasons in favour of the conclusion, that, on the whole, the Decian persecution (A.D. 250) may be considered as having been its "birth-epoch," and "Cyprian its true parent," about, or soon after, the time when Hippolytus, the Bishop of Porto, unconscious of the imminent or actual change in the name, and position, and language of Western Christianity, was writing his "Refutation of all Heresies" in Greek, as being still to a considerable extent, in his own neighbourhood at least, the classical or rather the current language, not only of the *literati* and ecclesiastics, but also of the general Christian community, in the Western as well as in the Eastern world. It is rather an odd discrepancy, that the Dean should afterwards assert, that "Jerome's promulgation of the Vulgate Bible was his great and indefeasible title to the appellation of 'Father of the Latin Church;'"[†] and a discrepancy still more strange, that he should elsewhere inform us, *totidem*

* "History of Latin Christianity," vol. i., p. 36.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 74.

verbis, that his great and indefeasible title to the appellation of "Father of Latin Christianity" was the *extension* of *monasticism*. However the question of paternity in this case may be settled, as between Tertullian, Cyprian, and Jerome, it should be remembered that Carthage, of which Cyprian was Bishop, with other places in Northern Africa, to the west of Cyrenaica, were among the exceptions to the general prevalence of the Greek language; and that Latin was the language *he* employed in writing, as it had been employed for the same purpose by Tertullian half a century before, though the latter wrote sometimes also in Greek.

But the time had arrived when what had been the exception, as to the language generally used in the Western Churches, should become the rule. The sympathy already created between Rome and Carthage by commercial intercourse,* was now heightened, in the case of the Christians of both cities, by their profession of a common faith, exposing them, as the objects of imperial persecution, to common sufferings and perils; and also by the mutual interchange of counsel and protection, each of them being, in turn, a friendly asylum to refugees from the other. Concurrent with these circumstances of reciprocal attraction, there was on both sides a growing tendency to the adoption of a common language, the Latin being in the course of re-assuming its ascendancy at Rome, whilst, at the same time, it was displacing the old Punic from Carthage.

It will, however, be seen that the connexion thus cemented between the ecclesiastical authorities of the two cities, implied no claim, on either side, to a superior title or a predominant authority. The Carthaginian Bishop of that day was not, indeed, when indulging the visions of his Utopian theory on the subject of Church Unity, unwilling to place St. Peter at the head of the college of co-equal Apostles, as being *primus inter pares*, on the condition of its being admitted that the Bishops inherited from them co-equal dignity. He would even admit the Romish Bishop to be, in *that* character, the successor of Peter, not on the ground of *lineal* succession,—though the succession of the Bishop of Rome was now, according to Dean Milman, "an accredited tradition,"†—but simply in deference to Rome, as being at that time the imperial city. But, withal, he would address the said Bishop as his *colleague*, (*collega noster*),‡ and as *co-Bishop* (*co-Episcopus*)§ with himself and other Bishops, himself being so addressed in return. And, should he misbehave himself, as his reputed predecessor did sometimes, the gentle "Cyprian con-

* "The intercourse between Carthage and Rome, on account of the corn-trade alone, was probably more regular and rapid, than with any other part of the empire, *mutatis mutandis*, like that between Marseilles and Algeria."—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 47.

† Why a *tradition* only? but that, even at that time, there were no written or authentic *records* to establish the succession.

‡ *Cyprian. Epist.*, pp. 48, 68.

§ *Id.*, *Epist.*, p. 67.

fronts him, not only as an equal, but—strong in the concurrence of the East and of Alexandria,” and of a considerable number of the European Churches *—“as his superior, too;”† much in the same spirit, we may presume, as that in which St. Paul “withstood to the face” the Bishop’s vaunted prototype, “because he was to be blamed.” In such cases,—

“The primacy of Peter has lost its authority. He condemns the perverseness, obstinacy, contumacy of Stephen. He promulgates, in Latin, a letter of Firmilian, Bishop of the Cappadocian Cæsarea, still more unmeasured in its censures. Firmilian denounces the audacity, the insolence, of Stephen; scoffs at his boasted descent from St. Peter; declares that, by his sin, he has excommunicated himself: he is the schismatic, the apostate from the unity of the Church. A solemn Council of eighty-seven Bishops, assembled at Carthage, under Cyprian, asserted the independent judgment of the African Churches, repudiated the title of ‘Bishop of Bishops,’ or the arbitrary dictation of one Bishop to Christendom.”‡—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 53.

These statements are sustained, as is well known, by the highest historical authority. And the events to which they refer were such as, at the time of their occurrence, to shake *that* Christianity of which “the Pontificate of Rome was the centre,” to its very foundation.§ In reference to that Pontificate, with a gravity so solemn as to be almost ludicrous in this particular case, Dr. Wiseman says, “The authority of Peter must have been intended to be perpetual in Christianity, because we find that, from the earliest ages, *ALL acknowledged it* to exist in his successors, as their *inherent right*. Pope Clement examined and corrected the abuses of the Church of Corinth; Victor, those of Ephesus; STEPHEN, *those of Africa*.”|| The facts stated by Dean Milman would have been better disposed of long ago, had they not been too stubborn for dismissal.¶ Baronius himself does not question them. He simply says, that Firmilian wrote his letter

* Routh’s *Reliq. Sacr.*, vol. iii., p. 168.

† “History of Latin Christianity,” vol. i., pp. 52, 53.

‡ Dupin inserted these words in his History, to buffet the Pope by the hand of Cyprian.

§ “*Tam magna, tamque potens ac valida fuit tentatio hæc in Ecclesiâ, ut veluti quodam vehementissimo turbine, etsi non prostrate omnino, magnoperè certè exagitata et quassata fuerint altissimæ atque firmissimæ Ecclesiæ turres, quæ inconcussæ olim tot persecutionum impetus pertulissent, et ad se confugientium factæ causa salutis essent; tunc enim toto Catholico orbe, subitâ ac improvisâ quâdam tempestate concusso, de Ecclesiæ Africanæ ruinâ potissimum mirum in modum trepidatum est.*”—Baron. *Annal.*, A.D. 258, c. xiv.

|| “Lectures on the principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church. By N. Wiseman, D.D. Second Edition,” p. 281.

¶ “The attempt made by Raymond Missorius (A.D. 1733) to get rid of the Acts of the Carthaginian Council, of all Cyprian’s Letters on the subject of Baptism, and of the celebrated Letter of Firmilian to Cyprian, as being a bundle of forgeries, has long ago become a subject for ridicule, rather than argument, even with Romanists themselves.”—Routh, *Reliquiæ Sacræ*, vol. iii., p. 151.

under an extraordinary excitement, and afterwards recanted; that the African Bishops, who had taken part with Cyprian in the proceedings of the Council above-mentioned, soon afterwards adopted conclusions contrary to their former ones; and that, as to Cyprian himself, he either never entertained the opinions expressed in the letter under his name, (assumed of course to be a forgery,) or that *he* also recanted, and was reconciled to the Romish communion. But for none of these statements, excepting the second, does this historical champion of that communion offer historical proof. The recantation of Firmilian is a fancy. Of the counter resolutions of the Bishops, something might be said, if our time and space permitted us to enter into it. But, as to the case of Cyprian, in particular, Augustine (whose authority is cited by Baronius with great respect) admits expressly, that "it does not appear (*non invenitur*) that he ever corrected his opinion." And accordingly he contents himself with arguing, that "it is consistent with his character to suppose that such correction was made, and that the fact of such correction is placed beyond all reasonable doubt, by the perpetuated celebration of his birth-day, in the Western as well as in the Eastern Churches." *

In farther illustration of the true state of the question of ecclesiastical supremacy in the time of Cyprian, it may be observed, that although the Churches of those parts of Gaul and Spain, in which Latin Christianity was beginning to prevail more extensively, might have been expected, from their geographical position, to refer their grievances and difficulties to Rome rather than to Carthage; yet from Arles in Transalpine Gaul, and from Leon and Astorga in the North of Spain, there were appeals made to Cyprian as well as to Stephen, as Bishops holding, each in his own province,—not *de jure*, but "*pro honore communi et simplice dilectione*,"†—"a concurrent primacy." In the case last mentioned, the appeal was to Carthage *against* Rome. And it ended in a hint to Stephen of the weakness into which he had been drawn, in having allowed himself to be imposed upon by an unworthy suitor, and in an exhortation to the Spaniards, on the part of Cyprian and his Synod, to adhere to the Bishops of their own selection,—the imperious dictation of Stephen to the contrary notwithstanding. It would gratify curiosity, and help the truth, if one might be permitted to know what was the practical issue of the conflicting decisions of Cyprian and Stephen. But curiosity must here satisfy itself with probable conjecture, as it very easily may. For Baronius informs us that, at the time when he wrote, "through the loss of manuscripts, (*scriptorum jacturá*,) no record remained of what followed."‡

* *Baron. Annal.*, A.D. 258, ec. l., li.

† These latter words are used by Cyprian in one of his Letters to Stephen.

‡ *Baron. Annal.*, A.D. 258, c. v.

A little more than half a century afterwards, the removal of the seat of empire from the Tiber to the Bosphorus consummated, not all at once, but in its closely-following results, the separation of Greek and Latin Christianity. And it is from this point that the History of Latin Christianity, as being *formally distinct from Greek*, properly begins. For this distinction, as well as for the farther distinction more recently introduced, by the adoption of the appellation *Teutonic*, reason is furnished, not only by the facts of history, but also by the philosophy of human nature. To some extent, not altogether,—as the *quasi*-sublimated materialism of these times would teach,—man is the creature of circumstances. As to his *physical* constitution, indeed, the ultimate conclusion to which we are conducted by the legitimate inductions of scientific ethnology, as well as by the oracles of God, is that “God has made of one blood all nations of men,” and that “He fashioneth their hearts alike.” And that which constitutes the *essence* of his nature, *as man*, can no more be altered, than it can be destroyed, by any power save that by which man was created and fashioned at the first. Still the *phenomenal* aspects of humanity are seen to be almost as various as the circumstances under which it exists. In like manner, the Christianity which is commissioned with a “power from on high,” to baptize all nations into one name, and, as to *essentials*, into one faith, is, in its inherent and characteristic nature, one and the same thing, wherever it is found. But the external indications of its working are modified, to some extent, by the strong force of circumstances. And the result has been the exhibition of “*varieties*” in Christianity (so called), almost as numerous as those which characterize the ethnological divisions and sub-divisions of our race. “At every period, much more is to be attributed to the circumstances of the age, to the collective operation of certain principles which grew out of the events of the time, than to the intentional or accidental influence of any individual or class of men. And to all these modifications Christianity necessarily (?) submitted.”*

On a general comparison of the earlier manifestations of what was distinctive in the character and tendencies of Greek and Latin Christianity, respectively, the action of this law of circumstances is found to be remarkably exemplified, almost as much in some of those points in which they were agreed, as in those in which they differed from each other. And it is particularly seen in the *oscillations* of opinion and practice, which distinguish certain periods of their history. The *disturbing forces*, by which the regularity and constancy of their profession and procedure were sometimes so strangely affected, are to be found in the controlling interference of fluctuating circum-

* “History of Christianity,” vol. i., pp. 49, 50.

stances with the unequal power of a corrupted and proportionably enfeebled Christianity.

Let us take, for example, some of the points in which they differed from each other. In the East, scarcely were the Syrian and other Asiatic Churches from under the fostering care of their founders, the Apostles, or the Evangelists and Pastors who were their fellow-labourers or immediate successors, when, in addition to the hostility every where experienced from an effete and yet slowly-expiring Judaism, those Churches were brought into contact with the Gnosticism of the vicinities in which they were established. Degenerate successors of the "wise men from the East," who "came to Jerusalem," at the commencement of the century then waning to its close, the hierophants of that undefinable medley of mystery and moonshine, under the insidious mask of a pretended veneration, and chiefly for the purpose of promoting the credit and aggrandizement of their own system, courted the notice of the yet nascent Christianity, and drew away disciples after them. Very soon afterwards, if not at the same time, a resuscitated Orientalism, fresh from the remoter East, and now rendered more attractive by its combination with the Greek philosophy so much in vogue, tried its fascination on the new power which was to make its wisdom foolish, and to turn the world upside down; and this it did with such effect as to be successful in infusing much of its own character into a system, to which, nevertheless, it bore no legitimate affinity, either in its form or in its spirit, and with which, therefore, it could have nothing more than a simulated sympathy,—except upon the *modest* understanding that Plato and Manes should be allowed to take rank with, or even precedence, not of Apostles and Prophets only, but also of Him who spake as never man spake, before or since. Plato, at least, we are willing to believe, would in this matter have been wiser and more reverent than either his Alexandrian or Asiatic disciples of that day. And, generally, from the circumstance of its having its existence, as it were, in an atmosphere of philosophical and mystical quiddities, and in the midst of a people passionately prone to speculation on all subjects, however difficult or sacred, the spirit of Greek Christianity, as it appears from the records of Church history, was from an early date insatiably inquisitive and disputatious. For the same reason, it was scrupulous of hair-breadth exactness, and often equally adventurous in search of it; even where, from the very nature of the questions at issue, such exactness was scarcely possible, and the attempt to reach it might border on the profane. With the knowledge of this *idiosyncrasy* in the habits of Greek Christianity, no one is surprised to learn that the Trinitarian controversy had Alexandria for its birth-place; and that, together with the whole brood of other controversies, of which it was the parent or the nurse, it

had the whole field of the Oriental Church, not only at the beginning, but for centuries afterwards, as its "*proper theatre*."*

The commencement and earlier growth of the Western Churches took place under circumstances considerably different from those which influenced the character and fortunes of those in the East. In addition to their being "made of sterner stuff," and therefore less easily convertible into tinder or charcoal, the Gnosticism of Asia, and even that of Alexandria, was too remote to exert any very powerful influence, in the early youth of Christianity, on persons so little predisposed, by circumstances or established habit, to abstruse and barren speculations, as they were at that time. It was, therefore, comparatively little known, and still less cared for, except as general rumour, or the occasional appeals of conflicting disputants, burning under the smart of reciprocal anathemas, "forced it on their attention." It was in the way last mentioned, that the system of welding Gnosticism into Christianity, in its more finished and plausible form, was brought by Valentinus and Cerdon to Rome, (A.D. 140,) at that time still imperial in its secular position, and on that account, in connexion with its continued use of the Greek language, "the natural and inevitable centre of Christianity." For,—

"In Rome," says the Dean, "every feud which distracted the infant community, reached its height; no where do the Judaizing tenets seem to have been more obstinate, or to have held so long and stubborn a conflict with more full and genuine Christianity. In Rome, every heresy, almost every heresiarch, found welcome reception. All new opinions, all attempts to harmonize Christianity with the tenets of the Greek philosophers, with the Oriental religions, the Cosmogonies, the Theophanies, and Mysteries of the East, were boldly agitated, either by the authors of the Gnostic systems, or by their disciples."—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 31, 32.

But the agitation thus created and maintained at this "inevitable centre of Christianity," was but little felt in any other parts of its wide circle, save those from or through which the materials of that agitation had been imported. The representation given of this wondrous city, as to the character which it acquired, in connexion with early Christianity, by the perpetual influx of corruptions and controversies from the East, strongly reminds us of the "*Græcam Urbem*" and the "*Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes*" of Juvenal,† or of his friend Umbricius, about half a century before; the difference being chiefly this,—that the earlier description applies to

* Neander's "Church History," vol. iv., p. 109.

† Sat. iii., vv. 71–73.

"I cannot, Romans, this *Greek Town* abide;

Nor's all Greek filth, for long since with the tide

To Tiber Syrian Orontes flow'd."—*Stapylton's Translation*.

morals, and the latter to theology. Indeed, the Dean's description would almost warrant its being said, that Rome was at the period in question a sort of *sentina*, retaining within itself and absorbing, to the extent of its capacity, the heresies that swept into it from every quarter, and having in reality but little overflow. There is, perhaps, a little poetry in the description, after all; but it is quite true, that "the Christianity of Africa had no sympathy with the dreamy and speculative disposition of the East, and therefore very naturally repudiated, with an instinctive distaste, the wild impersonations and daring cosmogonies which flourished there." And, generally, heresies which might win some degree of favour at Rome,—as the Popes at that time of day neither were infallible, nor even assumed to be so,—nevertheless, in provinces near to Rome, and much more in provinces at a remoter distance, would succeed or fail, just as they might chance to harmonize with the prepossessions, or the prejudices, of those to whose acceptance they were offered. And even in Europe, at a time when, according to Burton,* "the Gnostics had already established themselves at Rome, were making havoc in the Church,"—if one might only give entire credit to the testimony of Hegesippus on the subject, as cited by Eusebius,†—there was a "uniformity of faith" in all the cities visited by Polycarp on his way from Smyrna to Rome. Facts, apparently inconsiderable in themselves, are often of great value in connexion with history. So here, the facts just stated serve to prove, that although Rome might be at this time the *geometrical* or *geographical* centre, yet she was neither the *living heart* nor the *ruling head* of even Latin Christianity.

A similar regard to difference in antecedent and existing circumstances will explain the reason why, though under equal obligation to conserve the basis of their common Christianity, yet, even upon points which they would equally admit to be essential to the integrity of that basis, the Eastern and Western Churches respectively should, on comparison, appear to have been so differently affected as they were by the controversies which were generated thereupon. This difference, especially in regard to the interest excited on the subject of the Trinitarian and Pelagian controversies, is so striking, as to have compelled the attention of almost all ecclesiastical historians. And it is to be accounted for partly, perhaps, from the division which, previously to the occurrence of these controversies,—or almost contemporaneously with the commencement of the first of them,—had taken place between the Christianity of the

* Works, vol. v., pp. 124, 125.

† "Ecclesiastical History," lib. iv., cap. 22.

East and that of the West; but, principally, from difference in existing circumstances, and in tastes and tendencies previously generated, and confirmed by habit in each case respectively. From circumstances existing at the time, and as the result of inveterate habit, "Greek Christianity was *speculative*; Latin, practical." Accordingly,—

"Throughout the religious and civil wars which, almost simultaneously with the conversion of Constantine, distracted the Christian world, the Bishops of Rome and the West stood aloof in unimpassioned equanimity; they were drawn into the Trinitarian controversy, rather than embarked in it by their own ardent zeal. So long as Greek Christianity predominated in Rome, so long had the Church been divided by Greek doctrinal controversy. There the early disputes about the Divinity of the Saviour had found ready audience. But Latin Christianity, as it grew to predominance in Rome, seemed to shrink from these foreign questions, or rather, to abandon them for others more congenial. The Quarto-Deciman controversy related to the establishment of a common law of Christendom, as to the time of keeping her great festival. So, in Novatianism, the re-admission of apostates into the outward privileges of the Church, the kindred dispute respecting the re-baptism of heretics, were constitutional points, which related to the ecclesiastical polity. Donatism turned on the legitimate succession of the African Bishops.....The Trinitarian controversy was an Eastern question. It began in Alexandria; invaded the Syrian cities; was ready, from its foundation, to disturb the Churches and people the streets of Constantinople with contending factions. Until taken up by the fierce and busy heterodoxy of Constantius, when sole Emperor, it chiefly agitated the East. The Asiatic Nicea was the seat of the Council; all, but a very few, of the three hundred and twenty Bishops who formed the Council, were from Asiatic or Egyptian sees. There were two Presbyters only to represent the Bishop of Rome."—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 60.

But Alexandria and Constantinople were the places where these controversies raged with the fiercest intensity; and a very narrow *ellipsis*, with these places as its *foci*, would include nearly all the other places which were seriously affected by them. And, further, supposing such ellipse to be drawn, the well-known property of the ellipse—that all rays from either *focus* are reflected from all parts of the circumference to the other—has its analogy in the fact, that controversies commenced in Alexandria, were sure to be propagated to Constantinople, and *vice versâ*; the whole area of this "proper field" of controversy being pervaded meanwhile with reflexions, carrying with them *heat* rather than light, by a perpetual radiation.

At a period somewhat later, the comparative quiet of the Western Churches on doctrinal subjects was interrupted by the outbreak of the Pelagian controversy, which, turning on

the *practical* question of the springs of human action, and the conditions and *modus operandi* of individual salvation, engaged their warmest interest. The Eastern Churches, meanwhile, took little or no share in it, having still on hand unexhausted materials for controversies more congenial to their taste, because more purely speculative, on points connected with the mysteries of the Godhead, and the Person of Christ. The whole Christianity of Western Africa rejected, with an almost instinctive repugnance, the colder and more philosophic reasonings of Pelagius; and, under the leadership of Augustine, as their great oracle and hero, its Churches threw themselves into the controversy with their characteristic impetuosity and ardour. But, in contrast to all this, in the East the glowing writings of Augustine were not understood, probably not known. Or, if they were, yet his "predestinarian notions," even with the attractive charm of the metaphysical speculations to which they have so close an affinity, "never seem to have been congenial to the Christianity of the Greeks;" and neither Constantinople nor Alexandria took any interest in these questions. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact, and one signally illustrative of the characteristic difference existing, *ab initio*, between Greek and Latin Christianity, that, of the two great ecclesiastical controversies in the first four centuries, each should have had its own heroes and its peculiar battle-field; the Eastern and the Western Churches taking, separately and by reciprocal turns, the different parts of champions and spectators. But so it was. The Pelagian controversy, mainly in the hands of Western disputants, was carried on in a spirit equally earnest, and sometimes by means equally objectionable, with those which marked the earlier controversy on the subject of the Trinity. But, as in the former case, so in the latter, the sympathy with what was going on, was almost wholly restricted to that *half* of the general Church, still reputed, nevertheless, to be one and indivisible, in which the controversy had originated. While the East stood aloof, serene and unimpassioned, throughout the Pelagian controversy, the Nestorian controversy, which, with its kindred controversies, involved the whole East in a continual flame, and made the settlement of the dogmatic system of the Church a strife of two centuries, was contemplated by Latin Christianity with a retaliatory indifference; and, like several other Eastern feuds, made so little progress in the West, as scarcely to disturb the equanimity of even Rome itself.

"While Council after Council promulgated, reversed, re-enacted their conflicting decrees; while separate and hostile communities were formed in every region of the East, and the fears of persecuted Nestorianism, stronger than religious zeal, penetrated for refuge remote countries into which Christianity had not yet found its way,

in the West there was no Nestorian or Eutychian sect. Some Councils condemned, but with hardly an audible remonstrance, their uncongenial heresies; the doctrines are condemned, but there appears no body of heretics whom it is thought necessary to strike with the anathema. The Bishop of Rome, unembarrassed with the intricacies of the question, which had no temptation for his more practical understanding, with the whole West participating in his comparative apathy, could sit at a distance, a tranquil arbiter, and interfere only when he saw his own advantage, or when all parties, exasperated or wearied out, gladly submitted to any foreign and unpledged judgment."—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 137, 138.

Again, the difference in the characteristic features which, on its introduction into the system of external Christianity, Monasticism exhibited in the East and in the West, respectively, finds its explanation, to a great extent, in local circumstances, both contemporaneous and historical. In its principle as a system of religious, and not merely philosophical, asceticism, it had its origin in the remotest East. But in its expansion westward, it was already spreading its insidious and bewitching leaven in Egypt and its vicinity at least, if not also in Palestine and Syria, when Christ appeared. The Eastern Churches were thus the earliest to be affected by it. The origin of asceticism, and especially of that species of it which may be called "monasticism proper," as connected with Christianity, is referred by Dean Milman and others to the fourth century. But if Ricaut is to be credited, Eremites, at least of Christian, as well as of other names, were to be found in considerable numbers at a much earlier period. Speaking of Mount Athos, he observes that,—

"Though St. Basil was the first author and founder of the order of *Greek* monks, so that before his time there could be none who professed the strict way of living in convents and religious societies, I mean in Greece; yet certainly, before this time, the convenience of the place, and the situation thereof, might invite *Hermites*, and persons delighted in solitary devotions, of which the world, in the *first* and *second* century, did abound."*

At all events, according to Sozomen,† towards the close of the third century, there were thousands of *monks* in Egypt and its vicinity, rivalled in numbers by the monks of Palestine, Syria, and the adjoining countries; and numerous monasteries had already been established in all these places.‡ Whereas it was not until the time of Athanasius and Jerome,

* "Present State of the Greek and Armenian Churches," (A.D. 1678,) p. 218.

† "Ecclesiastical History," lib. vi., cap. 43.

‡ "Aones, according to Sozomen, was reputed to have been the first who led a monastic life in Mesopotamia. And, as though he would make his own virtues doubly illustrious by contrast with the less (?) saintly of Old Testament worthies, the place selected as the *home*, so to speak, of his *celibate* virtues, was no other than the *Padan* of old, where Jacob made Rachel his wife!"—*Ecclesiastical History*, lib. vi., cap. 33.

that is, about a century later, that Cœnobite monasticism was adopted in Central and Western Europe, or even in Western Africa, to such extent as to have attracted the attention of ecclesiastical writers. This appears from Tertullian, who, writing in the second century, and specially representing the Western Churches, says, "We are no Brahmins, or Indian Gymnosophists, no dwellers in the woods, no recluses retired from the haunts of men."*

Moreover, the monasticism of the Churches of the East affected a severity in its discipline more nearly resembling the original type, than did that of the less mystic and more practical Western Churches. It were, perhaps, too much out of harmony with Dean Milman's estimate of Latin Christianity, and not quite consistent with the facts of the case as to its *earlier* history, to say with Jortin, that "the difference between the Eastern and Western monks was, that the first were usually the greater fools, and the latter the greater knaves."† But the monasticism of the latter—

"Was practical more than speculative; it looked more to the performance of rigid duty, the observance of an austere ritual, the alternation of severe toil with the recitation of certain sacred offices, or the reading appointed portions of books, than to dreamy indolence and meditative silence, only broken by the discussion of controverted points of theology. It partook of that comparative disinclination to the more subtle religious controversy, which distinguished Roman from Greek and Oriental Christendom; and, excepting the school of semi-Pelagianism propagated by the Oriental Cassianus, among the monasteries in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, the monasteries were the seats of submissive, un-inquiring," and—the Dean might have added—purblind and gloomy, "orthodoxy."—Vol. i., pp. 409, 410.

As to external austerities, it is not strictly in accordance, either with historical truth, or with the Dean's own statements elsewhere, to say that "the Roman character embraced monastic Christianity in all its extremest rigour, its sternest asceticism, with the same ardour and energy," as that with which it "interworked Christianity in general."‡ He elsewhere gives us his own authority for saying, that "the Hermits in the West had neither the ingenious nor the ostentatious self-tortures which were common in the East; nor had they any men who stood for decades of years upon a lofty pillar." To the latter statement, indeed, there was a solitary exception, in the case of one Vulfilaic, a monk of Lombardy, (A.D. 591,) who had a pillar erected for him at Treves, and stood upon it barefoot, enduring great hardship in the winter; until the Bishops compelled him to come down, and to live like other monks;

* *Apol.*, cap. 42.

† "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History," vol. iii., p. 50.

‡ "History of Latin Christianity," vol. i., p. 11.

telling him that the severity of the climate would not permit him to imitate the great Simeon of Antioch.* But, in general, the Western monks were rather the disciples of the old Prophet Elijah† and of John the Baptist, than of St. Simeon, or any other of the self-martyred Eastern fanatics. But what might be wanting in outward austerities, was abundantly made up by the severity of the restrictions and privations which were imposed upon the inner man. The luxurious appetite for intellectual and imaginative indulgence, which, according to his own statement, was so perilous to Jerome in his cave at Bethlehem, as to require stripes, by way of supplement to prayer and fasting, for the purpose of its being held in due restraint, had small chance of being pampered in "the narrow cell or mountain-eloister." Rather, in the solitudes which were the homesteads of the Western recluses, its chance, and more frequently its certain doom, was that of absolute starvation and extinction. Still, these intellectual hardships, as they must often have been felt to be in the first instance, found their relief, in part, from other circumstances, created by the very position into which they were thus so unnaturally thrown. In every thing that *lives*, and especially in every thing that has a tendency to growth, or a power of expansion, whether it be vegetable or animal, intellectual or spiritual, there is a law of nature, irresistible while life continues, in virtue of which, if it be hindered or compressed in one direction, it will, with a redoubled power, exert itself in another. Thus, in the case in question,—

"If the reason was suppressed with such unmitigated proscription, the imagination, while"—still true, so far as might be, to the power of habit—"it shrunk from those metaphysical abstractions which are so congenial to Eastern mysticism, had full scope in the ordinary occurrences of life, which it transmuted into perpetual miracle. The mind was centred on itself; its sole occupation was the watching the emotions, the pulsations of the religious life; it impersonated its impulses; it attributed to external or to foreign, but indwelling powers, the whole strife within. Every thing fostered—even the daily labour, which might have checked, carried on in solitude and in silence, encouraged—the vague and desultory dreaminess of the fancy. Men plunged into the desert alone, or united themselves with others,

* Fleury, "Ecclesiastical History," book xxxv., chap. 22.

† Sozomen and other writers have been pleased to claim Elijah as the founder and patron of monasticism. There is a legend to the effect that the hermit St. Paul was fed, in his seclusion, after the manner of Elijah. For Fleury informs us, that on the occasion of a visit paid to him by St. Anthony, as "they discoursed together, they saw a raven perched upon a tree, which, flying gently, came and laid a whole loaf before them, then flew away. 'Ha!' says St. Paul, 'see the goodness of the Lord, who has sent us food. For these sixty years have I received half a loaf daily; but, upon your coming, Jesus Christ has doubled the portion.'"—*Ecclesiastical History*, book xii., chap. 16.

(for there is no contagion so irresistible as that of religious emotion,) under a deep conviction that there was a fierce contest taking place for the soul of each individual, not between moral influences and unseen and spiritual agencies, but between beings palpable, material, or at least having at their command material agents, and constantly controlling the course of nature."—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 411.

Considerable stress is laid by Dean Milman on the superior activity of the West, as compared with the East, in the propagation of their respective forms of Christianity. But it was not until the final extinction of Paganism,—at least, not until the separation of Greek from Latin Christianity,—that the contrast between them, in this respect, was very remarkable. Previously to the period last-mentioned, and even so early as the year 300, Christianity, under Eastern patronage, "had found its way among the Goths and some of the German tribes of the Rhine."

"The Visigoths first embraced the Gospel, as a nation; they were followed by the Ostrogoths: with these the Vandals and the Gepidæ were converted during the fourth century. At the close of the fifth century the Franks were converted, and at the beginning of the sixth, first the Alemanni, then the Lombards; the Bavarians in the seventh and eighth; the Frisians, Hessians, and Thuringians in the eighth; the Saxons by the *sword* (!) of Charlemagne in the ninth. With the exception of the latter, the whole of these nations were the conquests of Arian Christianity, or embraced it during the early period of their belief. But of those early Arian Missionaries, the Arian records, if they ever existed, have almost entirely perished. The Church was either ignorant, or disdained to preserve their memory. Ulphilas alone, the Apostle of the Goths, has, as it were, forced his way into the Catholic records, in which, as in the fragments of his great work, his translation of the Scriptures into the Mæso-Gothic language, this admirable man has descended to posterity. His ancestors, during a predatory expedition of the Goths into Asia, under the reign of Gallienus, had been swept away with many other captives, some belonging to the Clergy, from a village in Cappadocia, to the Gothic settlements north of the Danube. These captives, faithful to their creeds, perpetuated and propagated among their masters the doctrines of Christianity."*—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 269-273.

But afterwards the contrast is very strongly marked. They "ceased," in a great degree, in comparison with their brethren in the West, "to be creative or aggressive," with reference to efforts for the spread of Christianity. This did not, however, arise wholly from difference of inherent or acquired character,

* The Christianity of the Goths, according to Fleury, was not Arian at the first. Till the time of the return of Ulphilas from his embassy to Constantinople, A.D. 378, "they had followed the apostolical doctrine which they had at first received; and even at that time they did not wholly forsake it."—*Fleury's Ecclesiastical History*, book xvii., chap. 36.

as though they were less disposed to practical outgoings for that purpose ; but, partly at least, from their concentration of whatever they possessed of zeal and spirit upon internecine quarrels with each other, in secular as well as in religious matters ; and partly, also, from the fierce inroad and crushing domination of an overwhelming Mahomedanism, which, after a time, seemed finally to close against them those opportunities for Christian enterprise, which they had neglected to embrace, and into which they no longer possessed either the fitness or the power to enter. It should, however, be mentioned in their favour, that in almost the only direction in which Mahomedanism left them the power of expansion, they put forth considerable effort, and with great and enduring success. About the middle of the ninth century, the Mœsians, Bulgarians, and Gazarians, and, after them, the Bohemians and Moravians, were converted to Christianity by Methodius and Cyril, two Greek monks whom the Empress Theodora had sent to dispel the darkness of those idolatrous nations. The zeal of Charlemagne and his pious Missionaries had been formerly exerted in the same cause, and among the same people ; but with so little success, that any faint notions which they had received of the Christian doctrine were entirely effaced. But the instructions of the Grecian Doctors had a better, and therefore a more permanent, effect. The warlike nations of the Russians were soon afterwards converted ; and under Wladimir Greek Christianity became the established religion of Russia.*

Nor yet can we look with entire complacency on the “ creative and aggressive ” action of the Western Churches. The earliest illustrations of “ the first love ” of the new-born Christianity of Clovis (the founder of the Merovingian dynasty) were, first, to lay waste the Visigoth kingdom, for the sin of Arianism, with his “ remorseless sword,”—then to suggest to the son of Sigebert, King of the Ripuarian Franks, the murder of his father, with the promise that the murderer should be peaceably established on his throne,—next, to order that the murderer should be put to death,—and, lastly, to declare solemnly in a full Parliament, that he had had no share in the murder of either. These things are related by his Popish historian, Gregory of Tours ; of whom, with a smack of the ironical sarcasm, which here and there besprinkles his work, Dean Milman remarks :—

“ Gregory concludes with this pious observation :—‘ For God thus daily prostrated his enemies under his hands, and enlarged his kingdom, because he walked before Him with an upright heart, and did that which was well-pleasing in His sight.’ Yet Gregory of Tours

* Mosheim’s “ Ecclesiastical History.”

was a Prelate, himself of gentle and blameless manners, and of profound piety."—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 279.

The religious character of the descendants of Clovis, and even that of the Carlovingian hero, to whom Rome owns itself to be so deeply indebted, is almost too offensive for description; and we are glad to let it pass, with many other things equally disgusting, and yet, alas! strongly characteristic of much that belongs to "the great epoch of Latin Christianity."

But if, in the particulars which have been mentioned, Greek and Latin Christianity exhibit specific differences, arising from differences of acquired character and modifying circumstances,—in other respects, in which the circumstances were common, or nearly so, and the characters were somewhat approximate, or not materially different, they exhibit a general agreement. Thus, both one and the other, during the period of their common history, were immediately confronted with Paganism in all its power and majesty,—a vast system of idolatry, halloved, in the superstitious regard of the people, by the veneration of ages, and not likely, therefore, to be very quietly abandoned in favour of the new system, which, with a spirit and power of innovation and conversion beyond all former example, was now promulgated, with the avowed purpose of superseding and destroying it altogether. The first shock, and still more the continued jar and fret, of the collision, which was necessitated by the circumstances of the case, were very disagreeably felt on both sides. And this very naturally created, on one side, a spirit of prejudice and persecution; while, on the other side, they constituted a strong temptation, where the true spirit and power of Christianity were wanting, to discouragement and compromise. Happily, with comparatively few exceptions, considering the "fiery trials," and the "fights of affliction," which tested the faith of the earlier Churches, Christianity, both in its Eastern and Western divisions, held fast its integrity; the persecutions to which it was subject, with so short intervals of respite, for the first two centuries after its establishment, serving but to render more conspicuous the brightness of its spiritual aspect, and to conserve and intensify the purity, which, in connexion with the *truth* of the Gospel, and the *grace* of the Holy Spirit, is, in reality, the secret of its enduring and victorious power.

At a later period, when Christianity was in the ascendant, and the deities of Paganism had been expelled from its most splendid temples, insensibly many of the usages of the heathen worship, and even many vulgar superstitions, crept into the more gorgeous and imposing ceremonial and popular belief of the Christian Churches. And this compromise, as to externals, affected the East and the West very nearly alike.

The temples, rites, diversions, and literature, both of the Grecian and the Roman polytheist, were so incongruous with the primitive Gospel, that until Christianity had made some steps towards their own religion, by the splendour of its ceremonial and the incipient paganizing of its popular belief, the obstacles to their conversion were both numerous and strong. And therefore, in the West as well as in the East, the policy of paganizing, about the time of Constantine, began to be somewhat extensively adopted; ostensibly for the purpose of facilitating the conversion of Pagans to Christianity, but in reality with the effect of converting Christianity, *pro tanto*, into Paganism. Nor was this species of compromise simply the error and infirmity of the Churches of that age, since it has continued to have its theoretical advocates and practical imitators, in Romish Christianity, down to this day.

"When Christianity," says a distinguished Romanist writer, "became the dominant religion, its Doctors perceived that they would be compelled to give way equally in respect to the external form of worship, and that they would not be sufficiently strong to constrain the multitude of Pagans—who were embracing Christianity with a kind of enthusiasm, as unreasoning as it was of little duration—to forget a system of acts, ceremonies, and festivals, which had an immense power over their ideas and manners. The Church admitted, therefore, into her discipline many usages evidently pagan. She undoubtedly has endeavoured to purify them, but she never could obliterate the impression of their original stamp. The principal interest of Christianity was to wrest from error the greatest number of its partisans: and it was impossible to attain this object, without providing for the obstinate adherents of the false gods an easy passage from the temple to the church. If we consider that, notwithstanding all these concessions, the ruin of Paganism was accomplished only by degrees, and imperceptibly; that during more than two centuries it was necessary to combat, over the whole of Europe, an error which, although continually overthrown, was ever rising again, we shall understand that the conciliatory spirit of the leaders of the Church was true wisdom." *—*Histoire de la Destruction du Paganisme. Par A. Beugnot, Membre de l'Institut Français.* 1835.

In this way, and in others, there was often an *interaction* and *interpenetration* between Christianity and other systems, which created strange medleys, not very favourable either to its character or progress. With reference to one case, namely, the contact of Christianity with the barbarism of the Teutonic races, the Dean goes so far as to affirm that—

"In some provinces it must be acknowledged that the vices, as well as the religion, of Rome, assert their unshaken dominion; or, rather, that there is a terrible interchange of the worst parts of evil

* See Introductory Dissertation, pp. 17, 18, by Count Krasinski, to a recent edition of Calvin's "Treatise on Relics." Edinburgh: Johnstoue and Hunter. 1854.

character. In the conflict, or coalition, of barbarism with Roman Christianity, barbarism has introduced into Christianity all its ferocity, with none of its generosity or magnanimity; its energy shows itself in atrocity of cruelty, and even of sensuality. Christianity has given to barbarism hardly more than its superstition, and its hatred of heretics and unbelievers. Throughout, assassinations, parricides, and fratricides, intermingle with adulteries and rapes. The cruelty might seem the mere inevitable result of this violent and unnatural fusion; but the extent to which this cruelty spreads throughout the whole society almost surpasses belief. Though Christianity found an unexpected ally in the higher (!) moral tone of the Teutonic races, the religion, in other respects, and throughout its whole sphere of conquest, suffered a serious, perhaps inevitable, deterioration. With the world Christianity began to barbarize.”—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 286, 289.

The Christianity which was capable of being thus damaged by its contact with barbarism, could have little but what was either indifferent, or positively evil, to offer in return; and, beyond the *truth* which, at the same time, it professed and belied, in honest fairness can scarcely be called Christianity at all. It will relieve the reader, to remember that it was the Christianity of Clovis and his descendants which suggested the remarks contained in this extract. And we pass on to observe, that the attempts successively made to fuse *true* Christianity with the philosophical, the mystical, the ascetic, the monastic, the ceremonial, and even, as in the Crusades and other “religious” wars, with the military spirit, so far as those attempts were successful, drew on, as their inevitable result, the degradation of its name, and the enfeeblement of its power; and only by a moral miracle were prevented from effecting its destruction altogether. The very choicest “eclectic” philosophy which was to be had, became in its meddling and impertinent vocation as a helper of Christianity, forsooth,—nothing better than a “vain” and mischievous “deceit.” Mysticism, with its dull opaqueness of thought and language, was virtually an eclipse of the truth. Asceticism and monkery, though not in original intention, proved, in their practical working, often just such contrivances as the prince of darkness would desire for placing “light under a bushel,” or for putting knowledge and crime alike beneath the veil. The pomp of ceremonial display was virtually a substitution, in no small degree, of “the lust of the eye” for the contemplations of faith. And the spirit which evoked “monks and bishops in armour,” and “Mahomedan Apostles of Christianity,”* and which “gloried in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ” as the ensign of battle and bloodshed, rather than as the banner of salvation, was not merely a spirit of pride or error, but a spirit of blasphemy of the coarsest description. Christianity may blush

* “*Latin Christianity*,” vol. i., p. 289.

that she should ever have been seen in such companionship; and has only to thank Him by whose name she is called, that, in her occasional association with *some* of these forms of anti-Christ, or pseudo-Christ, she has not been permitted to become an illustration of the maxim, that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

There are few subjects connected with ecclesiastical history of more stirring interest than that of the (alleged) *Petrine succession* and monarchical *supremacy* of the Bishop of Rome; chiefly, perhaps, for this reason, that it is well known that these constitute the *sine quâ non* of the whole Romish system, and are, at the same time, the very points in that system which are the most easily assailable, and the least capable of any sort of defence. The general controversy must be waived at present; but we shall be doing good service to any of our readers who may desire satisfaction on the subject, if we can persuade him to read Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity" with a view to this particular question. Let him notice, as he reads, what a silence there is, as in the life-time of Peter himself, so for many years after his death, on this same matter of "succession and supremacy;" how many Bishops of Rome succeeded each other, before any one of them seemed to be bold enough to tell it in the ears of another, or even to whisper it to his own heart; how the whole business grew more out of secular, than spiritual or ecclesiastical, considerations; what sort of struggles, and manœuvres, and helps they were, which fostered its growth, and nursed it to maturity; and what has been the fruit of this once gigantic, but now comparatively stunted and failing, "development" of Latin Christianity. Let him, in like manner, study the history of infallibility, image-worship, or any thing else into which Latin Christianity, as represented by the Papacy, has developed itself. And we are greatly mistaken, or he will find himself spared the trouble of farther inquiry, for any other purpose than that of confirming his assurance, that these things are developments, not of truth, but of falsehood; not of legitimate authority, but of human ambition and pride; not of the true religion, but of an idolatrous superstition; and all for a tenet, which, if it could be proved, would be intrinsically valueless. The history of these things, though revolting, is curious and instructive; and would probably be more so, if dealt with separately, as the Dean has occasionally dealt with other topics. We can promise our friends much entertainment and pleasure by the way. The subjects are trite and familiar; but the Dean has handled them in a style remarkably brilliant and graphic, and often thrown over them such *hues* that the reader will perhaps, in some instances, scarcely recognise, at first, some parts of the field over which he may have trodden before. They *then* wore an aspect too dull and monotonous to be very well remem-

bered, or even to be very attentively read. The danger now may be, lest he should be carried away, as the Dean himself appears to have been sometimes, from the substantial facts to the poetical forms in which they are clothed. He possesses the art of breaking up large tracts of uninviting and dreary dulness, in the shape of history, into minor patches, in which groups of facts, and feathery illustrations, not multiplied so as to weary attention, are arranged in tasteful, and yet apparently unstudied, order. And, at intervals,—O rare indulgence!—the reader will be treated to the luxury of several pages in succession over which he may expatiate, without the misery of stumbling over two or three CAPITAL LETTERS in almost every line.

His notices of the incidental and collateral effects of Latin Christianity are very freely scattered, in fractional instalments, throughout the three volumes. But there are, also, some entire chapters, and often several long paragraphs, devoted to this purpose. These are written with a spirit and vigour, and power of discrimination, which we should have more emphatically mentioned, as being remarkably forceful and striking, were it not that our acquaintance with his other writings has made us familiar with these characteristics of his freer compositions, so that they have ceased to impress us in the same degree. We have only, in passing, to express our regret, that so many excellences should be disfigured by so many *literary* blemishes; that in some parts of his work he should appear to have forgotten what he has written in others; and that his marginal dates should not have had the advantage of a more careful revision.

The necessity which has rested upon him, as upon other writers of ecclesiastical history, of exhibiting the *flaws* and *defects* of what has passed under the name of Christianity, must be laid to the account, partly of those whose defective character and unwarrantable doings created those ineffaceable blots on her escutcheon, and partly of the Church historians who could scarcely see any thing besides, which they deemed worthy to be placed upon record. In their hands, the general picture is nearly all back-ground and shadow, except to those who, by confounding Popery with Christianity, “put darkness for light;” and it is left for others to throw in the lights as best they may. This latter task Dean Milman has, in part, attempted; and so far succeeded, as greatly to relieve the picture, and to encourage the hope that it may be still further improved; so that true Christianity may appear somewhat more in the light, and the Christianity of which Rome is the centre, retain its proper place, in the shade.

The *primary* effects of Christianity, in connexion with human salvation, as we have already noticed, belong to a history whose “record is on high.” But the secondary and collateral effects

of its working on a large scale, fall within the scope of general observation. Of these effects, one of the first noted by Dean Milman is, that if it did not put a period to war, it greatly mitigated its horrors. At the third siege and capture of Rome by the Goths, Alaric, who then professed to be a Christian, in a temper strongly contrasted with what might have been expected from the Heathen Rhadagaisus, if God had abandoned Rome to *his* fury, issued a proclamation which, while it abandoned the guilty and luxurious city to plunder, commanded regard for human life, and especially the most religious respect for the churches of the Apostles. And, in the person of Leo the Great, Christianity, besides conferring other benefits on Rome and the Empire at large, was supposed to have "saved Rome itself from the most terrible of barbarian conquerors, and a second time to have mitigated the horrors of her fall before the King of the Vandals."

At a later period, Christianity having risen to the high position of the established religion of the Roman Empire, its beneficial action upon general jurisprudence was a necessary consequence; although, in the first instance, that action was but slowly and partially admitted. The characteristic rigidity of Roman legislation would not submit to be suddenly broken by principles hitherto foreign: it would yield only to the process of tardy modifications and gradual change. Until the time of Theodosius and Justinian, laws purely Christian were little more than simply accessory and supplementary to the general code. But—

"The complete moral, social, and, in some sense, political revolution through Christianity, could not be without influence, both as creating a necessity for new laws, adapted to the present (new) order of things, or as controlling, through the mind of the legislator, the general temper and spirit of the legislation. A Christian Emperor could not exclude this influence from his mind, either as affecting his moral appreciation of certain obligations and transgressions, or as ascertaining and defining the social position, the rights and duties, of new classes and divisions of his subjects.....Certain offences in the penal code were now looked on with a milder, or more severe, aspect; a more strict morality had attempted to knit more closely some of the relations of life; vices which had been tolerated became crimes against social order.....The imperial legislation could not refuse—it was not inclined to refuse—to take cognizance of the new order of things, and to adapt itself to the necessities of the age."—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 352, 353.

The change was completed under the auspices of Justinian; and that he is a Christian Emperor, appears in the very front of his jurisprudence.

"Before the august temple of the Roman law, there is, as it were, a vestibule, in which the Emperor seats himself, as the religious legis-

lator of the world in its new relation towards God.....That which was accessory in the code of the former Christian Emperors, and in the Theodosian code fills two *supplementary* books, stands in the front, and forms the preface to that of Justinian.”—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 355.

On this pleasing representation of the ameliorating influences of early Christianity, there is a mournful drawback, in the contemporaneous fact, that—

“An offence absolutely new, in the extent of the odiousness in which it was held, and the rigour with which it was punished, (namely,) heresy, or dissent from the dominant religion, in all its various forms, was introduced into the criminal jurisdiction, not of the Church only, but of the empire.”—*Ibid.*

The effect of Christianity, as might have been expected, was still more striking, in the sudden and more extended legislative reformation, which it accomplished among the comparatively lawless races who peopled the regions of the Rhine and the Higher Danube.

“The Barbaric Codes, which embodied in written statutes the unwritten, immemorial, and traditionary laws and usages of the Teutonic tribes, (the common law of the German forests,) assuming their positive form, after the different races had submitted to Christianity, were more completely interpenetrated, as it were, with Christian influences. The unlettered barbarians willingly accepted the aid of the lettered Clergy, still chiefly of Roman birth, to reduce to writing the institutes of their forefathers. Though these codes, therefore, in their general character and main principles, are essentially Teutonic,—in their broad principles are deduced from the free usages of the old German tribes,—yet throughout they are modified by Christian notions, and admit a singular infusion, not merely of the precepts of the New Testament, but of the positive laws of the old.”—*Ibid.*

Slavery alone seemed, in those times as in ours, to be proof, except up to a certain point, against the solvent and humanizing power of Christian principle. In the code of Justinian, the slave was regarded as standing in a condition of *spiritual* equality with his master. And this, doubtless, would have large effect on the temper of the latter, and the condition of the former. He was taken—

“Out of the class of brute beasts, or inanimate things, to be transferred, like cattle or goods, from one master to another, which the owner might damage or destroy with as much impunity as any other property, and placed in that of human beings, equally under the care of Divine Providence, and gifted with the same immortality. But the legislation of the Christian Emperor went no further.”—*Ibid.* p. 361.

At a period equally early, “the Anglo-Saxon laws were strongly impregnated with the dominant Christianity; and

were manifestly the laws of Kings, whose counsellors, if not their co-legislators, were Prelates." In the matter of slavery, ecclesiastical Rulers exceeded all others. For not only did they immediately manumit all slaves who came into their possession in connexion with grants of estates from their heathen neighbours, but "the redemption of slaves was one of the objects for which their canons allowed the alienation of their lands. And among the pious acts by which the wealthy penitent might buy off the corporal austerities demanded by the discipline of the Church, was the enfranchisement of their slaves."*

The effect of early Christianity on poetry and general literature is less distinctly appreciable. It dawned upon the world at a time when both the one and the other were hastening to their decline. Poetry in its higher style, both epic and lyric, might appear to have retired in disgust from the ecclesiastical and civil broils of the times, to the mountains, forests, and waters, which were the scenes of its infancy, until circumstances more congenial, and the echoes of new languages formed from the fusion of some of those already existing, should invite its return. As to other kinds of literature, there are very few names, of particular celebrity, connected with Latin Christianity, during the first three centuries of its history. And of these, all except Clement, whose birth-place is uncertain, would appear to have been nurtured in Africa. But that Rome itself should have been slow to produce distinguished writers, and that the continent which was celebrated as the *arida nutrix* of lions and elephants, should also be remarkable as the nursery of celebrated writers, was no new thing.

"Very few of the Roman poets were natives of Rome. Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, were born in provincial towns of Italy. Many, also, of the Roman poets, as they are commonly called, were not even natives of the Italian soil. Africa gave birth to Terence; Lucan, Seneca, and Martial, were from Spain. The same is true also of the most distinguished orators, philosophers, and historians, whose names are generally connected with that of Rome."—*Dr. Wordsworth*, p. 27.

The services rendered by the monks of a later period, on behalf of literature, are rated by Dean Milman at a value which we cannot assign to them. They were, indeed, to a considerable extent during one period, the curators of the literature which already existed,—“the guardians of what was valuable, the books and the arts of the old world.” But, like certain other stewards of whom we read, they kept the treasure of which they were in charge, “laid up in a napkin,” or “hidden in the earth.” (Luke xxv. 10; Matt. xxv. 25.) It was of comparatively small use to themselves; and, for reasons which the whole world is acquainted

* “Latin Christianity,” vol. ii., p. 91.

with, they took special care that it should be kept so far out of general sight and reach, as to be of still less use to others. At the best, their occupation in this matter was a grand monopoly. And in the resuscitation and spread of general knowledge, they took just so much concern as appeared likely to serve their particular purpose. As to the arts, doubtless, Christianity, in its more genuine and authentic character, exerted an encouraging influence upon them, where it was free to do so, and was the nurse of superior genius as well as of lofty devotion. But if the Christianity of which Popery was the type, fostered the arts of painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, it was with a design to prostitute their witchery to uses which greatly abated their practical value; and sometimes brought matters to such a pass, as to suggest the idea, that it might have been to the Church a great negative advantage, if some, at least, of these arts had never been born. They might, indeed, almost be said to have been in great part *her* creations. But when she began to offer worship (in whatever sense) to the work of her own hands, and that, too, "in the temple of God," it was high time for some authority to interpose its protest, and for the *spirit* of Iconoclasm to awake to its duty. Not that, in this matter or in any other, Satan should be employed to cast out Satan, as was too frequently the case with some of its more ancient and notorious champions; nor that art should be peremptorily bidden to become a recluse and to assume the veil. That were to aim at a pure impossibility. From the sheer vigour and elasticity of her spirit and nature, she would, of necessity, break bounds and re-assert her rightful and illimitable freedom. Let her by all means be encouraged to pursue her vocation, and to show herself abroad. Wherever true Christianity exists, in connexion with high civilization, it must needs be so. For it is in sympathy with all that is beautiful, or harmonious, or great, as well as with all that is "holy, and just, and good," throughout the universe. But whatever of that which is creaturely interposes itself between God and the soul,—between the Redeemer and the sinner,—is, for the time, an idol and an abomination, which God Himself "is weary to bear." It were infinitely better, surely, that no imitative or imaginative art should exist at all, than that its chief use should be to debase our faith and to sensualize our devotion; even though such deterioration be a corruption only, and not a total destruction. It would hardly be tolerated, that religion should be taken as an element of art; and it is equally intolerable,—and profane, besides,—that art should be employed as an element of religion. In regard to devotional exercises, the two things cannot be commingled, or even brought into juxtaposition, with each other, but at the extreme hazard of the worshipper's confounding the æsthetic and imaginative with the spiritual and religious, and substituting the indulgence of mere

admiration or the gratification of taste, for the adoring worship and divine joy of the heart.

At the close of one of the most brilliant and powerful passages contained in his work, Dean Milman observes:—

“In a lower view, not as a permanent, eternal, immutable, law of Christianity, but as one of the temporary phases through which Christianity, in its self-accommodation to the moral necessities of men, was to pass,—the hierarchical, the Papal power of the Middle Ages, by its conservative fidelity, as guardian of the most valuable relics of antiquity,—of her arts, her laws, her language; by its assertion of the superiority of moral and religious motives over the brute force of man;* by the safe guardianship of the great primitive and fundamental truths of religion, which were ever lurking under the exuberant mythology and ceremonial; above all, by wonderful and stirring examples of the most profound, however ascetic, devotion, of mortification, and self-sacrifice, and self-discipline, partially, at least, for the good of others; by splendid charities, munificent public works, cultivation of letters, the strong trust infused into the mind of man, that there was some being, even on earth, whose special duty it was to defend the defenceless, to succour the succourless, to be the refuge of the widow and orphan, to be the guardian of the poor: all these things, with all the poetry of the Middle Ages, in its various forms of legend, of verse, of building, of music, of art, may justify, or rather command, mankind to look back upon these fallen idols with reverence, with admiration, and with gratitude. The Hierarchy of the Middle Ages counterbalances its vast ambition, rapacity, cruelty, by the most essential benefits to human civilization.”—*Latin Christianity*, vol. iii., pp. 201, 202.

The thrilling power of the passages immediately preceding this extract has thrown us somewhat off our guard; but we are still sufficiently self-possessed to interpose a serious protest against several things set forth in this elaborate and sweeping peroration, as not being justified by the facts of the case, and as being contradicted by the more sober judgment in which other writers generally, not being Popish, have agreed. And now,—on what principle it is, that a “power” which kept (and still keeps, so far as it may) in a “*lurking*” condition the truths required to be “preached to every creature,” should have its unfaithful concealment of those truths put down to its account as having been a “safe guardianship” of the same,—that the “lying wonders” and pompous ritual under which those truths lay hidden, should be complimentarily passed off as having been nothing worse than “exuberant mythology and ceremonial,”—

* The following may be accepted as an illustration:—“The Pope had no scruple in waging war by secular arms. Neither Gregory nor his successors, nor did the powerful churchmen in other parts of the world, hesitate to employ, even to wield, the iron arms of Knights and soldiery for spiritual purposes, as they did not spiritual arms for ends strictly secular. They put down ecclesiastical delinquents by force of arms; they anathematized their political enemies. The sword of St. Peter was called in to aid the keys of St. Peter.”—*Latin Christianity*, vol. iii., p. 125.

and that "examples of ascetic devotion" should, "above all," be pressed on our notice, as the crowning enhancement of the claim of that "power" to be regarded as "a benefactor of mankind,"—we confess ourselves altogether at a loss to understand. The only reasonable way that seems open for escape out of the difficulty is, to conclude that, in this instance, as in some others, the Dean has been carried away by the impetuous flood of his own thought and language, and by the kindly generosity of his genial nature, beyond his original purpose. For, even admitting the justice of all that he has said, on behalf of Hildebrand, and of the ecclesiastical monarchy of which his primacy was the culminating point, it is rather too much to expect that "idols," of any description whatever, whether "fallen" or standing, should be gravely regarded as having a right to command, or even to ask, from any one of "mankind," either "reverence," or "admiration," or "gratitude."

In large and deep expanses of water, however, if the surface be agitated, there is stillness beneath; and various processes and movements are continually going on, which yet cannot be seen from above, through the ever-changing refractions of light, occasioned by the agitation of the superincumbent water. Just so it was with early Christianity. What with the storms of frequent persecutions, and the scarcely less disastrous storms of its own controversies, its external aspect might be compared to that of a sea which knew no rest. But in the depths of its being and action it was in comparative quiet, doing its work, and making good progress, by the leaven which it spread through the various courses of human life. To use the metaphor employed by our Lord, the seed of evangelical truth which was sown grew up, men knew not how. Only the harvest appeared in due season; and they who had sown and they who reaped rejoiced together. And, in connexion with this progress, two things were remarkable:—

In the first place, it is clear that this progress did not depend on the minute and exact adjustment of an entire system of dogmatical theology, or even on the concurrence of all theological Doctors in any one form of creed. Else, at a very early period, Christianity must have halted, and then remained at a stand-still for centuries; or, within a much shorter period, have been extinguished altogether. There are some reasons for believing that heresies (justly so called) were fewer in number, and sometimes less flagrant, than ecclesiastical writers have reported them to be. But whether that were the case or not, the converts of the places where the "word of God grew and prevailed," were not always, except in points which were generally agreed to be essential, delivered into the same mould of doctrine. There are some doctrines without which a creed is nothing worth. And, on the other hand, there may be creeds

which, with respect to personal salvation, insist upon more than is absolutely necessary. Secondly, it is also sufficiently clear, that the progress of Christianity was not dependent on any stereotyped form of ecclesiastical arrangement and discipline. The truth of this position rests on the *fact*, that Christianity *has made progress* in connexion with *various* forms of Church discipline, and *cannot* therefore be dependent for such progress on any *single* one. It may be added, that the instances are numerous, in which persons of piety and zeal, though not always holding an ecclesiastical commission, were by the power of their persuasion, and the still mightier influence of Christian example, the first heralds of the truth to many among whom that truth had not been previously published.

What reserves of woe, or of blessing, are in store for Latin, or for Greek, Christianity, are questions hardly of deeper interest to them, than they are also to the world at large. The doom of the former, so far as the term "Latin" may, in this case, be regarded as synonymous with "Romish," is scarcely a subject for *inquiry*, because the "sure word of prophecy" has already determined, with a clearness sufficient for all practical purposes, the things which shall come upon her. And for Greek Christianity, resembling so nearly, as she does, her Western rival, the prospect is far from cheering, though not altogether without hope. She is more favourable to the dissemination of the Scriptures,—rejects as an impiety the Romish purgatory,—and in the Sacrament administers the elements in both kinds; but she is a worshipper of the Virgin Mary, as the "Mother of God,"—believes in the mediation of departed souls, and in Transubstantiation and the Real Presence,—and offers homage to *pictures*, as Rome does to *statues*. And thus partaking so largely of her sins, it does not appear how, without a repentance, of which at present there is slender hope, she can avoid "receiving of her plagues."

- ART. VII.—1. *A Third Gallery of Portraits.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh, 1854.
 2. *The Bards of the Bible.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Third Edition. Edinburgh, 1852.

THE spirit which presides over composition of the purest sort, is known by the name of *taste*; the choice and order of language in which it finds expression, is denominated *style*. Is the former ever a superfluous gift? Is the latter a merely superficial quality? These inquiries we propose to answer, first by a direct, and then by a more explicit, negative.

There is the closest possible relation and interaction between the form and substance of literary works; and the lightest graces of a given production will be found rather characteristic than independent of its essential merits. In style we have, therefore, an indication as well as an instrument of truth. It is a test of the competence, fidelity, and triumph of an author,—at least, within certain obvious limits,—as well as a guarantee of his legitimate influence in the world of mind. Even the slightest product of literary taste, however frail and indefinable its graces may appear, is not to be too lightly rated; for if these graces should be closely analysed and observed, it would be found that *the apposite and the truthful* are their prevailing elements, and the source alike of their beauty, character, and moral worth.

It may surprise some readers to speak of the moral worth of mere works of taste; it will surprise them yet more to assert the immoral tendency of productions grossly deficient in this quality. It seems, indeed, to be very generally unsuspected, that weak, presumptuous, and foolish writings, and such as are loaded with spurious ornament, or filled with false conclusions, are actually demoralizing in their effects upon society; that they gradually, but surely, deprave the moral sense, as well as darken the understanding; that too frequently they are the source of error and confusion, in regard to some of the authoritative doctrines and duties of our sphere. Yet, as a fact, the alliance of false taste and unfixed principles is very notable in the popular literature of our day. Especially is this to be observed in the tendency to indulge in factitious sentiment, or in bold, unwarranted, and profane analogies,—in the disposition to remove ancient landmarks, and to confound important distinctions. In these respects the cause of virtue and religion is often seriously betrayed by its professed servants. While infidelity—at least in some quarters—is smitten with a fatal love of truth, with a spirit of candour, diligence, and strict inquiry; and is thus induced to bring its monstrous features to the light, and scare thereby both wise and simple

from its embrace; irreligion, on the other hand, is fostered and encouraged by loose statements and florid pictures proceeding from the hands of nominally Christian men. It is well that we should understand the real danger of our literature; that, namely, wherein its worst character begins, and which is most swift, though most insidious, in its advances. There is little to be dreaded from the pursuits of scientific men, soberly and fairly conducted, nor from their conclusions, duly weighed and openly stated, even when these men may be suspected of no love for truth beyond its material manifestations. But much evil is to be apprehended, and, indeed, is daily witnessed, from loose and passionate appeals to the imagination and affections; from a style which never deviates from the false heroic pitch, leaping from one pit of bathos to another; from a criticism which runs riot among follies it was invented to restrain, which knows neither discrimination nor temper, which deals out hasty and wholesale measures of admiration and disgust, which confounds human genius with divine inspiration, and brackets the all-unequal names of holy Prophets and profane and faithless poets.

The evils we assert and deplore may commonly be traced (as will presently be shown) to glaring incapacity and presumption in the class of writers we refer to; but they are seriously aggravated by want of common faithfulness and care in the discharge of serious duties. The lack of diligent fidelity is productive of great mischief in any calling in which man may engage. Even a single fault is never isolated in its character, but is propagated in a thousand sad results. The neglect of any duty, the most private and personal,—the committal of a wrong in any sphere, the most limited and temporary,—is fraught with evils which reach far beyond both our estimation and control; and only that the providence and grace of God are continually counteracting this fatal proneness of evil to extend and multiply itself, we should see such effects springing up from our daily acts of thoughtlessness, frivolity, and pride, as we now associate only with crimes of the blackest hue. But evil is not less manifestly evil because of this benignant law. Its effects still extend themselves to the third and fourth generation. The spoken lie, the momentary sneer, are neither slight nor transient in their influence; they re-appear and are re-echoed upon the lips of children's children. But in written books falsehood has a charter and dominion still more hostile to the interests and authority of truth. And literary falsehood is pernicious, not in proportion to its magnitude or malice, but to its unsuspected character, to its alliance with the semblance of some, and the reality of other, virtues, to its appeal to the vain imaginations and idle prejudices of the reader. Beginning in the thoughtless misuse of words,

it may end in the confusion of all moral truth. The steps of this declension may be distinctly traced. Extravagant assertion always involves some departure from strict rectitude, as well as from the rules of taste. Unwarrantable praise or censure is misleading from a similar excess. Even the misemployment of a word may seriously affect the judgment of a reader in reference to some important principle; may confound distinctions necessary to be duly kept in view, or insensibly create a prejudice the most lasting and unjust. It will, therefore, commonly happen, that the loss of time incurred, and the vacuity or dissipation of mind induced, will be among the lightest evils of inferior literature; false opinions and fatal preferences are heedlessly engendered; the habit of intellectual and moral discipline is lost in the craving after pernicious stimulus; and an unconquerable distaste for chaste and thoughtful composition cuts off the very hope of future elevation or improvement. And hence we may learn the value, above all natural gifts and all external acquirements, of that careful, diligent, and conscientious spirit of authorship which loves truth for its own sake,—truth in substance, in tone, in detail, in the lightest word,—and sees no merit in the most ingenious and attractive paradox.

The theme opened up to us by these reflections is of no small extent; but, in the few pages allotted to this article, we can deal with it only in one department. We shall proceed to speak, then, of the most prevalent and injurious of these existing evils. Some nuisances there are which cry out for immediate abatement, and this is one of them. We hold that both the manifest deterioration of the public taste, and the threatening confusion of moral truth, are mainly due to the example and encouragement of our popular critics and fine writers; and of these the most notorious offender is Mr. George Gilfillan.

Many reasons concur to fix our choice upon the writings of this gentleman, and to justify the free handling we propose to give them. The popularity of their author we naturally infer, both from the frequency with which his name is quoted in the provincial newspapers, and the fact that one of his works has been encouraged into a third series, and another into a third edition. This popularity among a large class of readers involves no small amount of influence, and no light measure of responsibility. But Mr. Gilfillan has a further claim upon our attention. In the pages of no other living writer, at least of equal reputation, could we find so many prime examples of so many literary faults. He represents very fairly and fully one considerable section of the press, with its coarse attractions and many blemishes and imperfections; and we are not surprised to learn from himself, that he contributes largely to four or five of the popular serials of the day. He will, no doubt, be flattered to learn that traces

of his "dashing" hand are very visible on their pages ; for there he leaves his mark in unmistakable characters.

We do not scruple at the utmost freedom in dealing with the public character of Mr. Gilfillan. His own practice would release us from any great restraint of delicacy, and, indeed, would justify us in a degree of licence which we decline to use. To the judgment of a strict and candid criticism, he is particularly open. He cannot plead youth in bar of just severity, since we learn from his own pages that it is full twenty years since he attained the age of manhood. He cannot plead inexperience, since he is a voluminous and incessant writer ; and the first volume named at the head of this article, is a third series of literary verdicts deliberately collected and re-issued to the world. He cannot plead modesty of pretension, or a desire to shun the observation of the public ; for the same volume exhibits him in the character of a judge, claiming a wide and comprehensive jurisdiction,—a critic of men and affairs as well as of books and authors,—a critic of critics, challenging the judgments of such men as Macaulay and Hallam, and approving or condemning, by his own standard, the weights and measures long current in the world of criticism.

Considering our own position, we are not likely to set up too high a standard of critical excellence, or to demand perfection from Mr. Gilfillan in the exercise of the functions he has assumed. We have no idea, for instance, that the talents of a critic must needs emulate the genius of his author ; and, indeed, this is one of the very grounds of our complaint against Mr. Gilfillan. Under an exaggerated notion of the sympathy existing between a genial critic and a great orator or poet, he absolutely seems to run a race with them, and to dispute their prize. This is not a mere occasional sally of our critic ; it is very deliberately defended, as well as uniformly practised, by him. He actually says, in so many words, "Every criticism on a true poem should be itself a poem." We shall presently see what strange follies he is betrayed into by these sudden and unchecked impulses of admiration.

We may ask, in passing, what is the value of this "genial criticism?" Surely, as criticism, it is of the least possible significance or value. There are cases, it is readily granted, in which the absence of a certain sympathy with the loftiest mood and the most delicate fancies of genius, is a disqualification for the critical office, at least in so far as these cases are concerned. But every critic is not called, nor is any frequently, to give a public estimate of these high and peculiar monuments of greatness ; and even when this qualification is plainly desiderated, the judgment pronounced will not greatly err, if formed according to recognised and important principles. An example may serve to make our meaning clear. Dr. Johnson furnishes, in his own

character, a striking instance of defective sympathy; but his writings are no less striking specimens of masterly criticism. He had no very delicate perception of the refined and beautiful,—no ear for the most delicious snatches of poetic music. His limited taste permitted him only partially to appreciate the airy fancies of a Collins, or the superb imagination of a Gray. The elements of Milton's minor poetry were too subtle, and their combination too exquisite, to sensibly affect his grosser organization, or find an index of sufficient delicacy in that colossal mind. Yet even to these he did no positive injustice; of some of them he has said finer things than their most passionate admirers. In all the other countless subjects submitted to his discriminating power, he stands confessedly the first of critics. And why so? Simply because the most necessary and valuable qualities of the critic were possessed by him in plenitude and perfection. For these qualities, be it remembered, are not rightly concerned with the rarest individual beauties of authorship. When an orator or poet "snatches a grace beyond the reach of art," the critic may duly point it out, and, if need be, defend this occasional exercise of the prerogative of genius; but to the *art* his duty is for the most part properly restricted, and under its generous laws he is to see the products of the individual mind most happily subdued.

The character and sphere of true criticism will be better understood, if we remember that it is deductive in its origin, and disciplinary in its application. It is *deductive* in its origin. The highest critics the world has yet seen—from Aristotle down to Addison or Johnson—have all deduced the rules of composition, and framed its several standards, rather from the examples of the poets than from necessary and abstract laws. What the grammarian does for ordinary language, that the critic performs in respect to the more exalted language of the muse. Aristotle himself is the servant rather than the Procrustean tyrant of the sons of genius; for these are a fountain of law unto themselves; and it was the humbler duty of the Stagyrte to translate the art of Homer into axioms and rules of science, and to publish them as the authorized grammar of poetry thenceforth. And if any demur to this restriction, and complain that the chartered rights of genius are so confined or forfeited, we beg them to consider that the grammar of poetry is not only taken from the masters of song themselves, and is therefore substantially and perpetually correct, but that, like other grammars, it is capable of large additions and improvements from time to time; that, as fresh examples of the language of the muse are suggested and given off by the deeper and wider experience of humanity, the vocabulary and theory of the critic also will expand, and find new illustrations to widen and confirm its ancient laws. So we find it in the history of literature: criticism has followed in

the wake of the advancing arts, if at a becoming distance, yet with equal steps. The great principles of criticism, like those of universal grammar, are the same in every tongue, and are applicable through all time to works in poetry, eloquence, history, or the fine arts; and if it required the genius of an Aristotle to formulate these principles in the beginning, it is competent to a Wilson or a Dallas to carry them further towards perfection, and give to his *theoria* nobler degrees of beauty, majesty, and strength.

But for all practical purposes, criticism must be considered as one of the applied arts; and, in this character, its action is strictly *disciplinary*. To conserve the purity of language, and maintain the dignity of letters; to restrain the excesses of youthful genius, and to point out the models of truest excellence; to supply the defects and counteract the biases of partial education; to encourage noble effort; to reprove unworthy affectation; to warn against the indulgence of a luxuriant fancy, and to cherish the exercise of sober thought as the basis of every genuine performance,—these are, in brief, the duties to be conscientiously fulfilled. For their adequate discharge is demanded, no doubt, some natural advantage,—something akin to that excellence which the critic is to promote and keep ever before him; for how shall he venture publicly to approve and crown what he does not consciously or well appreciate? But the qualities most essential are good judgment and cultivated taste,—a power of discrimination which resides in a strong native understanding, when developed by careful exercise, and furnished with considerable knowledge. We would not overstate the accomplishments necessary for the due performance of literary censorship in this age of vast literary productiveness. Happily they are not many, nor, for the most part, such as may not, with diligence, be almost indefinitely improved. They are nearly all included in a loving intimacy with the elder masters of composition, combined with a readiness to greet the ancient law in its newest manifestation, and to recognise both variety and degrees of excellence in the kingdom of mind. Perhaps only the self-assertion of ignorance and intolerance are absolute disqualifications. Our professional critics form now a large and influential body; but they have no legislative function. They are simply an organized police, bound to maintain order and decorum in the republic of letters; or, at the most, they are its magistrates, set “for the punishment of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well.” It is not necessary for them to discuss the merits of the laws which they administer; it is still more unseemly to promulge and act upon *impromptu* canons of their own.

The lesson we would draw from these considerations shall be very simply stated. While the positive merits of a critic may be of almost any quality and degree, there are certain

negative ones which are indispensable. It is the least we can expect from a literary censor, that he should not himself infringe the literary proprieties. If he do not sensibly elevate, he must not actually corrupt, the public taste. Any wanton experiments upon language, any unseemly affectation or display, any indulgence of tawdry rhetoric or foolish extravagance of tone, is not only a dereliction of private duty, but a betrayal of the public interest. Above all, or next only to that honesty of intention which we will assume to influence, in some measure, the most thoughtless and incapable, it is necessary that no infirmity of temper should interfere with the deliberate mood of justice, or substitute the language of coarse personal invective for that of critical displeasure.

Now all these blemishes are very prominent in the pages of Mr. Gilfillan. In effect, if not in intention, he is a corrupter and misleader of youth. He is not free from faults of language which would disgrace the themes of a third-class boy. His style is always loose, and very often turgid; epithets the least appropriate are chosen only for their supposed effectiveness, and yoked together without parity or propriety of any kind. His rashness hurries him into assertions of the wildest nature, and his freedom borders closely upon profanity. And, as if these were so many virtues which make our author impatient of inferior merit, and give to him an unusual licence in the language of reproach, he scolds in good set terms, and in a style which lacks only discrimination and decency to make it positively severe.

The characteristic last mentioned shall be first exemplified. Mr. Neale, a Clergyman of the Church of England, with strong Anglican prejudices, undertakes to alter and adapt the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" for the use of children in the English Church. The design was foolish in the extreme, but not dishonest. Neither the fame nor the influence of Bunyan is at this time of day at the mercy of either Jesuit or Tractarian. His book is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of a true evangelist, that it defies perversion. The editor of some particular reprint may mar its literary beauties, and even injure its scriptural simplicity; but the "*improver*" must be answerable for this distortion, and enough of the original will doubtless remain to outweigh and counteract its faults. We dare not say the attempt was really dishonest, because conscientious men have frequently felt justified in exercising a similar liberty, though, as we think, generally with much higher wisdom and far truer taste. In noticing this book, Mr. Gilfillan loses all discretion, when perhaps he required it most. A judicious estimate of the folly involved in the design, and committed in the execution, of this book, with a firm and appropriate reproof administered to the presumptuous editor, would have been a very seasonable

service to the reading world, and not unlikely to deter other zealots from a like offence. But there is no element of persuasion in the style which Mr. Gilfillan has adopted. We have as little taste for Mr. Neale's improvement of Bunyan as Mr. Gilfillan himself; but why should our critic substitute personal abuse for definite exposure? There is, surely, no more wit than charity in his exclamation: "O, J. M. Neale! thou miserable ninny, and bigot of the first magnitude!" Such a pitiful want of temper was never aggravated by such a plentiful lack of taste. Even the haste and warmth of composition can never justify the use of such unworthy language; but what must we think of the judgment which deliberately transfers it from the loud oblivion of a popular Scottish serial to the region of serene and settled literature? If Mr. Gilfillan could have *shown* his author to be a ninny and a bigot, he might have kept clean lips, and spared to insult the criminal whom it was his duty only to convict.

This is not an occasional fault of Mr. Gilfillan. None of his faults, indeed, are so. They are repeated with tiresome iteration; and there is as little variety in his actual blemishes as in his intended beauties. So thickly do these abusive epithets occur in Mr. Gilfillan's pages, that we grow accustomed, if not reconciled, to them. But sometimes a background of charming delicacy brings out this favourite figure into strong relief. On the very page, for instance, where he rebukes a northern journalist for calling the late Mr. Hazlitt "an ass," he pronounces a certain living critic, whom he points out by no uncertain name, to be an "ape of the first magnitude!"

When Mr. Gilfillan's page is unusually free from these rhetorical displays, we are admitted to a glimpse of his ordinary style, forming the background of these striking pictures. This level composition, as it comparatively is, may be fairly described as frivolous in substance, and very loose and feeble in expression. What makes this wretched manufacture more contemptible, is the contrasted dignity of his pretended theme. We have, for example, a series of papers under the title of "A Constellation of Sacred Authors." It is rather, however, as sacred *orators* that Mr. Gilfillan treats Chalmers, and Hall, and Irving, although, by selecting this method, he is able to furnish only second-hand descriptions. It is questionable, we have always thought, how far the characteristic and comparative merits of great pulpit celebrities, even when they have departed from us, may be canvassed with advantage and propriety. But it is certain that Mr. Gilfillan's treatment of these subjects is open to the strongest objections. His lightest fault is trivial gossiping, which can have no rational bearing on the theme proposed. A sober estimate of the ministerial gifts of the orator, and of the peculiar manner of their development and exercise, is

the most removed from the range of our critic's power ; but it is also that which he is least desirous to supply. The paper on "Robert Hall" may be instanced as in striking contrast with the dignity and power of that great man's genius ; it is weak and unworthy to the last degree. Of the truth of this censure we will enable the reader to judge for himself. After assuring us that the essay is meant as a "calm and comprehensive view" of Mr. Hall's "real characteristics, both in point of merit, of fault, and of simple deficiency," our critic proceeds in the manner following :—

"We labour, like all critics who have never seen their author, under considerable disadvantages. 'Knowledge is power.' Still more, craving Lord Bacon's pardon, vision is power. Cæsar said a similar thing when he wrote, '*Vidi, vici.*' To see is to conquer, if you happen to have the faculty of clear, full, conclusive sight. In other cases, the sight of a man whom you misappreciate, and, though you have eyes, cannot see, is a curse to your conception of his character. You look at him through a mist of prejudice which discolours his visage, and even, when it exaggerates, distorts his stature. Far otherwise with the prepared, yet unprepossessed, look of intelligent love."

Very curious is the jumble of ideas in this short passage. No man accustomed to accuracy of thought or language could have so hopelessly confounded ordinary sight with mental appreciation. And then, what an improvement of Lord Bacon's apophthegm ! what an interpretation of Cæsar's famous boast ! That Mr. Gilfillan should pronounce the "look of intelligent love" to be "prepared," yet at the same time "unprepossessed," is an attempt at exquisite refinement which we cannot recommend him to repeat : his *forte* is quite in the opposite direction. After a full page of this material, in which our critic's entanglement is every moment frightfully increased, a sudden effort brings him to his immediate theme ; and the character of Robert Hall is set forth in this edifying manner :—

"We have met with some of those who have seen and heard him talk and preach, and their accounts have coincided in this,—that he was more powerful in the parlour than in the pulpit. He was more at ease in the former. He had his pipe in his mouth, his tea-pot beside him, eager ears listening to catch his every whisper, bright eyes raining influence on him ; and under these various excitements he was sure to shine. His spirits rose, his wit flashed, his keen and pointed sentences thickened, and his audience began to imagine him a Baptist Burke or a Johnson Redivivus, and to wish that Boswell were to undergo a resurrection too. In these evening parties he appeared, we suspect, to greater advantage than in the mornings, when Ministers from all quarters called to see the lion of Leicester, and tried to tempt him to roar by such questions as, 'Whether do you think, Mr. Hall, Cicero or Demosthenes the greater orator ?' 'Was Burke the author of Junius ?' 'Whether is Bentham or Wilber-

force the leading spirit of the age?' &c., &c. How Hall kept his gravity or his temper under such a fire of queries, not to speak of the smoke of the half-putrid incense amid which it came forth, we cannot tell. He was, however, although a vehement and irritable, a very polite, man; and, like Dr. Johnson, he 'loved to fold his legs, and have his talk out.' Many of his visitors, too, were really distinguished men, and were sure, when they returned home, to circulate his repartees, and spread abroad his fame. Hence, even in the forenoons, he sometimes said brilliant things, many of which have been diligently collected by the late excellent Dr. Balmer and others, and are to be found in his *Memoirs*."

We have no space for further extract of this sort; but we can assure the reader that there is nothing better than this foolish and unprofitable gossip in Mr. Gilfillan's "clear and comprehensive view" of Robert Hall. Equally void of useful knowledge and just discrimination are the essays on Dr. Chalmers and Edward Irving. They only derive the most transient interest from the misappropriation of these great names, which run the greatest risk of disenchantment from such popular degradation and abuse. Let the reader judge—we alter our resolution to enable him to do so—of the qualifications of a critic who could write, and print, and publish, and re-publish an estimate of ministerial character commencing in this style:—

"It is now ten years since we, attracted by the tidings that a live Leeds lion had reached a norland town, hurried away (breaking an engagement on the road) to hear Dr. Hamilton preach. It was a Sabbath evening. We had previously read and re-read his first volume of sermons, (besides having had the pleasure of often hearing him quoted, *without* acknowledgment, by aspiring sprigs in divinity, in academies, pulpits, &c.,) and had heard a great deal that was curious and contradictory about his character and habits. There appeared before a tolerably large audience a man rather above than under the middle size in stature, dressed very carefully in clerical costume, with a brow not at all remarkable for either height, breadth, or expression; with eyes completely sunk in spectacles; with a cheek, like a baker's, *pale with fat*; and with a huge round Sir-John-Falstaff corporation,—so much so, that, like the immortal Will Waddle,—

'He look'd like a tun,
Or two single gentlemen roll'd into one.'

Nothing but a strong sense of duty to society could possibly induce us to transfer this degrading language to our columns; and if it excite an involuntary feeling of disgust, it is all that we can either expect or desire.

We cannot pretend to challenge all the questionable verdicts of this book, nor to point out a tithe of its literary faults; and having little hope of Mr. Gilfillan's improvement, we shall glance at some of his more prominent peculiarities rather with a view to the reader's profit than his own. If we should not be able to

preserve throughout a tone of serious remonstrance, the fault will not be ours; and, in the end, we will endeavour to make some amends by eliciting the moral of the whole.

Let us instance, in the first place, our author's style of panegyric. Marked though it is by considerable novelty and boldness, we cannot bring ourselves to relish it. Always profuse, it is often strangely misapplied, and much too frequently profane. Other critics think it needful to give praise in detail, measure, and proportion; but Mr. Gilfillan finds it more convenient to throw it by the lump, and often it falls upon the wrong person, and always it alights with damaging effect. Modest, reputable men, who naturally shrink from being forced into comparison with famous, lofty, and even sacred worthies, may well fear to attract the admiration of our author. Mr. Isaac Taylor is here pronounced "a Christian Colossus;" Edward Irving, a "Titan among Titans, a Boanerges among the Sons of Thunder." When the latter preaches in the Caledonian chapel, "it is Isaiah or Ezekiel over again, uttering their stern yet musical and poetic burdens." The imagery and language of the former is nothing less than "barbaric pearl and gold." "Bulwer has made out his claim to be the Milton of novelists." Disraeli "bears a striking resemblance to Bonaparte." The poem of "Balder" is "a wilderness of thought,—a sea of towering imagery and passion." There is much more of the same discriminating kind, as we shall presently discover. In the meantime we are spared the trouble of characterizing this style of panegyric by our author himself, who, in two or three sentences of this volume, generously gives us the key to all the rest. Thus we read, (on page 237,) "False or ignorant panegyric is easily detected. *It is clumsy, careless, and fulsome; it often praises writers for qualities they possess not, or it singles out their faults for beauties, or, by overdoing, overleaps itself, and falls on the other side.*" This is said by our author without a remorseful twinge,—with all the oblivious calmness of a lucid interval.

But Mr. Gilfillan tells us, "he is nothing if not critical." Unfortunately he cannot qualify his wholesale adulation without stultifying himself. In one little sentence he will snatch back all the laboured and pompous praise he has bestowed, and slap the receiver's face into the bargain. Thus, after having encouraged one of our young poets with outrageous eulogy, he quietly lodges this little stone in the other pocket: "Many of his passages would be greatly improved by leaving out every third line." If this censure be honest, what must be the value of the praise that went before? The fact, of course, is, that the poet did not merit either one or the other; and we hope he may be able to despise them both.

Of epithet and expletive there is no lack in Mr. Gilfillan's

page. Indeed, it is here more plentiful than choice, and more prominent by far than pleasing. It would be very idle, however, to regret the absence of that measured nice propriety of phrase—the warp of language fixing the woof of thought—which is the inwoven and enduring charm of every literary fabric. It is far more natural, under the circumstances, to wish that our critic's single epithets were a trifle more appropriate, and that their combinations did not utterly defy appreciation. We can only afford to give a solitary specimen of this peculiarity: it must therefore be one of the compound kind, and useful as a Chinese puzzle on a winter's evening. Who, then, but Mr. Gilfillan could have found terms to praise “the *glowingly acute, gorgeously clear, and dazzlingly deep* criticisms of poor Hazlitt?” The reader who derives from this description any definite idea of Mr. Hazlitt's literary character, is worth knowing; and we should be proud to make his acquaintance.

The language of illustration and metaphor forms a still larger element in our author's composition. Perhaps his particular admirers—and possibly the hero himself, in an unguarded moment of self-dalliance—would say his strength resides in these abundant flowers of speech, as Samson's in his profuse and curling locks. We do him then peculiar justice in pointing attention to a number of these tropes.

So incongruous are our author's figures—so frequently and unaccountably changed in the course of a single sentence—that when a really just reflection escapes him, it is either distorted or destroyed by the very language intended to give it force. The following is a striking instance of this fault:—

“For too often we believe that high genius is a mystery and a terror to itself; that it communicates with the demoniac mines of sulphur as well as the divine sources; and that only God's grace can determine to which of these it is to be permanently connected; and that *only the stern alembic of death can settle the question, to which it has on the whole turned, whether it has really been the radiant angel or the disguised fiend.*”

We are puzzled to conceive how an author so practised as Mr. Gilfillan could have deliberately written the last clause of this sentence; and are compelled to conclude that practice alone does not certainly make perfect. The “stern alembic” is positively a new idea. Yet it is not difficult to match the foregoing extract by referring to the same source:—

“If Mr. Massey comes (as we trust he shall) to a true belief, it will corroborate him for every trial and every sad internal and external experience; and *he will stand like an Atlas above the ruins of a world,—calm, firm, pensive, but pressing forwards and looking on high.*”

The allusion to Atlas is here peculiarly unfortunate, as that mythological personage is supposed to have stood *below* a world which was *not* in ruins, and in an attitude quite inconsistent

with "looking on high;" and even were it otherwise, the position of "standing, calm and firm," somewhat militates against the notion of his "pressing forwards." A simile is commonly employed to assist our realization of some thought; but it is no wonder that the very opposite effect attends one so ill chosen as the above. Indeed, we must absolutely forget it, before we can appreciate the literal meaning of our author. The reflection is good; but the figure is a nuisance and a blot. The same remark applies to the following:—

"Byron was miserable because he felt himself an orphan, a *sunbeam cut off from his source*, without hope and without God in the world."

Any one but Mr. Gilfillan would infallibly have put his pen through the middle clause of this hasty and ill-considered sentence: though still trite, it would have been at least tolerable. But it never occurs to our author, that a miserable sunbeam, destitute of hope and of God, is a very absurd and incongruous idea; and he gathers it accordingly into his book of many beauties.

Our readers will probably be gratified to hear Mr. Gilfillan's "judgment" on Milton and Shakspeare. The oracular volume from which we have already learnt so much, is not silent here. Of Milton, indeed, we have no formal or deliberate estimate; but his genius, character, and works, are made to do various duty in isolated sentences throughout the book, furnishing easy ready-made comparisons of intellectual and moral greatness. In these allusive passages all the distinctive features of the poet's character are very innocently forgotten, and prophecies delivered by divine inspiration are coupled with poems suggested only by human fancy. Thus, in the paper on Æschylus, we read of "yet loftier regions, such as Job, Isaiah, and the Paradise Lost." Between this latter work and the Prometheus, we have an elaborate parallel, of which, however, it will probably suffice to quote the following sentences:—

"It was comparatively easy for Æschylus to enlist our sympathies for Prometheus, if once he were represented good and injured. But first to represent Satan as guilty; again to wring a confession of this from his own lips; and yet, thirdly, to teach us to admire, respect, pity, and almost love him all the while, was a problem which only a Milton was able either to state or to solve."

If this was Milton's problem,—to make us respect and almost love the Prince of Darkness,—he has, in our opinion, very happily failed: were it otherwise, our respect for the author would be inversely proportioned to that which his hero was permitted to inspire. But Mr. Gilfillan has fallen into a curious mistake. He has evidently in this, and apparently in some other points, confounded the Satan of Milton's poem with the Satan of Mr. Robert Montgomery,—two characters that are essentially different. The Satan of Mr. Montgomery exhibits such candour,

penitence, and scorn of evil habits, that it is impossible *not* to "respect and almost love him."

From the closing article of this interesting volume, we select a passage on "the poet of all time." It may fitly pair off with that just quoted on his great successor.

"Shakspeare's wit and humour are bound together in general by the amiable band of good-nature. What a contrast to Swift! He loathes; Shakspeare, at the worst, hates. His is the slaving and ferocious ire of a maniac; Shakspeare's, that of a man. Swift broods, like their shadow, over the festering sores and the moral ulcers of mankind; Shakspeare touches them with a ray of poetry, which beautifies if it cannot heal. 'Gulliver' is the day-book of a fiend; 'Timon' is the magnificent outbreak of an injured angel. His wit, how fertile, quick, forgetive! Congreve and Sheridan are poor and forced in the comparison. How long they used to sit hatching some clever conceit! and what a cackling they made when it had chipped the shell! Shakspeare threw forth a Mercutio or a Falstaff at once, each embodying in himself a world of laughter, and there an end. His humour, how broad, rich, subtle, powerful, and full of genius and geniality it is! Why, Bardolph's red nose eclipses all the dramatic characters that have succeeded. Ancient Pistol himself *shoots* down the whole of the Farquhars, Wycherleys, Sheridans, Goldsmiths, and Colmans put together. Dogberry is the prince of donkeys, past, present, and to come. When shall we ever have such another tinker as Christopher Sly? Sir Andrew Aguecheek! the very name makes you quake with laughter. And, like a vast sirloin of English roast beef, rich and dripping, lies along the mighty Falstaff, with humour oozing out of every corner and cranny of his vast corporation."

If the reader thinks that one perusal will suffice for the full appreciation of this passage, we assure him he is much mistaken. The effect of a single reading is only to confound; but a repetition will infallibly add wonder to his confusion, till, lost in successive objects of amazement, confusion once more takes the place of wonder. Collecting our scattered senses, we may now attempt to point out some of the curiosities of this paragraph of errors. Not one sentence of the whole is left undistinguished either by obscurity, absurdity, or falsehood. Relatives are hopelessly divided from their antecedents; words chosen for their force, and mutually confronted, are made to exchange meanings, and so become ridiculous by emphasis; while figures the most incongruous are recklessly mixed up with facts the most literal. We are not surprised to read of "the slaving and ferocious ire of a maniac;" but quite new to us is "that of a man." We had supposed that loathing was sometimes pardonable, and hatred never; but it seems that while Swift loathes, Shakspeare *only* hates." The instinctive sensibility of virtue is given to the gloomy Irish Dean; the radical and unamiable vice is charged upon our "winsome Willie,"—on "sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child." In his choice of similes our critic

is equally felicitous. Swift broods over an ulcer like its shadow ! but Shakspeare beautifies it by a ray of poetry ! We do not expect—and hardly wish—to see the match for *that* comparison. Its effect is to make us incontinently shut our eyes and hold our breath. The remaining curiosities of this passage rather puzzle than surprise us. Why is Gulliver a “book,” and Timon only an “outbreak ?” Then, immediately following, whose “wit” is so “forgetive ?” And, not to be too troublesome, what *is* “forgetive wit ?” Perhaps it is that sort which makes Ancient Pistol “shoot down” the whole of the Farquhars, Wycherleys, &c. But the verdict about honest Dogberry is probably that which the reader of this precious judgment will most confidently dispute.

A critic like our author is naturally severe upon his imbecile contemporaries. When Mr. Hallam discourses about poetry, Mr. Gilfillan is “reminded of a blind man discoursing on the rainbow ;” and complacently remarks, “The power of criticizing is as completely denied him as is a sixth sense ; and worse, he is not conscious of the want.” In another precious morsel, we learn that “Hallam is seldom unduly minute, never unfair, and rarely one-sided : his want is simply that of the warm insight which ‘loosens the bands of the Orions’ of poetry, and gives a swift solution to all its splendid problems.” We have nothing to remark upon the first clause of this sentence, except that it is unusually intelligible ; nor any thing to object to in the second, except that it is preternaturally dark. Wanting this “warm insight,” the “swift solution” of our author remains for us “a splendid problem.”

The misfortune of Mr. Hallam is, that he does not belong to the “impulsive” school of criticism ; our author, therefore, writes him down “mechanical.” His paper on Ariosto is pronounced “cold and creeping ;” and here we may remark, that Mr. Gilfillan evidently employs these words as synonymous and interchangeable. If you are clear, you are so cold ! if temperate, you must needs be very tame. The truth is, Mr. Gilfillan has acquired a morbid love for the errors of genius ; and this passion hurries him so far, that not only does he defend and justify the grossest blemishes he can discover, but very consistently carries his principles into practice, and makes a merit of imitating the “glorious faults” of our great writers ; and this is his own title to be counted great.

We should be very sorry to vindicate the literary character of Henry Hallam from the censures of George Gilfillan. It is not yet come to that. In one short sentence,—“He has far too much tact and knowledge to commit any gross blunders,”—our critic himself says more for his author than we could venture to say for our critic. The reader will probably take our word for it, that Mr. Hallam’s paper on the “Paradise Lost” contains

no such *morceau* as that with which we have presented him from Mr. Gilfillan's page. The respective taste of these reviewers may, however, be very briefly illustrated by a single reference, in which they are brought to bear upon the same point. The author of the "*Paradise Lost*" is an especial favourite with Mr. Gilfillan. When, therefore, Mr. Gilfillan interferes to correct the judgment of the literary historian on his favourite author, we naturally look for critical perfection,—a specimen of some literary counterpart to *Coke upon Littleton*. Let us see without delay. "Milton," says Mr. Hallam, "is more a musical, than a picturesque, poet. He describes visible things, but he feels music." Mr. Gilfillan is instantly up in arms. "What does this mean? or, at least, where is its force? Had he said, 'He *is*, or *becomes*, music,' it had been a novel and a beautiful thought." "Novel" indeed! but nothing so foolish-false was ever "beautiful" since God divided the light from the darkness.

If Mr. Hallam is held thus lightly in our author's judgment and esteem, the writings of Mr. Macaulay appear to excite only his utmost anger and disdain. There is something about them which he can neither forget nor forgive. Often trampled down by his scorn, they are sure presently to rise in his face, and irritate him beyond endurance. This restless and recurring enmity is, perhaps, not difficult to be understood. The very existence of such a critic as Mr. Macaulay—not to mention his popularity and influence—is a perpetual offence to such a writer as Mr. Gilfillan; a silent, but significant, reproach. Our author feels that "his genius is rebuked" by the master of a style distinguished for accuracy, ease, and fulness, at once so dignified and so correct; and more especially as he is unable to taunt the Essayist with sacrificing beauty to correctness, or with being cold, uninteresting, or conventional, in deference to literary orthodoxy. No doubt it is very irritating to observe, beyond the possibility of doubt or of denial, that a writer so eminently "correct" is, at the same time, very far removed from "creeping." To be judicious, temperate, and trustworthy, yet neither voted dull, nor abandoned by the younger spirits, nor shelved in a dusty corner of the reference-library; to be ornate, as well as accurate, in composition; to inspire enthusiasm, yet bear the strictest scrutiny; to suffer the restraints of grammar and propriety, yet achieve a proud, and even popular, success,—all this is unpardonable vice in Mr. Macaulay, and more than Mr. Gilfillan can well bear. Our author wonders that such "abject trash" (these are his words) should "gain unchallenged acceptance, and require his humble pen to dash it into exposure and contempt." And "dash it" accordingly he does. In the first place, we are invited to the rehearsal of a literary parallel, instituted by our critic, between the characters of Burke

and Macaulay. We need hardly say, that this comparison is not more odious than gratuitous. Some points of it are true, but not pertinent; while much the greater part is both impertinent and untrue. The following sentences are too characteristic, at least of their inditer, to be passed unquoted.

“Burke’s digressions are those of uncontrollable power, wantoning in its strength; Macaulay’s are those of deliberate purpose and elaborate effort, to relieve and make his byways increase the interest of his highways. Burke’s most memorable things are strong, simple sentences of wisdom, or epithets, each carrying a question on its point, or burning coals from his flaming genius; Macaulay’s are chiefly happy illustrations, or verbal antitheses, or clever alliterations. Macaulay often seems, and, we believe, is, sincere, but he is never in earnest; Burke, on all higher questions, becomes a ‘burning one,’—earnest to the brink of frenzy.....Macaulay’s literary enthusiasm has now a far and formal air,—it seems an old cloak of college-days worn threadbare; Burke’s has about it a fresh and glorious gloss,—*it is the ever-renewed skin of his spirit*. Macaulay lies snugly and sweetly in the penfold of a party; Burke is ever and anon bursting it to fragments. Macaulay’s moral indignation is too laboured and antithetical to be very profound; Burke’s makes *his* heart palpitate, his hand clench, and his face kindle, like that of Moses as he came down from the Mount.”

Reserving our remarks on this irreverent climax, let us call the attention of the reader to the clause we have distinguished by italics. When he has fully appreciated the pretty thought that the “skin” of Mr. Burke’s “spirit” was periodically cast, like a serpent’s slough, we have another comparison to offer to the admirers of that statesman, also drawn from natural history, and also suggested by the pleasant fancy of our author. It is only a little farther on in the volume, that Mr. Burke is described as “a mental camelopard,”—for the singular reason, that he “was patient as a camel, and as a leopard swift and richly spotted.” Mr. Gilfillan seemingly forgets, or possibly is not aware, that the camelopard is not a hybrid, deriving its qualities from these two creatures, though his name happens to be a compound of theirs. The most charitable of natural historians never ascribed patience to the giraffe: even with reference to the camel, it is a long-exploded superstition, which doubtless was originally due to the fact that, like ourselves, he stands in great need of that passive virtue, and has abundant opportunities for bringing it to perfection.

This depreciatory parallel—for such we suppose it was intended to be—may be accepted as a specimen of Mr. Gilfillan’s skill in a form of composition to which he is peculiarly partial. We are treated in this volume to no less than three in honour of Edmund Burke,—to wit, Burke and Macaulay, Burke and Johnson, and Burke and Brougham; the latter thrown off

impromptu, and included in a parenthesis of half a page. Indeed, Burke has the honour of attracting the most dangerous regards of Mr. Gilfillan, who never speaks of that great man without enthusiasm of the most rapturous and incoherent sort. This is a very curious and instructive fact; it shows, not only that love may exist with infinite disparity, but that the deepest admiration is not necessarily transforming in its character. Our author warmly admires the works of Edmund Burke, and writes himself like—George Gilfillan.

With the organ of comparison so strongly developed, our critic is hardly fair in laying to Mr. Macaulay's charge an undue fondness for antithesis and point. It is only too evident, that he spares no pains to attain the same dexterity, with what success might easily be shown. If we were inclined to follow the example of these authorities,—and perhaps it is our turn,—there could not possibly present itself a more favourable occasion. One critic handled by another, and both compared by a third,—there is something unusual at least in that. But we must decline the tempting invitation, not because it is a little absurd, as well as ungenerous, “to compare great things with small;”—for the epic poets do it without reproach;—but the points of contrast existing between the literary characters of Mr. Macaulay and our author are too numerous, as well as too obvious, for our rehearsal. There is, indeed, a more summary method of comparison, in which some characteristic beauty or defect is made inclusive and decisive of all the others. Thus we might mutually oppose the chief faults of these contending parties. The great fault of Mr. Macaulay's style is its positive uniformity of excellence. Unlike every author that we know besides, Homer himself included, he never nods. So unflagging his genius, so sleepless his activity, so prompt his memory, so available his learning, that the reader gains no moment of repose, till attention, fascinated so long, suddenly fails, and the mind runs fairly off to find relief. Invited to an intellectual repast, we have sumptuous viands in great variety and matchless profusion set before us; but one luxury succeeds another with such rapidity, that taste has barely time for perfect satisfaction, and we suddenly quit the still groaning table to avoid the evils of excess. This splendid profusion is, in some sense, a fault as well as a misfortune; for literature intended to answer human needs, should be more nearly adapted to the character and powers of human nature. But we submit, that it is a very different fault which Mr. Gilfillan commits, and a very different misfortune which his readers suffer. On his part, too, there is a ceaseless profusion; but it is of words instead of thoughts, of colours instead of images; of errors, inanities, and absurdities; of great truths miserably garbled, and doubtful ones intolerably mouthed. For the mental

repast which he serves up he has evidently rifled richer tables, gathered a miscellaneous heap of odds and ends, swept them into his own dish, added a copious stream of frothy rhetoric, and whipped the whole into a towering syllabub. Indulgence in such a compound can only be attended by nausea or inflation.

As it will serve to bring us to the most important part of our subject, we must take some further freedom with Mr. Macaulay's name, while we briefly mention another exploit of our author. Mr. Gilfillan cannot rest till he has broken a lance with his "rival" in the critical arena. Challenging Mr. Macaulay's estimate of Lord Bacon's genius and philosophy, he charges the reviewer with sacrificing the character of Plato, in order the more pointedly to honour the great English sage. Having picked this "pretty quarrel,"—we cannot but admire his boldness,—our critic at once proceeds to reconstruct the parallel, and give Plato the better half of each *antithesis*. Had our space permitted, we should have been glad to offer these rival compositions to the reader in collateral columns. As this is not convenient, so neither is it quite necessary to an understanding of their respective merits. A single sentence, chosen in all fairness from either estimate, will suffice to indicate the character of both:—"The philosophy of Plato," says Mr. Macaulay, "began in words, and ended in words. The philosophy of Bacon began in observation, and ended in acts." See now how Mr. Gilfillan turns the tables:—"Bacon cured corns, and Plato heals consciences!" It is too late to ask the reader to decide between these two; for he has already done so. If both critics sacrifice a share of truth to the love of verbal antithesis, it is only Mr. Gilfillan who outrages taste and judgment for the sake of a paltry alliteration. If Mr. Macaulay has somewhat underrated the influence of Plato in the world, he has at least done noble justice to the fruitful philosophy of the English sage: but our author has ingeniously contrived to wrong both worthies; for, dealing only in extremes, he must needs thrust them one upon either horn of his critical dilemma, and the victim of his adulation is, as usual, the one most deeply wronged. "Most deeply wronged," we say, because the mind revolts from an ascription of divine and saving power, even to the most illustrious of the Heathen, and is, therefore, apt to become intolerant of his just pretensions.

If we trouble ourselves or our readers further with Mr. Gilfillan's opinions upon Plato, it is only because something more is involved than a point of literary taste. We commenced by asserting the intimate connexion between just criticism and moral truth, between trashy and unworthy literature and falsehood of the most dangerous sort. Not willing to beat the air, and have no profit for our pains, we fixed the charge of public deterioration upon a writer of no small pretensions;

and that charge we are bound by every proper motive to make good.

Mr. Gilfillan's Quixotic championship of Plato urges him into grossly exaggerated statements, both of the elevation of that philosopher's doctrine, and of the extent and value of his influence on mankind. Christianity is represented as the mere fulfilment of Platonism: the heathen sage is placed but little lower than Christ, and generally on a par with the Apostle John. The following sentences are among those deserving of the strongest reprobation:—

“And what we demand for Christianity we demand also for the Platonic philosophy. Like it, it has done much; but not hitherto in proportion to the infinite scale it has itself fixed.....Are Churches, Missionary Societies, great religious movements, high spiritual poems, and holy lives, not worthy ‘fruit?’ and these, under God, we in this nineteenth century owe, not to the school of Bacon, but to *that combination of the philosophy of Plato and the divine teaching and working of Jesus, which constitutes the only theology*, whether theoretic or practical, deserving the name,—the theology of Taylor, Howe, Milton, and Coleridge.....And if it be said that we are unfairly adding Christianity as a make-weight to Platonism, we reply, that *the one is, in our notion, the other fulfilled*,—the other *deified*, yet practicalized; and that we have a right to rate the system we defend at its best.....Bacon sowed the thin soil of the finite and the present; Plato, the deep loam of the permanent and the infinite. Bacon expected and received the return of an early crop of material results; Plato's harvest lay in the slow yield of souls. *Now the things seen are temporal; but the things unseen are eternal.*”

If we are rightly informed that Mr. Gilfillan is a Christian Minister, and in the habit of exercising the sacred functions of his office, we can only express our unfeigned astonishment at language so unguarded proceeding from such a source. The only apology that suggests itself is a pitiful one at best. We are ready to believe that the sentiments quoted are rather due to an inordinate desire of display, and a culpable remissness of style, than indicative of a deliberate intention to lower the character and claims of our divine religion; but not the less do they call for exposure and reproof. The real meaning and tendency of the expressions used are probably unsuspected by their author himself; but the effect upon his readers must, nevertheless, be decided and injurious. If it be true that Mr. Gilfillan counts a large number of admirers, it is certain that many of them will adopt his opinions; and these can only be estimated by the terms in which they are conveyed.

It is useless, for more reasons than one, to point out to Mr. Gilfillan wherein consists the error, so vital and pervading, which disfigures his comparative estimate of Christianity and Platonism. He does not need to be told the truth, and he is

incapable of improving by its repetition. It is not from a positive ignorance of the distinction which it behoved him to maintain, that he has written thus defectively; but from a total incapacity of keeping that distinction clearly before him, and of expressing it in adequate and proper terms. This is apparent from the singular fact that, in this very volume, the author professes the highest admiration for Mr. Henry Rogers' noble essay on Plato, and actually quotes the beautiful paragraph in which the character of Socrates—the hero of Platonic virtue—is so strikingly contrasted with that of our Redeemer. Thus it fortunately happens, that the same blundering indiscretion which threatens to produce so much mischief, provides, in some measure, for its own correction and rebuke.

But this is not the only instance in which Mr. Gilfillan is betrayed, by his besetting genius, into deluding and unwarrantable language. If the danger is sometimes small, it is only because the absurdity is too great, or the obscurity too dense. Thus, in the following sentences, the mind is rather shocked by the appearance of evil, than assaulted by actual untruth. “A new poet, like a new planet, is another proof of the continued existence of the creative energy of the Father of spirits. He is a new messenger and mediator between the Infinite and the race of man.” The first sentence is nothing but a high-sounding truism; for that only is predicated of poet and planet, which is equally true of oyster and pebble. If the latter sentence could be proved to mean any thing, it would probably appear as an offence against religion; so we cling to the persuasion of its inanity, lest we should be obliged to condemn it as blasphemous and profane. In like manner, when Mr. Gilfillan declares that “the stars are the developments of God's Own Head,” we feel a momentary revulsion, but refuse to attribute the expression to any deliberate or conscious want of reverence for the Divine Majesty. It is simply the natural result of so much ambition, hurry, tastelessness, and incapacity. But we did feel, and we do, strong indignation and disgust on meeting the passage in which our author compares the face of Mr. Burke, after speaking in the House of Commons, to the countenance of Moses as it shone with reflected glory, after forty days' communion with his Maker. Any thing more reprehensible than this, conceived in worse taste, or uttered in more wanton defiance of propriety and truth, could not readily be found beyond the limits of the book in which it is contained. Within those limits it is only too often and too nearly approached.

It was our intention to remark at some length upon “The Bards of the Bible,” the work in which Mr. Gilfillan appears as a critic of sacred literature: but our observations must now be limited, and of a general character.

As compared with that which we have just put down, this volume is agreeable and meritorious, free from many of the author's more glaring faults, and of sufficient interest to gratify a respectable and numerous class. The subject is itself so great and inexhaustible, that he must be a sorry writer indeed, who cannot turn it to advantage. To one who commands a fluent pen, and who is moreover unchecked by the spirit of reverence,—yes, even for the mere book-maker,—what a quarry is furnished in the Christian Bible! Its grand old stories of patriarchal life, its sublime characters, its gorgeous scenery, its human pathos and divine wisdom, its dignity, variety, and universality; and these all coloured and endeared by the associations of dawning intelligence and early childhood, form a body of material, the rudest index of which must needs outvie in interest the most finished specimens of human art. As the eastern peasants build their rude huts from the ruins of Baalbec, so do such authors construct their literary edifices,—woful in their disproportions, and clumsy in their poor contrivances, but very costly in their material of cedar and gold, of porphyry and brass; and here a sculptured image, not quite effaced, and there a pillar or an altar, not yet overthrown, is more than enough to rivet the attention and reward the search.

The faults of this book, we say, are not so glaring as those of the author's "Third Gallery of Portraits;" but they are substantially the same in character, however subdued in tone and modified in form. There is the same lack of precision, discrimination, and sobriety; the same tasteless and tiresome strain upon the imagination of the reader. The work throughout is vague in its portraiture, unworthy in its allusions, and irreverent in its treatment. It is in the Preface to this volume that our author enunciates the maxim already quoted, "Every true criticism on a genuine poem is itself a poem." Accordingly the author produces a rhapsody when he imagines he is writing a critique. Trying his predecessors by his own warm standard, he finds them cold and tame. Lowth is only "elegant;" he "never rises to the height of his great argument." His criticism wants "subtlety, power, and abandonment." (Surely a critic is the only species of judge who was ever impeached for this deficiency,—this fatal want of "abandonment.") But Herder, it seems, "was a man of another spirit; and his report of the good land of Hebrew poetry, compared to Lowth's, is that of Caleb or Joshua to that of the other Jewish spies." One would naturally suppose, from the allusion of this passage, that Bishop Lowth spoke in most disparaging terms of "the good land of Hebrew poetry;" but our author probably means that he lived long and familiarly in that "good land," explored all its vineyards, tasted all its variety of fruits, and gathered more than one rich specimen,—which, indeed, is true.

It must be granted that Mr. Gilfillan is a critic of a very different stamp to Lowth. His notion of poetry is so loose and general, that he seems to hold that whatever is good in literature is poetical. Thus with him all the Bible is true poetry, and one bard not essentially distinguished from another. We have poetry of the New Testament as well as of the Old; and it is with evident reluctance that our author excepts from the same category the argumentative writings of St. Paul. In all this Mr. Gilfillan gives evidence of much good feeling and many devout associations; but none of any peculiar fitness for the office whose functions he has assumed.

While the plan of this work is thus radically faulty, the style and spirit of its execution conspire to make it really dangerous. When he meets with a chapter inscribed "The Poetry of the Pentateuch," the phrase is sufficiently doubtful to make the reader pause, or hold himself ready for further intimations of the author's meaning. In what sense is the Pentateuch to be esteemed as so much poetry? Knowing Mr. Gilfillan's peculiar manner, we are able to acquit him of doubting the authenticity and truth of the Mosaic record; but the cursory reader of his volume may not be equally prepared. He finds a frequent transition from some high-sounding praise of Hebrew King or Prophet to a modern and perhaps not much respected name. In point of taste, this is an obvious blemish, as nothing but disenchantment can result. These allusions are seldom warranted by any real propriety, and never sanctioned by any evident advantage; they are gratuitous solecisms in a work where a certain dignity of tone is demanded by the elevation of its theme. We could spare our author many of his grander flights, to escape the humiliation and danger of his sudden and perilous descents; for danger of a certain kind there is. The distinctive inspiration of the sacred bards is not, indeed, denied; but they are forced unceremoniously into profane company, and compared at random with modern and even living authors; till the reader is apt to suppose them all of one guild. It is of no use to assert a distinction in one place, and then lose sight of it in every other. Why should the names of Shelley and Coleridge and Byron,—of "Lalla Rookh" and Macaulay's "Lays,"—of "Macbeth," "Festus," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," so frequently appear on pages professedly devoted to the Bards of the Bible? Serving no purpose of useful illustration, their introduction is at best a grave impertinence and an ostentatious folly.

It is time to bring these strictures to a close; but it remains for us to notice, by anticipation, a remonstrance to which they may possibly expose ourselves. We have said much about our author's faults, but what of his real merits? Are they absolutely *nil*, or we so injurious as to suppress them? Let us own that

something might have been ingeniously arrayed upon the other side. A book may be positively worse than worthless, and yet not absolutely void of merit. As there is no popular fallacy which does not take rise from some partial or defective view of truth, so, perhaps, never was there a literary reputation earned without talent of some kind or other. This talent may be solitary, and so useless; perverted, and so mischievous; out of all proportion, a deformity, an excrescence; but something there will be to extenuate, if not to justify, the public folly. If a writer chance to be the reverse of fastidious, he may run on at almost any length upon any given subject. If he be, moreover, a person of vivid imagination, he can hardly fail to give off some striking things, struck out in the impetuosity of his headlong course. Mr. Gilfillan is an author of this kind. He has imagination, though it be not elevated or enlarged, not cultivated or enriched, not trained by intellectual habits, nor subordinated to the rule of judgment. It is a somewhat distempered imagination, too soon excited, and too far indulged. Our author's thoughts are therefore only fine by accident. His similes are generally audacious failures; but occasionally they are of striking excellence, and, like a fortunate rebellion, justify themselves by their success. When he says of John Sterling, "His mental struggles, though severe, were not of that earthshaking kind which shook the soul of Arnold, and *drove Sartor howling through the Everlasting No, like a lion caught in a forest of fire;*" there is a splendour about this final image which makes us wish it were not so awkwardly introduced. Still better, because not so encumbered, is his description of the policy and power of Russia, as "*the silent conspiracy of ages,—cold, vast, quietly progressive, as a glacier gathering round an Alpine valley.*" These images, we say, are fine; and they are so because of their striking aptitude and truth; and a few more of the same kind might, doubtless, be gathered from this author's publications. But to what good end? It is certainly not desirable to encourage the use of Mr. Gilfillan's pen on the wide, and high, and solemn, and important themes of which he is enamoured, for the sake of giving full scope to the indulgence of this gift of doubtful value; and to themes of humbler character and lesser moment he will hardly be persuaded. If any consideration could induce Mr. Gilfillan to forget, for some short time, the great men of the world,—to leave the Mirabeaus and Miltons in their craggy heights; if he would lay aside all books, and watch the world of men and nature with calmer eyes, and never write a line suggested by one already written,—we should yet have hopes of him. But we fear he is too far gone in his love of power to descend from his dictatorial eminence. We cannot flatter his pretensions to occupy the throne of universal criticism; and while he is making his pompous awards in every conceivable direction, we

point to the evidence just given as in very ridiculous contrast. He has in truth no single qualification for the office of a critic, either of sacred or profane literature, and, in assuming the one after the other, he has only added presumption to incompetence, and irreverence to presumption.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Conduct of the War. A Speech in the House of Commons.* By the RIGHT HONOURABLE SYDNEY HERBERT, M.P. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1855.
2. *The Prospects of the War. A Speech in the House of Commons.* By A. H. LAYARD, M.P. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1855.
3. *The War; Who's to Blame? Being a complete Analysis of the whole Diplomatic Correspondence regarding the Eastern Question, and showing from these and other Authentic Sources the Causes which have produced the present War.* By JAMES MACQUEEN, Esq., F.R.G.S., Author of "Geography of Africa," &c. London: Madden. 1854.
4. *A Month before the Camp at Sebastopol.* By a Non-Combatant. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

THE war in the East, in which we are now involved, opens a new epoch in our annals, as well as places us on new ground. It is the first time that England has drawn the sword against Russia; but it is not likely, now that the contest is begun, that it will be the last. Queen Elizabeth and Ivan the Terrible were friends, not to say allies; and the dreaded tyrant contemplated becoming a refugee in our country, in case his subjects, in revenge for his cruelties, drove him from the Muscovite soil. He, however, succeeded in taming their discontents by the atrocities he perpetrated; and England was not honoured—or disgraced—by the denizenship of the most fearful monster who ever dwelt in human form. From the age of Elizabeth to the present time, England and Russia have been friends; and the ties of this friendship have become closer, as time has advanced, cemented by events. But this union of the two nations never possessed any common identity, and had no foundation in national character; the institutions of the two countries were always dissimilar, and the elements at work were perfectly antagonistic. The one State has always been essentially a military State, and the other commercial: the one is despotic in its head, and enslaved in its members; the other, constitutional and free: the one has ever been Machiavellian, crafty, subtle, overreaching, and fraudulent in its policy; the other, often duped, but never attempting to deceive and entrap: the one has all along built her power on physical force; the other, on moral force: the one has constantly

sought, through her wide dominions and her conquered provinces, to crush civilization; the other, to assert its claims, and promote its interest: in fine, the one has, to the full extent of her means, universally striven to arrest the progress of the human race; the other, to advance it.

On these accounts it may, at first sight, appear marvellous that the contest has been so long delayed. But it has never been the policy of our statesmen to interfere in the internal affairs of other nations; so that, though the two systems were wide as the poles apart, yet amicable relations were possible, on the ground of mutual forbearance. These amicable relations are now severed. This places us on the new path above referred to; and is, no doubt, the beginning of a new period in our history. A wide and interminable series of political and military events will take their date from the moment when Her Gracious Majesty declared war against the Czar. It is the opening of a new page in the book of fate: it is letting loose the waters of a deluge, to overspread many lands, and extend through many ages: it is as the *reconnaissance* of the two nations on each other's frontier, prior to a long and desperate campaign. These auguries are based on the idea of the strength of each nation. When a feeble state is brought into collision with a powerful one, the contest will soon be over; but when the battle is betwixt belligerents of equal power, this cannot be the case. It is true, the strength of the two countries is different. Russia is strong by land, and we are strong by sea; we cannot drive Russia from her frozen regions and boundless steppes, and Russia cannot drive us from the ocean. Hence the contest may remain for ages undecided; for a peace can only be of the nature of a truce, of shorter or longer duration, to be followed by new and sanguinary wars, till, in the cycles of time and the destinies of nations, other elements spring up, and new combinations take place. But in the present attitude of affairs, Russia and Great Britain are found every where; they confront each other; their policy is different, and their interests are different; they meet in moral collision in every country on the face of the earth; and it would require a miracle to prevent, at different times, this moral collision becoming physical. We cannot, therefore, help looking along the line of the future with forebodings of wars for many years to come; for, let it be remembered that the rivalry betwixt England and Russia is not theoretical and fastidious; it is the rivalry of eternal principles, never to be reconciled.

But other novelties arise out of this war. In this contest both our naval and military forces occupy a position never occupied before. An English fleet never rode triumphantly in the Euxine at any former period, and an English army never before planted its standards on the shores of the Cri-

mea. Our ships of war have traversed, we should imagine, every latitude and longitude of the ocean; but this one sea has been heretofore closed to them. For many years Russia has been snugly enconced in this sea; has been building her navy at Sebastopol unseen and unmolested; has rode triumphantly over its waters; has scoured the Circassian coast at pleasure, and, by the broadsides of her men-of-war, has often committed sad ravages in the ranks of the brave mountaineers; has by this means built forts, furnished the material of war to their garrisons, and carried, or attempted to carry, her dominion, and with it slavery, to the fairest portions of the globe. By an insane policy, this country permitted the Dardanelles to be closed to the ships of war of every country in time of peace; thus shutting Russia up in the possession of the Euxine, to do as she pleased. And well she profited by the boon. The sea itself became a Russian lake: she was enabled to dominate at the mouth of the Danube; against treaties, to erect fortifications on the islands at its mouth, under the pretence of sanitary measures; to levy tolls on the merchantmen of all nations; to build Sebastopol with its arsenals and means of aggression; and constantly to hold Turkey in terror; to menace her independence, and to prepare for her final overthrow. All that Europe is now encountering of injustice and aggression, was stealthily prepared by the connivance of the Western nations to their own exclusion from these waters, without any precautions regarding the ascendancy of the Russian navy.

The entrance of the allied fleets breaks the chain, and lays open the Black Sea. This event brings the British navy into a new sphere, not likely again to be abandoned. In point of fact, the command of the Euxine is the command of Turkey, of the Circassian coast, of the commercial road to Persia, of the Armenian and Georgian provinces wrung from the Ottoman Porte at different times, and annihilates the influence of Russia in the East. But the entrance of our fleets into these waters can only answer their purpose by their remaining there. Their departure would only be the signal for Russia to repeat her old policy, to renew her preparations for aggression, to menace Turkey, and, taught by the past, to embrace the first opportunity, brought about by the complications of Europe, to seize on her prey. Nothing can be plainer than that Russian power must be arrested on this sea. She is paralysed in all her movements in the East by this one event. The entrance of the fleets of the Western Powers can only be stopped at the Dardanelles by the Porte; but in the present and the probable future posture of affairs, this is not likely; and, till she is in a state to defend these waters herself, it must be her interest to agree, by treaty, that the fleets of England and France should repress, permanently, the ascendancy of Russia. By a marvellous sagacity,

the Cabinet of St. Petersburg has been enabled to gain the mastery over the two great inland seas of the north and the south; and thus to make the Baltic and the Black Sea the flanks of her power, and the pivot of her policy. It seems strange that, with our naval superiority, up to the period of the present war, no English fleet, as far as we recollect, has ever appeared in either of these seas, farther than the expedition for the bombardment of Copenhagen by Nelson, and the insane and not very successful expedition of Admiral Duckworth against Constantinople.

In addition to the *physical* effects of powerful armaments riding triumphantly in these waters, for many years, the *moral* effect must have been much greater. How could the northern states see Russia building her enormous fortifications on every point of land, every harbour and bay, every creek and river's mouth, all around them, frowning upon their coasts, and threatening their existence, without misgivings as to her designs and their own security? How could these smaller kingdoms see, year after year, the gigantic fleets of Cronstadt parading their waters, and proudly spreading their sails, within sight of their very capitals, without some apprehensions of ulterior designs of conquest and dominion? The same must have been the case in the Black Sea. Nothing could be more menacing, in the imaginations of the Turks, than the port and fleet of Sebastopol. The moral influence of which we speak, sprang from the isolation of the naval power of Russia in these seas; this power was alone, it stood out in the sight of the nations around as one and undisputed. The policy of the present war is to show these nations that there are other powers besides Russia; that she is not alone on the sea. The Russian fleets may continue to hide themselves behind the guns of their fortresses; no naval victories over them may be gained; their ships may continue in undiminished numbers; but the appearance of the fleets of the Allies will diminish the *prestige* of Muscovite power, inasmuch as the fact of their refusing battle will be to these nations a sensible proof of the superiority of their antagonists. We imagine, consequently, that the same policy which has led to the invasion of these seas, will induce the Western Powers henceforward to guard the ascendancy they have gained, and to take care that the two flanks of the Russian power shall not be rendered impregnable by undisputed possession.

But the land scene of our military operations is, if possible, more novel than even that of the sea. The dominions of Turkey, in general, are lands on which the foot of a British soldier, for military purposes, never trod; with the exception, it may be said, of our expeditions to Egypt, and Sir Charles Napier's brilliant exploits in Syria. But the Crimea was to us a *terra incognita*, and the

Danubian Principalities almost as little known. We are not, except in a secondary degree, a military nation. Our predominant characteristic is commercial enterprise; and, although peace and commerce are twin sisters, it so happens that our commercial transactions carry us to every region, whilst, as it is found, out of these transactions spring up political questions, demanding the intervention of arms.

In this Eastern Question, other considerations than commercial have doubtless weighed with our statesmen; but our commercial interests pioneered our way into these countries, and have had their influence in bringing our armies upon Turkish ground. We cannot afford to have our markets wrested from us; and one of the certain consequences of the conquest of Turkey by Russia would be to enforce her prohibitory system, close the Dardanelles, shut our merchants out from Trebizond and the route to Persia, as well as to render the Danube a sealed river, except in so far as it suited her own interests to open its navigation to our trade.

The "balance of power," indeed, is a sufficient consideration to justify the war, without the reason referred to. What is involved in this? The technical phrase is sufficiently intelligible to practical diplomatists and statesmen; but, we imagine, it conveys a very inadequate idea to the uninitiated. The *real* justification of the war, however, turns on this point. The "balance of power" means, that it would be dangerous for one nation to possess so preponderating an influence by territorial acquirement, and political and military force, as to threaten the liberties of other nations. Would the conquest of Turkey by Russia have this effect? Certainly it would. No well-informed person can doubt this for a moment. Her possession of Constantinople, in itself a sufficient catastrophe, would not be the only effect of this conquest. The seizure of Constantinople would, as we have seen, give her the keys of the Dardanelles, and this, again, the absolute command of the shores of the Black Sea. But, if she would, she could not stop at this point. The whole of the territories of the Sultan in Asia Minor and in Syria must as certainly follow the capital of the East, as a stone gravitates to the earth. But the possession of these countries would necessarily carry Russian dominion forward to Egypt, to the Holy Land, and to Persia. Under these conditions what would become of our empire of India? Hence our interest in preventing the spoliation of Turkey, the preponderance of Russia, and the disturbance of the balance of power, is indicated by these infallible consequences of the success of her enterprise. Commerce is a very secondary matter compared with this. To prevent Russia going farther in her march towards the East, is a thing essential to our security; and a policy which should

connive at this by indecision, would be treason to our country.

Without the intention of raising suspicion as to the integrity and honour of the several administrations of this country for the past forty or fifty years, we have no hesitation in saying, that an almost fatal apathy has been manifested in regard to Russian aggression in the East. She has been permitted to despoil Persia of great tracts of territory, and plant her power within a few miles of the road from Trebizond to that country,—the route of our commerce,—and is now in a position to overwhelm that kingdom, at her pleasure. She has been allowed to possess and fortify the passes of the Caucasus, which opens to her a military road to all the nations to the south and east of the Euxine. And, above all, she has been suffered, without molestation or, as far as appears, remonstrance, to carry on a cruel and murderous assault—no, butchery—against the Circassian tribes, not for any crime, but simply because they refused to submit to her hateful rule. This natural barrier against the progress of Russian conquest has been left to its fate by all the nations. And gloriously the mountaineers have defended their homes, and, indeed, more than their own homes; for had it not been for their unconquerable valour, the Allies would have been saved the trouble of defending Turkey,—Constantinople and the whole East would have been in the possession of Russia long ago. Europe owes its safety to these glorious heroes; and yet, in the struggle now raging, we hear nothing of them: no recognition of their independence has been proclaimed; no *protection* for them has been secured by treaty; no means have been adopted to extend to their mountains and beautiful valleys the blessings of security and peace. Our statesmen will probably say they are not a nation, they have no head, there is no Government with which we can enter into diplomatic relations. But Russia is a Government; she is in possession of a head, as he makes the world sufficiently understand; she is not destitute of diplomatic agents, as all the earth by this time pretty well knows. Then, if the Circassians are so uncivilized as not to possess the counterpart of a Nicholas as their chief, but still remain in the primitive simplicity of their fathers, governed by the heads of families, the chiefs of tribes, and the counsels of their elders; are these reasons why they should be abandoned to the murderous barbarism of the Russian Autocrat? Cannot the Western nations secure the integrity, the independence, the freedom of these indomitable warriors, as well as perform these services for Turkey? And, let us add, the one is essential to the other. Turkey would not be safe for a single day, if these people were subdued; and we may safely predict, that the work of the Allies will one day be entirely undone, if these mountaineers are permitted to fall under the power of the Czar. We have

loudly affirmed that one of our purposes in this war is the defence of the feeble against the strong. Political codes seldom lead statesmen to adopt this principle as a rule; but if it is to be fairly acted upon, here is a splendid opportunity for the display of our moral magnanimity. Circassia never belonged to Russia;—has never been conquered; the armies of the Czar have never occupied the country, and never can. All that remains to them is pillage, fire, massacre. We remember well that the alleged reason for the interposition of the European Governments between the Porte and the Greeks, leading to the battle of Navarino, was the impossibility of these Christian nations standing by, and seeing two peoples destroy each other. And yet the Greeks at the time were the subjects of Turkey, and the war was a civil war between a rebellious people and their Monarch; whilst these Circassian tribes are not the subjects of Russia; the war is a *razzia* carried on from year to year, without any cessation of its cruel and iniquitous nature, and, so far as Russia is concerned, intended to exterminate the finest race of men on earth. Eternal justice demands that they should now be protected. Our interference in the strife betwixt Turkey and Russia will be an everlasting blot on our fame, fasten the suspicion of hypocrisy on our professions, and, moreover, be insulting to the God of justice, if we abandon them,—now that we are on their very shores,—to the future cruelties of Muscovite ambition. Unless we can succeed in driving the Russians from the passes of the Caucasus; in placing the tribes of these mountains in a state of secure independence, and enabling them to defend themselves; in asserting our naval supremacy in the Black Sea, and destroying Sebastopol; whatever blood and treasure we may expend, we shall have done nothing towards the safety of Turkey, or the preservation of Europe. Treaties can no more bind Russia than the “*withs*” placed on the limbs of Samson could prevent the exertion of his strength.

It is stated that Lord Palmerston gave it as his opinion, in the House of Commons, that “Russia was strong in defensive, and feeble in offensive, war.” This statement has been adopted, we see, by Mr. Cobden. With his views we are not astonished that the latter should fall in with this notion; but for a statesman who held the portfolio of the Foreign Office for twenty years to be under such an illusion, is indeed a marvel. Is his Lordship utterly ignorant of history? or did he speak with the impression that the gentlemen of the House of Commons were less informed than any school-boy of twelve years of age? What are the facts of the case? Instead of being weak in aggressive war, as every one knows, her successes have carried her arms in every direction, and added province after province to her enormous empire. What of the north? Has she not despoiled Sweden of Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria,

Carclia, parts of Poland and Finland?—provinces which made that country, in the time of Gustavus Adolphus, the successful champion of Protestantism and liberty. Their loss, moreover, has had the effect of reducing that once brave and powerful nation to a third or fifth-rate power, and the world is never again, in all probability, to hear of a Scandinavian defence of either religion or freedom. What, again, of Poland? After subduing some of the outlying provinces of that country, did not Russia succeed in partitioning the nation itself, appropriating to herself the larger share of the spoil? It is true, Russia was not alone in this infamy. As if in wrath against the happiness and freedom of the human race, Providence permitted the two most detestable Monarchs to sway the sceptres of Russia and Prussia at the same time. It is said that Frederick, misnamed “the Great,” first suggested the partition of Poland to Catherine II., and this perfidy agrees with his entire character. This Monarch was a compound of infidelity, craft, great talents, and ferocious courage; the incarnation of every base and mean passion; possessed of insatiable ambition; was far-seeing, audacious, and bold in demeanour; was devoid of honour, truth, and principle; in the administration of affairs, venal and unscrupulous; and, though decorated by the distinction of the term “the Great,” was, in all the moral qualities that distinguish man, the least and the basest of the species. Catherine, his contemporary and partner in crime, equaled him in all that we have named; and added the *graces* peculiar to womanly villainy. She began her reign by dethroning and murdering her husband Peter III., and lived, before and after his death, the life of a courtesan and a brava. These were the spoliators of Poland; for Maria Theresa of Austria signed the treaty of partition with tears, and ominously predicted the evils which have sprung out of it. It may be true that duplicity and fraud had more to do with this barefaced robbery, than arms; and yet the aggressive nature of the event shows that, even in the matter of war, the Russian power was not behind its political scheming.

Then as to Turkey and the East. Does it appear from the history of the progress of Russia in this quarter that she is weak in aggressive war? Let us see. In the various conflicts of the two empires, the balance sometimes turned on one side and then on the other, till the time of Catherine II., when it effectually preponderated on the side of Russia; and this preponderance has continued to the present time. Indeed, by the Treaty of Azof, in 1700, the Russians gained a new position, and territory amounting to one hundred and seventy-nine square miles, with various commercial advantages; but this treaty was modified in 1711 by the Treaty of Pruth. After a sanguinary battle, in which the forces of Peter the Great were completely defeated, and himself taken prisoner, the Czar willingly agreed to restore

Azof, demolish his new fortifications, and resign the Turkish territories, won from the Porte, into the hands of that power. Charles XII. was at the time a refugee in Turkey, and earnestly remonstrated against the restoration of Peter to his dominions. How much hung on the determination of the Grand Vizier on this question! It was on this occasion that the following scene took place. Charles, having heard that the Grand Vizier had restored Peter to liberty, "went to him in a fury, and in his passion even tore his robe with his spurs. The other merely replied, 'And who was to govern his kingdom in his absence, if I had detained him prisoner? It is not good for Kings to be away from home.'" If Russia was saved by the generosity of the Ottoman, how well she has repaid this generosity the sequel informs us.

The former conquests of Russia being thus restored, but little advance on Turkey was made till the time of Catherine. By the persuasion of the French Ambassador, the Porte began the war which led to its greatest humiliation, in order to save Poland from the grasp of the Czarina. Turkey had guaranteed the security of Poland by the stipulations of a former date; and, being urged by France to arm for its protection against the machinations of the Empress, took the field. But Catherine hastening to make peace with Poland, the whole weight of the empire was precipitated upon Turkey. The Russian Generals operated on the Danube, the Black Sea, the Crimea, and Kuban; and every where with success. The celebrated Treaty of Kainardji followed. By this treaty Russia succeeded in separating the Crimea, Bessarabia, and Kuban, from the Turkish Empire, and placing them under her own *protectorate*, and in gaining the ports of Kertsch, Jenikalan, and Azof. Russia also by this Treaty obtained a footing in Wallachia and Moldavia, by the right of interference in the administration; also, the privilege of constructing a Greek church at Pera, and the protection of the Greek religion and the sacred edifices. Thus began that system of protection which has proved so destructive of the tranquillity of the Ottoman Empire, and which, if not now put a stop to, must end in its subversion.

It was at this period that the Baron de Thugut, who had assisted at the formation of this celebrated treaty, gave utterance to the memorable words so much noticed since. "This treaty," he wrote, "is a model of ability on the part of the Russians, and a rare example of simplicity on the part of the Turks. By the terms of this treaty, Russia will always have the power, whenever she thinks fit, to effect a descent upon the Black Sea. From her new frontier of Kertsch, she will be able to conduct, in forty-eight hours, an organized army beneath the very walls of Constantinople. In this case a conspiracy, concerted with the chiefs of the schismatic faith, (the Greeks,) will, no doubt,

break out ; and the Sultan will have no alternative but to flee to the remotest corners of Asia, after abandoning the throne of the Ottoman Empire to a more able successor. The conquest of Constantinople by the Russians may be accomplished off-hand, and even before the tidings of such an intention could reach the other Christian Powers."

Such was the Treaty of Kainardji. It did not long remain intact. It, no doubt, was intended but as an instalment preparatory to other and ulterior measures. The independence of the Crimea, after its separation from Turkey, had been guaranteed by the two Powers, and in words the most express and binding possible, to the effect that neither Turkey nor Russia should assume sovereign rights in the country through all time. No sooner had the treaty been signed, than Russia commenced a series of intrigues in the Crimea, with a view to its annexation to the empire, and in four years accomplished her purpose ; thus bringing herself to the very gates of Constantinople by the construction of Sebastopol, and constituting the Crimea the base of her naval and military operations against the Turkish Empire and the East. The perfidy manifested in this whole transaction surpasses even Russian audacity in the line of duplicity and fraud. The Turks resisted these encroachments ; but being abandoned by their allies, and even opposed in rear by Joseph II. of Austria,—after the loss of Ismail, taken by assault, and the people massacred by the tiger Suwarrow,—the Treaty of Yassi followed. By this treaty Russia obtained the acknowledgment, by Turkey, of the annexed territories of the Crimea, the Kuban, and the island of Taman, as an integral portion of the empire.

The Treaty of Yassi was signed in 1792, and the old intrigues continued, chiefly with a view to the possession of Wallachia and Moldavia. And in 1812, when Napoleon invaded Russia, the war between Turkey and the latter power having this object for its stake, so tenacious was the Russian Cabinet for territorial aggrandizement, that, even in the hour of her utmost peril, Alexander succeeded in securing Bessarabia, and a part of Moldavia, and in pushing the frontier of the empire to its present limits, making the Pruth the boundary line.

By the Treaty of Adrianople, (1829,) Russia obtained still further advantages. The mouths of the Danube were conceded, and the islands adjacent ; the formal protectorate of Wallachia and Moldavia was obtained, by which event nothing was left to Turkey but a nominal sovereignty. We have not, in this enumeration, touched upon Russian aggressions in Georgia and part of Armenia, nor on the influence obtained over Cossacks, Calmucks, and numerous Tartar tribes ; enough, as we imagine, having been said to show the aggressive policy

of Russia, whilst her successes indicate the means at her disposal to accomplish these objects.

This, then, is the power which has to be curbed and limited. It seems the part of wisdom to look the matter fairly in the face. In our vanity we have indulged in an overweening notion of our own power, and of the weakness of Russia in aggressive war; whereas the opposite of this idea is evidently the truth. Russia is strong in aggressive war, because the state of the interior enables her to throw the full weight of her vast resources on her frontier. Impregnable in her steppes, her morasses, her forests, her frosts and storms; unassailable in consequence of these conditions of her empire, it costs her no money, and no material of war, in fortifications and ramparts, to guard her immense territories, which are sufficiently guarded by nature. This leaves her free for aggression. It may, indeed, be true that her extended frontier exposes her to the inroads of her neighbours; and, moreover, that to defend this frontier-line must weaken her power and drain her resources. This is unquestionably the case; but, being free from molestation within, she has the means of concentrating all her force on any point which may be menaced. The whole of Europe in arms at the same time might succeed in distracting her councils, and dividing her military force; and little less than this combination of states, as it appears to us, could succeed in making her powerless in aggression. This union of nations may, at some time, take place when danger is more imminent; but at present, through various causes, this is little to be expected. At the present moment no one knows what Prussia will do; and in case she joins the Czar, which appears most likely, she will carry with her several of the minor States; and for Russian purposes, as well as in concert with her armies, will divide Germany, and inflict a deadly wound on the freedom of the old empire. Sweden and Denmark hesitate, overawed by the power of their neighbour, and apparently waiting to see how the Western Powers succeed. This is the situation at present; and, in future, the same game of diplomacy may be expected, the same vacillation, the same rival interests. In the mean time, France and England refuse to attempt to resuscitate the nationality of Poland, being hampered by its partition,—a portion being in the possession of their ally, Austria; and, although the dynasty and Government of both nations rest on a revolution as their basis, yet they, apparently, refuse to identify themselves with a revolution. Stability and order are, undoubtedly, blessings, when their foundation is legitimate, national, and just. But the question is very different, when it relates to the denationalizing of a people, the usurpation of their country, and the overthrow of their liberties. To encourage such a people to assert their rights,

to regain their freedom, and to re-establish their nationality, is in itself just, and in this ease equally politic. The two barrier-nations, Poland and Hungary, have been allowed to be swept off the face of the earth. Whether the latter will coalesce with Austria, or whether she will not some day, in despair or in anger, throw herself into the arms of Russia, is, at present, uncertain. But the destruction of their *national* character has brought Russia into immediate contiguity with the German nations; and the loyalty of all these nations to the interests of Germany and to their own freedom is essential, *always*, to the safety of Europe. This is more than we can expect. As certainly as Prussia now vacillates and yields to the star of Nicholas, so certainly will some of the German States, in time to come.

Nothing can avert this danger, but the independence of Poland and the loyalty of Hungary. But we despair of the first, and the second is most problematical. What, then, are we at war about? To secure, we say, the integrity of Turkey, and, with Turkey, the balance of power, or the independence of the nations of Europe. Our efforts, however successful for the time, will be in vain, unless we lop off some of the limbs of the overgrown giant. It is not necessary to follow in the footsteps of Charles XII. and Napoleon, and penetrate into the interior of Russia, in order to reduce her power for aggression and mischief. Her strength for these purposes is in her frontier-possession taken from other nations, and the fortresses she has erected. These are within reach: many vulnerable points present themselves, and may be easily attacked. But if, in deference to dynastic principles, the fear of revolutions, and the dread of innovation, the suitable means are not adopted, all our zeal, denunciations, and professed love of liberty and justice will be, at best, no more than the hurricane of November 14th: we may succeed in ripping up some Russian tents, despoiling some of her wearing gear, uprooting some of her long-cared-for plants and trees; but this is all, and the damage will speedily be repaired.

We may fail in our efforts. War is uncertain. But real success is not to be judged of by battles, by routs, by hecatombs of slaughtered men. The question of advantage will turn upon the treaties to follow, the ground gained, the strongholds demolished, and the means of future assault wrested out of the hands of the enemy. The expedition to the Crimea was obviously conceived in the spirit of these opinions. "Material guarantees," to use the words of Nicholas, are wanting to insure the peace of the world. This is one. It is a childish chimera, to imagine that Turkey can be safe whilst the Crimea remains in the hands of Russia; and it is equally fallacious to dream of the security of Germany and of the Western nations,

whilst she possesses Poland. Her means of assault are constantly in her hands, whilst she can assemble the hordes of her vast dominions on these two points of attack; and we confess that we can have no confidence in the permanent independence and the full security of the freedom of nations, whilst these points of aggression remain in her occupancy.

If we judge of the prevalent notions of statesmen and diplomatists from the publications constantly emanating from the council-chambers of these high functionaries, it would appear that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is the only idea entertained. To push Russia back, to keep her within her own borders, to compel her to abandon her neighbour's territories, and abstain from robbing that neighbour of her goods, fulfils the conditions of this ideal. What then? Her means of present and future spoliation are found in the possessions gained by past robberies. The strategical operations of those armies which threaten the liberties of the world take place on ground seized by perfidy, rather than won by war; the guns that bristle on ramparts, giving Russia the means of effecting her *forays* into the territories of her neighbours, all stand on ground obtained by similar means of stratagem; the waters she navigates, the ports she occupies by her ships, and the ascendancy she has gained, have all passed into her hands by similar frauds. Now, if a gang of depredators had robbed a portion of the peaceful inhabitants of a city, and then taken their abode in the last house which they had despoiled, barricaded the doors and windows, filled it with crow-bars, pick-locks, dark-lanterns, and the rest of the implements of house-breaking, for the purpose of carrying on their trade of robbery against the next house, the next street, and gradually to enclose the whole city in their scheme of plunder,—what would the citizens do? Would they hesitate to pull down the stronghold of these thieves? Would they feel themselves safe, till they had accomplished this? To lock and bolt their doors, they would instinctively perceive, would be no security against a gang of scientific robbers; and to unkennel the beast of prey from his lair would be the desire and study of every man. This is exactly the case in regard to Russian aggression. Her cupidity is never satisfied; like the grave, she still cries for more victims: her spoliations this year only prepare her for new spoliations the next; the occupancy of one province only gives her the means, and excites the appetite, to despoil the adjoining one, so soon as the time comes; and her entire frontier is now in such a state of strength and efficiency, in all the material of aggressive war, as to prepare her to advance on every point.

The preservation of the independence of Turkey must mainly depend on Turkey herself. The Allies may be able to drive back the Russian armies, but cannot garrison the country. Here lies

the real difficulty of the Eastern Question. We have no doubt that much progress has, in recent times, been made in reforming the abuses of the old system. The European code of military discipline now established is one of these improvements; and the present war has shown that this organization is effective. The civil ameliorations, in the establishment of equal justice for all; the formation of municipal institutions, with the franchise conferred on Christians, in common with Mussulmans; the establishment of academies and schools, where the sciences and arts are liberally taught; the improved condition of the Rayah population; and the introduction of a general system of justice and law,—are all indications of progress. But many of the vices of the old *régime* still remain, and, for aught that appears, must continue to demoralize the nation. From these causes, apparently fundamental in the Mahommedan religion, the Ottoman population is constantly and rapidly decreasing. Either the jealousies of the Government, or the bigotry of the people, continue to prevent the Christian population from taking part, by arms, in the wars of the empire, so that the Mussulman population alone is liable to be called out for military service. Whilst the Mahommedan population is decreasing, the Christian population is increasing in as great, or even in a greater, ratio. And when it is recollected that, in the European provinces, the proportion is as twelve to less than four,—the Christians being twelve millions, and the Mahommedans betwixt three and four millions,—it is easy to see that stability in such an anomalous state of things is impossible. Several of the provinces already enjoy a pseudo-independence. The two Principalities, as we have seen, possess a Government of their own. Servia is in a similar state; and so slightly is she connected with the Porte, that, at the breaking out of the present war, she resolved to remain neutral, and even refused to allow ten thousand Bosnian troops to pass through Servia to reinforce Omar Pacha's army on the Danube. Montenegro is more independent still; and, in addition, is prepared now, and on all occasions, to join Russia against Turkey. It was only the appearance of an Austrian army on the frontier, threatening the invasion of the country, that prevented Prince Daniel, and his hardy mountaineers, from rushing from their fastnesses upon Bosnia, or invading Albania, with a view ultimately to join the Greek insurgents. We have no idea that *old* Turkey can hold together. In the loss of its military spirit the state lost its cohesive force; and there is not, apparently, sufficient moral power in the religion of Turkey to blend society together, and lead to civilization. The Christianity—very imperfect, it is true—which has stood its ground through so many ages of oppression, is sure to vanquish the antagonistic system in the end; and the people who have “multiplied and increased,” in despite of their miseries

and poverty, must, by the pressure of numbers and the force of circumstances, become, in the end, the dominant race.

But this is no justification of the invasion of Russia, no reason why Turkey should be permitted to fall into her hands. We hold to just the contrary principle. The religious people of this country may possibly have some scruples respecting the fitness of a Christian nation engaging its resources in support of a Mahommedan power. We are not surprised at this, it is perfectly natural. The political portion of the case is complete, in the apprehension of all; no one doubts the justice of our cause, and no one who understands the matter can doubt its policy. But surely Christianity never interferes with eternal justice; and what is just in policy must be true in religion. But the case may be fairly put even on this ground. What would be the prospects of evangelical religion, in case Russia succeeded in the conquest of Turkey? and what are its prospects now, under the Sultan's Government? We answer,—in the former case, liberty of worship, freedom of conscience, and the profession of the evangelical faith by the organization of Christian Churches, would be utterly destroyed. We are not disposed to do Nicholas an injustice. Let him enjoy all the reputation he deserves; but if we judge of the fate of religious liberty in Turkey by what has taken place in his own dominions,—not, let it be observed, by the operation of an old and persecuting system, but by his own personal acts, enforced by ukases signed by his own hand,—then we must believe that he would utterly uproot all religious freedom in his new and Turkish provinces, adopting, if necessary, a violent course of persecution.

The ecclesiastical system of Russia is politico-religious, in the grossest possible form. Peter the Great put an end to the Patriarchate of Moscow, the representative of the Christian principle in the Greek form, and substituted in its place what is called the "Holy Synod," which is a Committee, partly consisting of laymen and partly of Priests, the Emperor always being the head. All religious matters are under the cognizance of this Committee, whilst the Committee itself is as absolutely subject to the will of the Emperor, or the civil power, as the Police-Courts, the Courts of Admiralty, or the affairs of the Military Department. The imperial power is always represented in this "Holy Synod" by military and naval officers of high standing; and the ecclesiastical functionaries are entirely subordinate to the will of the Czar, through the influence thus exercised. By this arrangement the Church is made absolutely a machine of the State, and is employed to execute its behests in the same way as any other machinery of Government.

It has been the policy of the present emperor to bring all the religious bodies in the empire into strict communion with the

State Church. He has not hesitated to employ coercive means, as well as the cajolery of persuasion and bribes, to effect this purpose. We are told, on good authority, that persecuting measures of the vilest nature have been adopted towards all noneconforming Churches. Amongst the most interesting Churches of this sort, is found a body of nonjurist Greek Priests and lay-members, who refused to conform to the Church-and-State policy begun by Peter. These nonjuring Christians, of the old Greek persuasion, are represented as being in character by far the most respectable Christians found in the country. These people have been severely persecuted, their Priests maltreated,—some sent to Siberia,—and their flocks dispersed, because they would not swallow a State-manufactured religion. Most of the Polish people are Romanists. The Priests of this Church were required to conform. They refused; and, it is said, men venerable for age and virtue were seen marched off for Siberia, under the charge of rude Cossacks, to end their days in slavery, or to perish by the way. But these aged Priests were, we are told, subjected, many of them, to the *knout*, the instrument of Russian punishment for alleged offences against the new Gospel proclaimed by the Emperor for the behoof of his erring subjects. The Jews, a numerous body in Poland, have been dealt with in a similar spirit, though on other grounds; and their property has been confiscated, their trade ruined, their families dispersed, and banishment and ruin have been entailed upon them. In like manner, all the Protestant Missions have been broken up through the empire. The public of this country had, for years, been led to hope that in the outskirts of the empire, where they had chiefly aimed at the establishment of Missions, great good was going on amongst Tartars, Calmucks, and various Mahommedan and heathen tribes. These Missions have all been dispersed by the present Czar; and the expense and labour of many years, on the part of the Scotch and London Missionary Societies, all scattered to the winds.

Such having been the policy of Nicholas in his own empire, what is the world to expect if he should succeed in annexing Turkey to his dominions? There can be no question but that a similar policy would instantly be adopted in respect to the old Greek Church, which he now affects to desire to protect. Protect! Yes, he would protect the Greek religion, just as he and his ancestors have protected Poland, the Crimea, Georgia, and Armenia. Protection means absorption. It is only the first stage on the road to this consummation: the protection of a lamb by a boa-constrictor would be as safe as the protection of the Greek Church by Russia: in both cases the protection would last till the monster was ready for his meal.

The Greek Church in Turkey is really independent. It is the

type and representative of the Church of Constantine and the Lower Empire. The building where Chrysostom poured forth his beautiful and golden eloquence is not, it is true, now occupied ; but the same patriarchate is in the hands of the chief of the old faith ; and, by a wonderful instance of tolerant magnanimity, the Sultans of Turkey have, for four hundred years, allowed the Church to exercise all the rights of self-government, and, what is still more strange, almost an entirely absolute freedom in secular affairs, as well as ecclesiastical. The same is the case with the Armenian Church. What would Russia do with these bodies ? There can be no difficulty in supplying the answer. She would certainly destroy their independence, subvert the patriarchate, substitute another "Holy Synod" in its place, or affiliate the old Greek Church in Turkey to the new order of things in St. Petersburg, and absorb the religion of the East in the huge centralization at present existing,—a centralization which mingles together in one promiscuous mass heaven and earth, the Gospel and the Government, the spiritual and the temporal, the Covenant of the Son of God and the ukases of the Emperor, the morality of the Bible and the chicanery of the "Chancery," the bodies and the souls, the temporal and the eternal interests, of mankind, and then places the whole in the hands of the Czar, to be disposed of by his will, and governed by his fiat. Would religion in Turkey fare the better by this change ? At present all the Churches are, in themselves, free. We say, in themselves, because we are aware that they have not been free to make proselytes from the Mussulman population, or rather, which is more accurate, the Mussulmans have not been free to become Christians ; the *onus* not being with the Christian teacher, but with the taught ; not with the proselyter, but with the proselytes. If the Mahommedans of past days had chosen to brave martyrdom, they might have become Christians : whilst Christian teachers themselves would escape ; except so far as they might have been exposed to enraged Pachas and infuriated mobs. But this barrier is being broken down ; and we see that an Armenian who had turned Mahommedan and then apostatized back again to his former faith, being brought before the authorities, was told he might "go away : " his head was left on his shoulders, and his religious liberty insured. This was the beginning of a new principle ; and the repetition of a few more cases of this nature will secure the right of the Mahommedan people to embrace the Christian faith.

But the Churches themselves are perfectly free. In this, Turkey has always been infinitely more tolerant than Christian States. The "Holy Shrines," that we have heard so much about, are a standing monument of this toleration. Would Popish Italy, would Protestant England, have allowed the existence of religious convents, churches, and places of resort for Mahommedan pil-

grims, in the midst of their territories, to be maintained at the public expense, and guarded by the soldiers of the State, as has for many centuries been the case with the Turks? Would these powers have permitted the head of the religion of Mecca to have had his seat in the metropolis of their several States,—Rome or London,—with full power to conduct the ecclesiastical affairs of the Moslem religion, to build mosques, to carry on their public services, and the Muezzin to call the faithful to prayer, at the appointed hour, from the top of the sacred edifice? Would these States have tolerated the organization and self-government of Moslem congregations, in their chief cities, and all over their territories? All this the Turkish Government has done, and is still doing. But we are certain, if Russia obtained possession of the country, all this would end. A short process would be taken with the Greek, the Armenian, and the Evangelical Churches; and, in case they refused to merge their identity, and pass bodily into the Russian centralization, a fierce persecution would instantly follow.

On these grounds we are led to believe that the Bible, vital Christianity, and the progress of the Evangelical Church, would fare infinitely worse under the rule of the Czar than under that of the Sultan. Backed by the power of the state, the military force, the bureaucracy, and the wheels and pulleys of the entire system, a despotism crushing alike to social freedom, commercial activity, the progress of civilization, and the freedom of religion, would be established. Not a voice would be heard in testimony of the truth; not an assembly of Christians permitted, except in connexion with the established hierarchy; not an effort would be allowed to promulgate the Holy Scriptures; not a school for religious purposes would be tolerated, save such as taught the politico-religious creed of the dominant power; not a movement of the mind of the people towards that enlightenment for which all sigh, would be suffered; and one black and portentous cloud, dark as the regions of Tartarus, would cover the land, where, at present, a partial and glimmering light shines forth. We do not found these anticipations on conjecture, on hypothesis, on theory; but on what exists, on the well-known principles of the Russian system, on the history of the past. Russia is not satisfied with the allegiance, the laws of conscription and military service, the material substance forming her vast dominions: she demands the soul, the heart, the conscience of all her people; and her object is to reduce all minds to one dead level of submission, to a despotism which alike bows the soul and the body to her iron domination.

Considering the prominent place which the Church in Russia occupies as an instrument of the State, it is not a matter of surprise that the intrigues and audacity, which have led to the present war, should have had their starting-point in religious questions. Our space will not allow us to enter into detail; but the

fact itself is worth referring to. The "Holy Shrines" are found emblazoned on the programme of Act the First. A "cupola" and a "key" are seen to be the all-important subjects of dispute, in introducing on the stage the tragedy of war. Prince Menschikoff began his mission with demands on these grave matters. A brace of ecclesiastical baubles are found sufficient to agitate the sensitive mind of the head of the orthodox faith. Some concession had been made to a coxcombical Ambassador, sent by Louis Napoleon on the same grave subject; for the Porte, very naturally, seems to have cared very little about the Holy Places, if the parties concerned could agree amongst themselves. An Austrian Ambassador makes his appearance on the same stage; and he also is soon satisfied, obtaining all he sought. The Russian Plenipotentiary Extraordinary follows in the wake of the other two dignitaries, but with very different credentials, and for a very different purpose. The "cupola" and the "key" are only the first parallels in the siege just about to open. Lest this business should be settled amicably and too soon, he next outrageously insults the Turkish Government, and opens up the *real* question of his mission; namely, to demand the protectorate of the twelve millions of the Sultan's Greek subjects for his master the Czar; in other words, the transfer of the sovereignty of the greatest and best portion of the Turkish Empire to the sovereignty of Russia. This audacity met with a stern and positive refusal. The diplomacy of Europe was evoked, and the famous Note of Vienna followed, in the main conceding the demands of Russia, and recommending the Porte to submit. To her eternal honour, she still refused, thus placing the *onus* of enforcing their interposition upon Turkey on their own head. For very shame the four Courts—France, England, Austria, and Prussia—nullified their own act, and supported Turkey in her resistance. Evasion, shuffling, a change of basis, and some modifications were conceded by Prince Menschikoff, but the main point, the protectorate, was insisted upon; and to secure to himself, as he said, "material guarantees" for the fulfilment of his pretended "rights" on this question, Nicholas ordered his forces to cross the Pruth, and occupy the Principalities.

Thus the war began; for Turkey did not hesitate to accept the challenge, and by a Proclamation, couched in dignified but firm and decided language, exposed the perfidy of Russia, and announced that, if the Russian troops did not retire from her territory by a given time, hostilities would commence. Nicholas did not deign any reply to this manifesto; he, no doubt, anticipated it all, and was prepared for the issue: his army remained in Wallachia and Moldavia, awaiting the movements of the Turks.

The brilliant and extraordinary campaign of the Danube soon commenced. We may make a remark or two on the general

principles on which it was conducted by Omar Pacha, in illustration of the result. The unity and simplicity of the entire plan will enable us, non-professional as we are in military affairs, to comprehend the whole. In the main, then, it is obvious that the strategical policy of the Turkish Generalissimo was Fabian and defensive. His troops were massed on the right bank of the Danube, and the fortifications, to the utmost, strengthened and improved. We recollect being amused at the time with a graphic description, by a traveller, of the workshops in the arsenal of Rustchuk, as pointing out the diligence and assiduity of the Commander-in-Chief in preparing for the emergencies of the war. In addition to the more important preparation of artillery, and the strengthening of the fortifications, it was stated that in the workshops were seen, in the prosecution of their respective crafts, Turks, Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews, and Gypsies,—all busy in the preparation of some useful implements adapted to their genius. The Gypsies were tinkering at tin canteens, and other articles essential to camp life; the Bulgarians were engaged in iron work, and in making gun-carriages and carts; the Greeks were pursuing lighter crafts, such as tailoring, boot-making, and the rest; the poor Jew seemed ill at home in these duties, but was obliged to make himself generally useful; whilst the Turks themselves smoked and worked, as best they could, in the midst of the general activity. The scene was, in its kind, picturesque enough, and, we must say, rather unusual in the regions of Turkey. But these exertions told on the general result. The fighting part of war is, in reality, the least portion of the dreadful game. The preparations behind the scene constitute the arms and sinews of the contest; and, in case these are neglected, disastrous consequences, as we too well know, must ensue. That these kinds of preparation were made on a judicious and large scale, we have proof in the issue; for it would have been utterly impossible for Omar Pacha to have made good his ground, had he not possessed these resources to retire upon. His arsenals were full of the material of war, the fortresses well armed and manned, provisions prepared and supplied in abundance, and the lesser matters of transport, forage, and horses, amply provided. A defensive force is oftener driven from its lines by the want of means of subsistence, and other causes of a like nature, than by force of arms.

The head-quarters of the Turkish army were, at the opening of the campaign, at Widdin. This place was chosen with skill, as we shall see, though not central. The ulterior purpose of Omar Pacha was evidently the formation of the "Torres Vedras" of the war,—the "lines," or fortified camp, at Kalafat. But to secure this point, the passage of the Danube, in the presence of the Russian army, was necessary. This bold manœuvre was accomplished, and the first combat of the war followed,—the battle of Oltenitza. The forces were not

numerous on either side, but pretty equal in numbers, and the contest ended in the complete rout of the Russian force. An eye-witness described Omar Pacha as seated on a divan, cross-legged, in the Turkish fashion, smoking his chibouque, and giving his orders with perfect *sang froid*. He was enabled to see every thing from this point of observation, and to direct the movements of every battalion of his army; and it was said by this witness of the action, that, when the Turkish cavalry were rushing forward upon the retreating Russians, and in danger of compromising the fortunes of the day by their headlong rashness, their sagacious General recalled them, by ordering the bugle to be sounded for that purpose. The day was won: no sinister counteraction followed; and the Turks remained on the left bank of the Danube. Intrenchments were thrown up; and we presume the Russians were deceived with the idea, that the Turkish army was about to operate from Oltenitza, as the centre of its movements. The General had a greater game to play, a higher prize in his eye, a more commanding position to secure. Whilst amusing the attention, and engaging the exertions of the Russians at Oltenitza, Omar Pacha crossed the river at Widdin, and, suddenly seizing the high ground of Kalafat, instantly threw up intrenchments, which ever after bade defiance to the Russian armies. This strong position was occupied by the Russians in the war of 1828 and 1829, and very much facilitated their operations against the Danubian fortresses, their capture, the passage of the Balkan, and march to Adrianople. How they came, on this occasion, to neglect to possess themselves of so important and essential a position, with the whole country open to them, and the example of General Diebitseh in the last war, we are unable to divine.

Be this as it may, it is perfectly clear, that the fate of the campaign turned on this successful manœuvre. Kalafat lies opposite to Widdin, and, by a bridge of boats, Omar Pacha was enabled to connect the two,—sending reinforcements and *matériel* of war and provisions across the river to the camp, at his pleasure. This explains the reason for his head-quarters being, at this early date, fixed at Widdin, instead of a more central point lower down, as afterwards at Schumla. The position of Kalafat became the key of the campaign, and may be said, also, to have been the salvation of Turkey. It seems to have been the intention of the Emperor of Russia to have turned the Turkish defences at this point; to have passed into Servia; to have overthrown the neutrality of that Principality; and either to have forced the people to take sides with her against their lawful Sovereign, the Sultan, or to have made this country the base of her operations against the Turkish dominions on the right bank of the Danube,—probably a march on Constantinople. All these schemes were effectually frustrated. The intrenched

works at Kalafat were from time to time reinforced from Widdin, strengthened from day to day by additional redoubts, and bristled with so formidable an artillery, as to bid defiance to the enemy.

We are unable to comprehend the reasons for the strategical movements of the Russian General. His forces were placed on a line of some two hundred miles, from Galatz and Ibrail to Bucharest, and even farther up than this capital of Wallachia. Judging of these movements by the ordinary rules of war, we might be led to imagine that the Russians were acting on the defensive, rather than the offensive; that these troops were intended to guard and defend the frontier provinces, instead of being assembled to invade Turkey. An aggressive war, to be successful, must, in the nature of things, be carried on by the concentration of large masses of troops on one point, so as, like a mountain torrent, to break the defensive chain of the enemy. All the wars of Napoleon were conducted upon this principle. The Austrian armies, under General Mack, were thus overthrown, leading to the capture of Ulm, the battle of Austerlitz, and the humiliation of Germany. In the next year, Prussia, after an infinite series of perplexed manœuvres on the field of war, just the same as her present perplexed policy on the field of diplomaey, shared the same fate. The Prussian army, under the command of the old Duke of Brunswick, of sinister fame, extended for many leagues, apparently, for the defence of the frontier of the kingdom, was pierced by one of Napoleon's masterly movements, and then scattered to the winds and utterly annihilated by the great battle of Jena. Had Omar Pacha possessed a sufficient force for such a purpose, it would have been as easy for him to have scattered the forces of Prince Gortschakoff, as for Napoleon to do so in either of these instances. But, true to his defensive policy, the Turkish Generalissimo could not be tempted to risk the fortunes of war by a general action.

We presume Nicholas became dissatisfied with the war and its results. As the time approached for active operations in the spring of 1854, he sent Prince Paskiewitsch to supersede Gortschakoff, and take the supreme command. This aged veteran is considered the first General in the Russian service; and he has, on two great theatres, eminently served his country. In Asia,—the scene of present operations,—in the last war, by a succession of masterly and brilliant operations, he entirely annihilated the Turkish power, and this at a time when the balance seemed to turn against the Russian armies on the Danube. And in Poland, in the last heroic struggle for liberty by that brave nation, Paskiewitsch was the instrument of their humiliation and subjugation. Having deserved so well of his Sovereign, honours were showered upon him. He was created Prince of Warsaw, General-in-Chief and Governor of that ill-starred country; and, from the date of his victories, he has held the

reins of authority, and employed his utmost energies—and not without success—in rendering Poland, what Russia always intended it to be, a military position of prodigious strength, to defend Russia against aggression, and provide an out-post of the empire, threatening to German independence and the liberties of Europe. The consolidation of Russian power in Poland has, unquestionably, been more advanced by Prince Paskiewitsch than by any previous satrap. The Polish nobility, if suspected of love to their country, have been doomed to the genial climate and elegant hospitalities of Siberia; the peasants and common people evincing such sins as patriotism and the love of freedom, have been marched off to the army of the Caucasus, to battle with pestilence and the Circassians,—esteemed amongst them, and with good reason, as tantamount to a sentence of death; and if we add to this decimation of the population, confiscations of property, temporary imprisonments, the liberal use of the knout, *espionnage*, a universal and crushing police-force, the sale of justice, and the everlasting intermeddling of all sorts of *employés*,—we may infer thence how well this Prince-General deserves of his master. Although it is said that he remonstrated against the policy of the war, and manifested great reluctance to be personally charged with conducting it; yet, in obedience to the imperial mandate, he made his appearance on the field of action.

The Prince had no sooner assumed the command, than extreme activity appeared in the Russian camp; and we may be well assured that new life and confidence inspired all its grades. The scattered corps were grouped at, and around, Bucharest: and it became evident that something decisive was contemplated. The object of assault was universally understood to be the intrenchments of Kalafat. These were reconnoitred by the General-in-Chief, skirmishing parties were incessantly sent out, petty *rencontres* took place, and always in favour of the Turks. The strength of the place was not found merely in the heights, the trenches, and the cannon of the camp: it was incessantly fed across the river from Widdin, as occasion required; and it was found impossible to destroy the Turkish bridge of boats, or to cut off the communication with the right bank of the Danube. After various delays, manœuvres, marches, and countermarches, it became evident that an attack was imminent. This was anticipated by Omar Pacha. He ordered a strong force to sally from the lines, under the command of Ismail Pacha, one of his most trusty and celebrated chiefs, and to assault the Russian corps. The battle of Citate ensued. The Russians occupied the village of that name in force, with a numerous artillery and powerful infantry, flanked and supported by a strong body of cavalry. The attack of the Turks was irresistible. The village was carried at the point of the bayonet, and set on fire; and the routed

Russians were seen in full retreat. They met a strong column of some fifteen thousand men, sent by Paskiewitsch to their aid, and the two bodies formed a junction. The victorious Turks did not hesitate a moment, but flew in fury upon this new enemy, which, by the union of the two bodies, greatly outnumbered their own. A second victory followed, perfectly decisive in its results, which would have been much more so, if a cavalry chief had not misconceived his orders, or neglected to obey them. But this mischance only had the effect of rendering the victory less costly and humiliating to the Russians, and not wresting it out of the hands of the Turks. The heroism of this conflict recalled the best days of Ottoman history. Ismail Pacha fought like a lion at the head of his troops, exposing himself to shot and sabre every moment; the officers in command were inspired with the spirit of their leader, and vied with each other in deeds of valour; and the common soldiers were in no wise behind their officers, but every man seemed to emulate his fellow in daring and prowess. True to the policy of the war, not to hazard any thing by rashness, the Turks retired in the evening to their intrenchments, flushed with victory, and re-assured in the confidence of being more than a match for their enemy.

This battle decided the question as to the possibility of a successful assault of the intrenchments of Kalafat. No serious attempt upon the place was made after this period. Parties of Cossacks and cavalry, sometimes accompanied by infantry and artillery, approached the place, as near the range of the guns as was prudent, apparently for the purpose of *reconnaissance*, or, perhaps, to tempt the Turks to abandon their stronghold, and weaken their force by useless encounters in the open field. But the sagacity of the Turkish Commander was superior to these vulgar bravadoes, and he left the Russians to waste their strength in fruitless and abortive efforts against his impregnable position.

The moral effect of the battle of Citate in the Turkish army was immense; and in old times,—indeed, so late as the war of 1829,—it would, in all probability, have caused the Chief Vizier of that day to abandon his intrenchments, and hazard every thing in the open field. Had Omar Pacha done so, notwithstanding his victory, the war would have ended disastrously to his arms. In any thing like equal numbers, this combat proved, beyond question, that the Turkish army was more than a match for the armies of the Czar; but in other matters the contest was fearfully unequal, and the only possibility of Omar Pacha maintaining it was in a firm adherence to his defensive strategy. In numbers, in organization, in artillery, in their cavalry force, in all the munitions of war, in the command of the resources of the country, and in monetary power, the

Russians were far in advance of the Turks. These things considered, it must be apparent to the most superficial observer, that a campaign in the open field must have terminated disastrously for the Turks. The only chance of being able successfully to resist the unjust aggression of the Czar, lay in a persevering persistence in the defensive policy adopted by Omar Pacha; and, happily for his country, he had the courage to continue it. The world has witnessed many instances, since the days of Hannibal's invasion of Italy, and its defence by Fabius, of a comparatively feeble State successfully resisting the assaults of its stronger neighbours. But nothing is more remarkable in the wars of Turkey with Russia, than the reverse of this. Impassible in ordinary life, and difficult to rouse, in war the Turk, above all men, is impetuous and fiery. In the very last war, the Grand Vizier had the temerity to sally out of Schumla at the head of his forces, place himself in an untenable position, and allow Diebitsch to interpose himself between the Turkish army and the fortress they had quitted, and inflict upon them a blow from which they never recovered. It was this false move on the chess-board which enabled the Russian General to cross the Balkan, and to dictate the Peace of Adrianople. Such was the importance of the constancy of Omar Pacha in the line of tactics he had adopted. The victory of Citate could not deceive him. True genius knows when to halt, as well as when to move; and we look upon the defensive policy of the Turkish chief as indicative of profound sagacity.

Baffled in his attempts to take Kalafat, and being equally unsuccessful in his efforts to decoy Omar Pacha from his stronghold, nothing was left to Prince Paskiewitsch but to take the old route into Turkey proper. He therefore ordered General Lüders to cross the Danube into the Dobrudscha, from Galatz, whilst the main army manœuvred on the left bank, to support this movement. The Dobrudscha is crossed by the remains of the Wall of Trajan; and Europe heard, with some anxiety, that this point was to be defended, and a great battle was impending. But Mustapha Pacha, undoubtedly by the orders of his chief, left the Wall of Trajan undefended, and retreated before the advancing Russians. This brought their armies before Silistria, and the celebrated siege of that fortress followed. The fortunes of the war turned on this pivot, and the skill and resources of both armies were concentrated on this point. To meet the exigencies of the case, and to be near the new field of operations, the head-quarters of Omar Pacha were moved from Widdin to Schumla; but his old policy of defensive war was still adhered to. Decisive offensive operations were anticipated; but the Turkish Commander was seen calmly, but energetically, strengthening his position, and refusing to be lured from his

ramparts. The garrison of Silistria was reinforced, its fortifications put in the best condition, and the fearful conflict began.

By reason of the secrecy observed in all military affairs by the Russian Government, it is impossible to ascertain the exact number of the force engaged in the siege of Silistria; but the general belief is, that not less than seventy or eighty thousand men were employed in the operation, with a vast train of heavy artillery. The approaches were conducted in the usual manner, and the Turks met the storm with cool intrepidity and unflinching resolution. An incident which gave a peculiar interest to this siege took place, apparently, from mere accident,—the presence of two of our countrymen. In the indulgence of a laudable curiosity to see the place, and make themselves acquainted with its defences, Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth entered the town just at the time of its being invested, and, either because they had no inclination to make the attempt to escape, or because of the hazard of such an undertaking, remained in the place. “So,” said Lieutenant Nasmyth to the “Times,” being the correspondent of that paper at the period, “So we are in for it, and must make up our minds to abide the issue.” There they did remain, and nobly they acquitted themselves. By day and by night these two gallant officers were found at the post of danger; at one time encouraging the men, and at another directing their measures; at one time rousing the somewhat sluggish energies of the Governor, and at another suggesting the best plans of defence; at one time found in the trenches, and at another heading the *sorties* of the garrison; at one time foreseeing the stratagems of the Russians above ground, and at another detecting and baffling their mining operations; at one time suffering the want of supplies, and at another devising the means to obtain them. These young officers became the animating life of the garrison, the objects of universal confidence and admiration, the guiding lights of the measures adopted; and, although we do not intend to depreciate the bravery of the Turks, yet it cannot damage their reputation to affirm, that the skill and equal valour of these gentlemen contributed largely to the success of the defence. England was proud of her sons, and took their conduct on this novel occasion as an omen for good. It is hardly necessary to say, that poor Captain Butler lost his life by the bursting of a shell, and was bitterly lamented by his brave comrades in arms; Omar Pacha uniting in the universal grief, and rendering a public tribute to the memory of the young hero. By an act of justice, Lieutenant Nasmyth was, at the termination of the siege, raised to the rank of Major in the British army.

It is a singular feature of the siege of Silistria, that the efforts of the Russian army, in all its force, were directed chiefly to but

one fort,—Fort Tabia, which is described as a mere earthwork. Innumerable assaults, by large bodies of men, were made upon this work, but invariably without success. With unflinching courage the Turks met these attempts to seize their stronghold; their fire produced vast chasms in the ranks of the Russians, whose approaches to the works were met by the bayonet, and resolutely repelled; with perfect coolness any breaches made in their intrenchments were repaired by the spade, in the presence of a murderous fire, and the loss of one man in this work was instantly supplied by another; till, in the end, the steadiness and bravery of the garrison surmounted all difficulties. The loss of the Russians was prodigious. General Schilders, the chief Engineer, was killed; Prince Paskiewitsch was wounded, though, owing to the secrecy observed on such subjects by the Russians, the nature of the injury has not transpired. Several other general officers, as well as many of a lower grade, lost their lives, or received serious injuries, whilst many thousand soldiers were put *hors de combat*; when, finally, in the darkness of night, the Russian forces retired, carrying with them their artillery.

The defeat of the Russians must be mainly attributed to the skill and bravery of the defence. But there were, undoubtedly, other causes, leading to this result. Like Sebastopol, the town was never invested, the Russian General contenting himself with assaulting one side of the place, and leaving the other open. We are at a perfect loss to comprehend the reasons for this omission, inasmuch as the Russian force was sufficient for the purpose, and there was no army in the field to prevent it. By reason of this omission, it remained in the power of Omar Pacha to send in supplies and reinforcements at his pleasure; so that the casualties and losses sustained at different times, were constantly repaired. The case of both Silistria and Sebastopol reminds us of Sydney Smith's humorous description of Dame Partington attempting to mop up the encroaching waters of the Atlantic. The capture of fortified places is the effect of exhaustion; but if their losses can be repaired at pleasure, this exhaustion can never take place, and, consequently, the defence can be protracted *ad infinitum*. This, we presume, was the real cause why Silistria held out so long, and ultimately baffled all the attempts of Prince Paskiewitsch to take it. The case is so clear to non-professional men, that we cannot help expressing our surprise, that so experienced a General as the Russian Commander-in-Chief should have neglected so obvious a precaution. These hallucinations of intellect seem to be the instruments of Providence in defeating the designs of man. The most important and, indeed, to the parties, fatal results in war often spring from these momentary blunders.

The early movements of the Allied armies in the East have

been equally open to criticism; and we confess our inability to perceive the reasons for some of these early movements. The first position taken was that of Gallipoli; but why, we cannot imagine. The Allied troops began their work by throwing up intrenchments, preparatory to their being mounted with cannon. How this operation stood connected with the campaign on the Danube, then fearfully raging, though understood, no doubt, by the scientific warriors who planned the best mode of assisting the Turks, yet is a question lying very far from our vision. Gallipoli is a point of land, with the Gulf of Saros on one side, and the Dardanelles on the other; and these earthworks seem to have been intended to secure the other fortifications commanding those celebrated straits. In case the Russians had been at Adrianople, were marching victoriously on the capital, and threatening the very existence of Constantinople, we can understand the importance of making the entrance into the Black Sea safe. But they were some three hundred miles off, were struggling to overpower Omar Pacha on the Danube; and, to all appearance at the time, a small weight thrown into the scale would turn the balance in favour of the Turks. The moment we are referring to was the most critical moment in the entire war; and the most sanguine as to the justice of the Turkish cause, and the bravery of the troops, must certainly at that period have been visited with many apprehensions for the safety of the army, and the issue of the campaign. Bystanders must have felt, and we know many who said, that this was the time for the Allied forces to appear on the field. There was nothing to prevent it. The sea was as open to Varna as it was to Gallipoli, and a few hours' sail would have carried our forces to the field of action, and at once have decided, in conjunction with the Turks, the fate of the campaign. But there we remained at Gallipoli, till the idea of fortifying the forts of the Dardanelles was supplanted by another, and the troops were moved to Scutari and the neighbourhood of Constantinople. All this time, as we have intimated, the Turkish army was fiercely contending for existence, and exposed to the utmost peril, and yet no movement took place for their succour. We can only account for this on one principle; namely, that those who had the direction of the Allied forces—whether at home, or in the field—entertained the notion that Omar Pacha must necessarily be overcome, that the Balkan would be passed, that the Russians would soon be seen in full march upon Constantinople, and that it was essential to keep the Allied troops in the neighbourhood to defend the capital. But here again, we confess, our common sense is sadly perplexed by this fresh development of strategic science. We should have imagined that the Danube itself, and, in the case of its defences becoming untenable, then the Balkan, were the natural lines

of defence; and, moreover, that Constantinople would have been much more safe, with the Allied armies defending these bulwarks of the empire, than fighting the Russians flushed with victory,—which, we must remember, is one of the conditions of the case, as anticipated by our rulers,—on the plains of Roumelia, in their approach to Constantinople.

Besides this consideration, an earlier appearance of the Allies in Bulgaria would, in all probability, have preserved the troops from much of that suffering and mortality which followed their late appearance on the scene. In such localities as Varna, a certain amount of pestilence annually recurs, arising from malaria, the production of swamps and decaying vegetable matter. A previous residence is found the best safeguard, as, by a process of acclimatizing, the constitution is gradually prepared for the intense heats, noxious evaporations, and pestilential fevers, which are certain to come. Of course, the cholera could not have been foreseen; but cholera was by no means the only visitation which cut off so many of our men; and it is certain, that every other species of disease by which they were visited, might easily have been foreseen and provided against by a different arrangement as to time and encampment. But the lessons of science, and even of experience, are sure to be lost on Englishmen. We are “always learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth;” or, if we attain to this knowledge in one age, it is certain to be forgotten in the next. No nation in the world possesses the same means of medical experience as ours, and yet, when this is practically tested, it is found that none is more deficient. Our empire traverses every latitude, and embraces every variety of climate, from the Tropics to the Poles. We are found every where, and our countrymen can, when rightly treated, live every where; but no human system can bear to be plunged at once, and without seasoning, into new and untried regions, the absolute contrast of the climate in which their life has been developed. We know not whether the medical officers of the East India Company, like the military officers of that service, are proscribed, refused rank, and treated as non-British,—a sort of alien race: if so, of course their experience would be unavailable in the expedition. In passing, let us be permitted to express our regret, nay, our indignation, at this suicidal proscription. India is the school, and, in times of European peace, the only school, open to Englishmen for developing their military skill; and we all know that it has trained for public service the greatest men of the country. That these men should lose rank when they return to their native land, and in their association with the dandy officers of the household troops or others, who have never seen any thing beyond a birthday review, is an infinite abomination. The amalga-

mation of the two services is essential to the efficiency of the British army; and, in case our belief is well founded respecting the medical department, the same principle must hold good. Indian doctors could have given our authorities some information respecting climate and cholera, that, in all probability, would have saved hundreds of lives, had their advice been followed.

And yet it cannot be denied, that though the Allied army took no active part in the operations on the Danube, it contributed, in no slight degree, to the issue. By acting as a reserve, it enabled Omar Pacha to concentrate and employ all his forces in support of Silistria: the moral effect of such an army being at hand, and ready to act, could not be lost; and the certainty of having to encounter them united to the Turks, in all probability decided Paskiewitsch to abandon the enterprise. Besides this appearance of the Allies on the field, the Austrians had by this time begun to assemble troops in force on her Transylvanian frontier. A treaty had, moreover, been entered into with the Porte, to the effect that Austria would occupy and defend the Principalities, as well as secure the neutrality of Servia, and the integrity of the Turkish dominions on the side of Montenegro. In this latter country a Russian agent had been busily at work for some time, distributing bribes, promising rewards, and inciting Prince Daniel to hasten his attack on Bosnia and Albania, and to co-operate with the Greek insurgents. Russia has all along been considered the very soul of legitimacy, the safeguard of dynastic rights, the shield of order against popular movements; and yet, to serve her ambitious purposes, she could now stoop to become revolutionary, and attempt to create revolt in the territories of her victim. She found a willing instrument for her purpose in the Queen of Greece, a clever and ambitious woman, who, it is well known, has long entertained the dream of becoming Empress of the Byzantine Empire, reconstructed by the arms of Russia. How this petty Queen, with her imbecile husband, could imagine that Nicholas would conquer Turkey for their behoof, only indicates, in a somewhat new phase, the blindness of ambition.

It seems that soon after the discomfiture of the Russians on the Danube, the British Cabinet began to entertain the idea of invading the territories of the Czar, and assaulting Sebastopol. For reasons already stated,—namely, the insecurity of Turkey, and the utter uselessness of any temporary aid whilst this fortress remains,—we cannot but think this resolution was wisely taken. But we were not at the time prepared for so formidable a task. The army was sickly, and great numbers were daily carried off by cholera; the officers and men were dispirited by inanition, disease, and, to them, the terrible heat of the climate; siege artillery and material were not in preparation; no suitable transport service, on an adequate footing, had

been organized; the medical department was defectively supplied with both officers and stores; and nothing had been done to support such an expedition by reserves, either on the Turkish territories, or in Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu. Hence a long and tedious delay took place; and, as the nation could not know the determination of Ministers, great anxiety was felt, great astonishment expressed, as to why our army had gone to the East at all, seeing they had taken no part on the Danube, and were now left to melt away in the swamps of Bulgaria. Why, it was indignantly asked, did they not at once go and take Sebastopol? The enterprise was considered by the people so easy an affair, that they imagined all that was necessary was for the Allies to show themselves before the place, and it would at once capitulate. This illusion was brought about by three causes: ignorance of the Crimea, and of the strength of the place; the recent advantages gained over the Russians by the Turks; and then a hasty conclusion that, on their own ground, and in defence of their own stronghold, the former would be equally feeble.

Time is every thing in war; and as the expedition to the Crimea, from the causes referred to, would, of necessity, be thrown into the autumn, entailing the possibility of a winter campaign, we cannot help thinking that it would have been more judicious for the Allied Commanders to have united their forces with those of Omar Pacha, and finished the advantages gained on the Danube, by the vigorous pursuit of the retreating Russians, and the invasion of Bessarabia. A joint attack of the combined navies and armies of the Allies could hardly have failed to prove successful. Odessa was then open to assault, and might easily have been taken or destroyed by our fleets; and the fall of this place could not have failed to render an advance upon the Pruth successful. Besides, there was ample time for this operation, though not for the other; and the discomfiture of the Russian armies in Bessarabia, and the occupation of Odessa, would have cut off the Russian means of succour to the Crimea, which has since so fearfully crippled our exertions before Sebastopol. It was thought in this country, that the presence of the Austrian forces, which, about this time, entered the Principalities, would have the effect, at any rate, of diverting the attention of the Russians, and preventing their sending reinforcements to the Crimea. Such, however, was not the case. We cannot fathom the diplomacy of the Courts of Europe; it is an abyss too deep for our plummet to reach; but the facts are clearly before us; and, somehow or other, it happened that the presence of the Austrian army in the Principalities had the effect of setting the Russians at perfect liberty to march for the protection of the threatened city. The Turks seemed perfectly paralysed. Omar Pacha

ceased to advance; inaction, for a long time, took the place of activity; and Europe was astonished and appalled at the presence of an ally in the Provinces, who seemed entirely to tie the hands of the power she had gone to aid, and, whether disguisedly or not, to serve only the strategical objects of the enemy. Compliments passed betwixt Russia and Austria on the subject; and, for the nonce, the former proclaimed to the world, that the retreat of her armies across the Pruth did not take place in consequence of disasters before Silistria, but in deference to the Court of Vienna. Not being then exactly prepared for a rupture with so formidable a military power, this pretext served for the time; but in a while it was announced by the Court of St. Petersburg, that the retreat was effected on purely strategical grounds.

We lament that our first operations did not take place on the Pruth, as it seems certain that we should have been in the spring in a much better position to invade the Crimea with success,—as we think, the primary object of the war in the East,—and, moreover, should have avoided the dreadful miseries which a winter campaign in such a country could not fail to entail. Be this as it may, the expedition was resolved upon, and preparations made. Early in September, the expedition sailed, the most magnificent that ever floated on the bosom of the sea. The Spanish Armada, and the Christian fleet that fought at Lepanto, were each numerous and powerful armaments; but, looking at the size of the men-of-war, the number and power of the steamers employed, the transports in both fleets, the weight of metal carried by the ships of war, the officering and discipline of the crews, and, above all, the glorious army this fleet carried, the two cases mentioned, or, indeed, any other in history, sink into mere insignificance, compared with this. We shall not attempt a description. These are amply given by eye-witnesses, in most graphic and glowing colours, which are in every body's hands; and, certainly, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm, the hilarity, and the joy of both armies, when their inaction ended, and they had the prospect of meeting the enemy face to face. The rendezvous, at Serpent's Island, of four hundred such ships as there met, was such a sight as the sun never looked down upon before. The disembarkation was effected at a place called Old Fort, without the appearance of an enemy. This was little expected; and it is difficult to conjecture the reasons for this inaction in the mind of Prince Menschikoff. He would not have succeeded in preventing the landing, as our steamers could have reached his army by their guns; but still he might have caused much delay, confusion, and loss. He seems, however, to have desired to reserve his entire force for a defence of his position on the Alma, which he vainly imagined was, if not

impregnable, at least capable of defence for some considerable time. The night of landing was wet, the rain descending in torrents. Our men had no tents, had left their "kits" behind them on board ship, and had to lie on the cold ground, and were drenched through and through by the descending rain. Thus began those privations which have not yet ended. The officers, like the men, had been denied the luxury of tents, had been ordered to leave their baggage behind them, and they, as well as the common soldiers, were not allowed any thing but what they could carry on their backs. That young gentlemen unaccustomed to campaigning, and educated in the most delicate manner, in the midst of the luxuries of home, or of the mess and clubs in their own country, should have been put to this, must have startled their sensibilities, and put their fortitude to the test. They nobly bore it. Their birth and training, it was soon found, had not enervated their minds, or destroyed their stamina, as enduring Englishmen.

We should have wished here to say a few words as to the injustice which has of late been done to the behaviour of our nobility and gentry in this campaign: but we are prevented from dwelling on this subject by want of space. If, however, the assault on the aristocracy in the army is intended to remove the injustice of preventing the advance of our non-commissioned officers and soldiers to a higher grade, we give our suffrages to the end sought, but not to the means employed to secure it; holding, as we do, that nothing can be more alien to fair dealing, to sound policy, and to the efficiency of our army, in some of its departments, than the system of purchase.

We are thoroughly convinced that the country is, under the present system, deprived of the national advantage of its best talents. What would be the state of our Courts of Law, in case the native talent of its brightest ornaments had been stopped at the threshold by the principle of purchase? What kind of a Church should we have, if all the Clergy had to lay down some eleven hundred pounds,—as it is reported a most brave and deserving Lieutenant in the Crimea, on application for a Captaincy, was required to do,—before they could enter upon their clerical functions, or be elevated to a higher grade? What, again, must result from the purchase of office in the civil departments of the State,—the Excise, the Exchequer, the Customs, the Post-Office? And yet, if possible, there would be even more reason for this in these several cases, than in the army. The army is the shield of the nation; the representative of our honour, our prowess, our national character, in the eyes of the world: it is, in fact, the visible embodiment of the power of the English nation. To cripple its energies is to lower the country in the sight of the world, and, in the end, must reduce us to the *status* of a third or fourth-class State. Why should not the same mind, the same

firm will, the same energy, the same practical good sense, the same high moral qualities, the same capacity to surmount difficulties—why should not these national characteristics, which have made us the first nation in the world in government, commerce, and civilization, also make us the first nation in arms? There can be no grounds in nature why this should not be the case. The same human material that forms so splendid a social edifice, would, if fairly dealt with, give us an army such as the world never saw; but, so long as its life's-blood is restricted from free circulation, this is impossible. Remove obstacles, open the path of honour and promotion to all alike, and the competition, as in other cases, would benefit all alike.

We return to the Crimea. The battle of the Alma was fought on the 20th of September. The characteristics of this contest may be easily conceived. We have no intricate manœuvres, no perplexing combinations, no wise and scientific tactics; all is as clear and straightforward, as when two pugilists meet on a village-green. We see two armies standing in array against each other, till a gun is fired as the signal of battle. These two straight lines are pretty equally matched as to numbers, the chief difference being in their respective positions. The Russian army, forty-five thousand strong, were posted on the left bank of the river, on an elevated plateau of some four hundred feet, intersected by uneven ground and vineyards, presenting the *ensemble* of a series of hills, rising in some places abruptly, and in others gradually sloping up from the banks of the river. This ridge of hills extended some three miles, and on the left terminated in rocks on the sea-shore: the most commanding heights were guarded by the Russian batteries, which swept the plain below, and seemed to bid defiance to all approach. The right flank of this position was guarded by uneven ground and a numerous cavalry; the left by the rocks and the sea. In the contemplated assault on this formidable position, the French army took the right of the line, and the English the left; this arrangement bringing our allies into contact with the left of the Russian position, flanked as we have seen it to be, and our own troops into collision with the right of the Russian line, defended on its flank by its cavalry. A small village lay betwixt the two armies, and a bridge crossed the stream; the latter the Russians destroyed, and, on the advance of the English troops, set the village on fire. The river was fordable, but the banks precipitous and steep on the Russian side, costing our men much exertion to clamber up, and make good their footing. By a preconcerted signal the two armies simultaneously advanced. The Russian flank on their left was shelled by the steamers of the fleet, and was soon dislodged from the heights abutting on the sea. The Zouaves and Light Infantry were seen climbing the heights like goats, driving all before them. But a strongly fortified position

had to be assaulted, and a difference betwixt French and English tactics is here seen. We are told that the French assaulting sharpshooters and light troops, in their approach, suddenly spread themselves out like a fan to escape the fire of the artillery, and then, with equal quickness, formed into line again: the English, on the other hand, went straight up to the guns, never breaking their ranks, except when shaken by the fire of the enemy. Whilst the ships and the French were thinning the ranks, and putting the Russian left wing into inextricable confusion, the English passed the river, climbed the banks, formed line, and advanced. But here they encountered formidable obstacles. It was found that the chief Russian redoubts, surmounted by a numerous and well-placed artillery, lay before them. Destruction seemed inevitable. Volley after volley rolled amongst our ranks, and swept away our men. Nothing daunted, they pressed on. The Twenty-Third Welsh Fusiliers were fearfully decimated, and for a moment retired to re-form. This called up the Guards and Highlanders to their support. The Russians prepared to profit by this temporary confusion. A large mass of infantry appeared on the brow of the hill in pursuit, as they thought, of the flying enemy. The two noble Brigades of Highlanders and Guards were by this time rapidly moving up. The Russians levelled their muskets, as if to charge; the two Brigades accepted the challenge; they raised a shout that shook the earth; they pressed on with fixed bayonets; the Russians gave way; the English were masters of the field. The redoubts were overcome; the enemy threw away their knapsacks to facilitate their flight; and, in three hours, a fortified position, considered almost impregnable by Prince Menschikoff, was in the hands of the Allies.

Our sketch is necessarily brief and imperfect. We wish we could stop here; but there are two or three matters that impress our minds, as errors of great magnitude. Where, in the retreat of the Russians, were our cavalry? The great use of cavalry in war, we are told, is to enable a General to profit by the confusion of a defeat. The Russians were defeated, and retiring in confusion, giving Lord Lucan the opportunity of dashing into their retreating columns; but he was not there. This cavalry force had taken no part in the battle; they were perfectly fresh; they showed at Balaklava what they could do; and yet, by some strange oversight, they did nothing. The natural consequence followed. The Russians made good their retreat; they carried off all their guns save two; and the bloody but glorious battle of the Alma was barren of results, except as it opened the road to Sebastopol. A victory is only such, in reality, by its fruits; but here we have none, and, as we cannot help thinking, by reason of the inaction of our cavalry. The divided command, also, probably had its share in this ineffective improvement of a great victory. Had the cavalry of the two armies been brought together, so as to act in concert, the Russian cavalry could not have withstood them

for a moment; and the victory would have been crowned with the capture of all the Russian artillery, and thousands of their troops. In truth, the battle of the Alma was two battles,—the one fought by the French, and the other by the English; both fought with admirable bravery; but, as we believe, it would have been infinitely more triumphant, had it been but one.

We imagine another grievous mistake arose at this time. Time is every thing in war; but the allied armies remained on the field of battle two days, as it is said, to bury the dead and take care of the wounded. No doubt a humane work, but others might have done this. Why did not the fleet and army make one united effort at a *coup de main*? The greater portion of the garrison was in Prince Menschikoff's army, and, a great number of these troops were with the Prince in the field. The ships had not then been sunk at the mouth of the harbour, and the fleet had nothing to contend with, of the nature of an obstruction to their entrance. The Russian army was dispirited, and the people of the place panic-stricken. No walls or formidable ramparts stood in the way: Prince Menschikoff evidently considered his position on the Alma the real defence of the city; and, when driven from his intrenchments, he could have but slight hopes that Sebastopol could hold out. This, in fact, explains his conduct, and nothing else can. Instead of hastening within the fortress, he went to Balaklava; and when the Allies were moving on that place, his troops were met going into the interior, showing that he considered even the neighbourhood of that place unsafe. But the opportunity was lost; the fleet remained at sea, looking on the enemy sinking his ships and blocking up the mouth of the harbour; and the army leisurely moved towards the south, instead of entering the town,—as Oliphant tells us an army might easily do,—“marching down the main street, and burning the Russian fleet.”

Instead of Sebastopol being taken, the celebrated “flank march,” so highly extolled, was effected. And the success of this manœuvre but confirms our notion, that *possibly* the town might have been taken. To allow this march to be prosecuted without molestation, clearly proves how utterly the battle of the Alma had demoralized the Russian army. For the very same reasons that the Allies were permitted to pass the town without attack, surely they might have entered it, if not with impunity, yet with encouraging prospects of securing an effective lodgment.

The flank march in question brought the Allies to the south of the fortress, and gave them Balaklava, Chersonese, and Kamiesch, as ports; the sea thus forming the base of operations. Balaklava became the place of rendezvous for the English army, and the other two ports for the French. To secure this communication with the sea and the fleets was clearly necessary, when the idea of entering Sebastopol was given up:—the one arrangement evidently emanated from the other.

We wish we could give a succinct account of what followed. Let us make the attempt. We must begin by remarking that much misapprehension is found in the English mind on the subject of Sebastopol itself. We have read again, and again, of the "walls" of Sebastopol; the approaches to these walls; the prospect of knocking them down, and of effecting a breach, to be followed by an assault, and all the rest. The truth is, Sebastopol is not a walled city; and the defences created, in addition to detached forts, are earthworks, thrown up since the Allied armies took their ground. So soon as it was perceived that the French and English did not intend to enter the town, the Russians, with prodigious energy, at once began to throw up these earthworks, and place artillery upon them. In the mean time, the Allies, after making their position tolerably secure, began to drag up their guns, and prepare for a regular siege. Our own army was not furnished with siege artillery; and this defect was supplied, as well as it could be done, by bringing up heavy guns from the fleet; and the public were amused by graphic accounts of the alacrity and zeal displayed by our "Jack Tars" in this laborious work. The approaches were commenced as soon as possible, and the first parallel occupied about three weeks in its preparation. All this time the Russians were diligently engaged; and the very works our batteries were intended to silence and destroy, were constructed before the eyes of the besieging army. Why this was permitted, we cannot tell; but we witness no attempt to molest the enemy in the erection of his defences, which we were all the time preparing to destroy. It was certainly very civil, on our part, to allow the enemy as good a chance as ourselves!

The day of trial came, and on October 17th a simultaneous attack from our batteries and the fleet took place. It was utterly abortive. The fleet did nothing, except expend a large quantity of powder and ball, thrown against the walls of the forts from a distance that secured their perfect impunity; and, on the land side, it was found that the Russian artillery was immensely superior to ours,—not in practice, but in calibre. By day some of their guns were damaged; but Lord Raglan informed the Government that this damage was always repaired in the night; so that the next morning they were as prepared as ever. This lasted two or three days, when it was found that no impression was being made, and our fire slackened. As to the "walls" we have referred to, of course they remained, and still remain, untouched; for of what use can it be to fire cannon-balls into a great mound of earth? A railroad embankment will give us the best idea we can obtain in this country of these earthworks. What would be the effect of hurling cannon-shot into one of these embankments? The lodgment would effect no breach. The earth would imbed the shot, close in upon it, and, in fact, make it a part of itself. This is exactly what has

been going on at Sebastopol. Millions of shell and shot have been fired; many of the enemy's guns have been destroyed; but, as to a breach in their embankments of earth, this is impossible.

Emboldened, we may presume, by their successful resistance of the besiegers, the Russians prepared to act on the offensive; and on the 25th of October took place the battle of Balaklava. The paramount object of the attack was to destroy our base of operations, by seizing the port. The forts defended by the Turks were assailed with success. Great indignation has been expressed at what has been considered the cowardly conduct of these troops, in so soon abandoning their position; and, indeed, they seem to have manifested but little resolution on the occasion. But we must not forget, that they were entirely detached from the lines; that they had no support; and that, in the absence of succour, the question of abandonment or of capture could only be a question of time, and that a very short time too. It is possible that succour might have arrived, in case they had kept their ground; but none was in view at the time of the retreat. Their guns were turned upon themselves; and, as we shall see, were also fatally employed against our Light Cavalry. This point secured, the Russian General pushed forward a large body of cavalry to assault the position of Sir Colin Campbell, placed to defend Balaklava. The heroic Highlanders reserved their fire till the Russian force was within easy range; and then, by one tremendous volley, scattered death and disorder in the enemy's column, who at once withdrew from the deadly conflict. They were met on their return by our Heavy Brigade of cavalry, under the orders of General Scarlett; assailed, overthrown, and large numbers killed and wounded.

And now followed the most extraordinary event, we should imagine, ever witnessed in war. A written order, it is now known, was sent by Lord Raglan to Lord Lucan, to prevent the Russians carrying off the guns of the Turkish forts. This order was carried by Captain Nolan, a brave officer, known to have entertained peculiar notions respecting the capabilities of cavalry to storm batteries and break through squares of infantry. This order was handed to Lord Cardigan, at the head of the Light Division, to be put into execution; and, of course, as is always the case with British officers, was obeyed. But it is necessary, at this point, to add a word of explanation. The marching-ground to be traversed by our cavalry, was a valley of considerable length and of unequal breadth; the hills on either side were in possession of the enemy. Batteries were placed on each side of the valley, as well as at the termination. In addition to these formidable batteries, the hills were lined with sharpshooters and riflemen. This was the furnace of fire which our men had to enter.

It is said that Captain Nolan pointed to the battery in front,

as the object of attack. This is plainly a deviation from Lord Raglan's order to prevent the Russians carrying away the guns of the Turkish forts. It seems now impossible to get at the entire truth. Captain Nolan received a ball, on the first movement, in his breast, and turned his horse, which carried him out of the reach of fire; but, though fixed in his saddle, he was found dead. Lord Cardigan, it is said, remonstrated; and he knew, and every man in the noble band of heroes knew, that they were marching to destruction. His Lordship led the way at the head of his troops. A more extraordinary sight was never witnessed. The hills were covered with spectators, French and English, and the heroic band passed on with the calmness of a manœuvre on a parade-day. The Russian artillery and small arms opened upon the advancing column, and mowed them down; but still the undaunted horsemen pushed forward. They reached the battery in front, assailed the artillerymen, and put them to the sword. Beyond, they beheld a large body of Russian cavalry, attacked and dispersed them; further on, they beheld numerous battalions of infantry ready to receive them. The sight was appalling. To assault this new enemy was impossible, and a retreat was ordered. The Russians followed, and it is said, on good authority, that the battery, being manned again, sent its volleys indiscriminately on friend and foe, and swept away many of their own men, mingled pell-mell in deadly and hand-to-hand fight with our soldiers. How any of our men escaped is a perfect marvel; they having to retrace their steps in the midst of the same destructive fire as in the advance. But the brave and indefatigable French General Bosquet appeared on the field at the right time; ordered a cavalry attack of one of the hill batteries, and, silencing it for the time, enabled our men to pass.

Lord Cardigan escaped unhurt,—a perfect miracle. But out of six hundred men and officers nearly three hundred were put *hors de combat*: many of them killed, and others fearfully wounded. Such was this cavalry attack, almost unexampled in war.* The discipline, the heroic spirit, the devotion to duty, the steadiness, manifested by this brave body of troops, were never exceeded. The brilliancy of the affair is more like a romance than a reality; a tournament in real war; a matchless spectacle in the presence of innumerable observers; a daring feat of arms, in the spirit of the most ancient chivalry. We wish we could stop here. But there is something so preposterous, so foolish, in this waste

* History often repeats itself. At the battle of Eylau, five hundred and forty-eight French Cuirassiers, carried away by their enthusiastic ardour, attacked a large body of the enemy in position, having cut their way through the infantry: they were immediately attacked in front and flank by the Cossacks of the Don, headed by their Hetman Platoff. Only eighteen of those gallant Frenchmen regained their lines, and in less than an hour five hundred and thirty Cossacks were clothed in the shining armour of their foes.

of life, and, moreover, so detrimental to the real objects of war, that we cannot help expressing our indignation. How it could by possibility have happened, we cannot imagine. That Lord Raglan's order did not contemplate such an assault upon the Russian battery at the end of the valley, is perfectly clear; its object being to prevent the Russians carrying off our guns, and being limited to this point. That it was a misconception, there can be no doubt. The moral effect of this bravery, it has been said, must have been great. But moral effect is of two kinds; and it seems a difficult problem to resolve, whether admiration of the heroism of our troops, or contempt for our wisdom, would predominate in the minds of Prince Menschikoff and his subordinates. Be this as it may, our brigade of glorious Light Cavalry was nearly annihilated; and the nation had to mourn the loss of three hundred of the finest and bravest of her children.

The morning of the 5th of November was dark, a dense fog lay on the mountains, drizzling rain descended, and all nature appeared in tears. This was premonitory. The Russians assembled in great force in the obscurity, advanced their artillery up the ridges, so as to command our position; riflemen and sharpshooters crept up the hill-sides, and approached our pickets; vast bodies of infantry were in readiness to act; and, at the dawn of day, the battle of Inkermann commenced. This, like the battle of Balaklava, was a surprise. Lord Raglan and his staff were in bed; the men out in the trenches were getting such rest as their exposed huts and mud-floors would allow; it was the time for changing the officers and men who had been up all night; none had time to kindle their fires, or to prepare breakfast; and, weary, hungry, and chilly with cold and wet, our soldiers were called to arms. One officer, General Codrington, watchful and vigilant, was on the back of his pony at five o'clock, as usual, though not his duty, and visited the pickets in advance of his division. "All right," was the report of the men. He turned the head of his pony to return to camp, when, after riding a short distance, he heard the report of fire-arms from the pickets he had just left. He hastily returned to ascertain the facts; and now the revelation was made, not suspected before, that the Russians were advancing in force to assail our position. General Codrington hastened with all speed to give the information. The camp simultaneously rose from its slumbers; the habiliments of war were hastily put on by the soldiers; every man, every company, every regiment instinctively took their place; in detached parties, as they could be formed, they left the camp, and rushed up the hill to meet the enemy. It was time. He was ascending the slope in powerful masses, and had nearly reached the summit, where such feeble defences as we possessed were assailed;

and the resistance to the enemy had to be made good or lost, and with it the whole British army.

And now commenced the most sanguinary, the most heroic, the most glorious conflict that ever occurred in the annals of the world. We cannot enter into its details. All we can do, is to refer to a few of its singularities. It has been called "the battle of the soldiers." The General-in-Chief was not present when it began. He arrived an hour and a half after its commencement. Hence there was no previous plan, no combination, no orders. Each division marched up from its encampment, as it got ready, to the brow of the hill, and occupied the ground nearest to its own huts. The space was limited, and admitted of no manœuvring; and, for the same reason, only eight thousand men could be engaged during the action. The main point of attack had been imperfectly intrenched; the works were feeble, and badly armed. Sir De Lacy Evans had repeatedly pointed out the danger, but, for the want of men, the defect remained.

The Russian advance up the hill to the assault was in dense columns of infantry, preceded by bodies of riflemen, spreading themselves out in parties, and hiding amongst the brushwood in the valley and hill-side. Without the science of such a movement, the narrowness of the ground obliged the enemy to follow the favourite principle of Napoleon in all his great battles; namely, to push a dense mass of men against the lines of an opposing force, so as to break through, divide the army, and then scatter the whole in detail. This was attempted at Waterloo against the British position, and failed: it was a necessity at Inkermann, and equally failed. It seems that the success of such a manœuvre must depend upon the strength and firmness of the resisting force. And, judging by this rule, it appears that British infantry possess more of this power of resistance than any troops in the world. Napoleon drove his human wedge through every other army in Europe; when he attempted it on the adamant rock of British bravery and endurance, his weapon was shattered in his hands, and the mighty mass returned, discomfited and broken.

The battle of Inkermann consisted of a succession of attacks on the British position, by these masses of Russian troops, gaining, at different times, transient successes, and then hurled back by the terrible courage of our soldiers. These hand-to-hand contests were most extraordinary; and, considering the vast disparity of numbers,—the Russians being as six or eight to one,—the physical strength, as well as the desperate courage, of our men stands out in marvellous prominence. It so happened, that the advantage from artillery was altogether on the side of the Russians, our guns accomplishing—at any rate, for a long time—but little against their powerful fire, and our cavalry took no

part in the contest. These conditions threw the whole burden of the contest on the infantry regiments of the British army, and tested, in a manner not to be mistaken, the kind of soul, the will, the devotion, the patriotism, of Englishmen. In such a pell-mell contest, carried on for nearly the whole day, of course a perfect chaos presents itself to view throughout; and an attempt to describe a sea-storm would be as successful as to exhibit this chaotic contest.

But one of the most marvellous circumstances witnessed in the storm is, the instinct of discipline and coherence displayed on the part of our men. The directing eye of the Commander-in-Chief, and orders corresponding, were impossible; the Generals of Division and Brigade, though somewhere amongst their troops, could but imperfectly convey their orders in such a tempest; and even regimental officers were often equally embarrassed. And yet the troops stood by each other. Small groups of men belonging to different regiments met, they knew not how, and, if an officer was present, put themselves under his command; and, if not, they formed in line, and again rushed in desperate fury upon the enemy. One case is singular, and ought to be handed down to all time. A medical officer named Wilson, in the search for wounded and dying men, and the exercise of the healing art, met with a number of men without an officer; they asked him to lead them; he consented, and, for the time giving up his discipleship to Esculapius, and swearing fealty to Mars, the Doctor turned General, and led his heroic band successfully against the enemy. This kind of contest continued for many hours; the Russians sometimes approaching, and even getting into our position, and then retiring discomfited and overthrown. But, recruited by fresh legions, they returned again and again to the encounter, and met with a similar fate. It happened that in many cases our soldiers had exhausted their ammunition, and it could not be replenished; they then took to the bayonet, and, when so pressed and surrounded that they had not room for this, they then employed the butt-end of their guns; but what will appear most singular in these scientific times is, that our men rolled and threw stones from the high ground upon the approaching enemy.

Lord Raglan states in his dispatch that there was no room for manœuvring, and yet Sir George Cathcart attempted a manœuvre. This gallant officer collected a portion of his division, and assaulted the flank of the Russians. This movement seems to have been made without orders from the Commander-in-Chief, without combination or support;—for, in the circumstances, what combination could be made?—to have been, in point of fact, an isolated attempt of a devoted officer to gain an advantage from the confusion of the enemy. His attempt failed. Our men soon found themselves inextricably

entangled in brushwood, surrounded by the Russians, and apparently cut off from retreat. And here occurred one of the greatest feats of valour on this eventful day. The heroic band pushed their way up the hill in the midst of incessant volleys and charges of the bayonet against many times their own numbers. Yet still they pushed on, and continued to gain ground. Their brave leader fell, pierced by a ball, and General Goldie also was mortally wounded. Their ranks were fearfully thinned; but a remnant reached the hill, and escaped further pursuit.

The battle had raged from dawn. The assault had been successfully repulsed at a vast sacrifice of life, and the remainder of our poor men, hungry and thirsty, were completely exhausted. At length the decisive moment arrived. The faithful, the alert, the brave Bosquet again appeared. He brought with him six thousand French troops, with artillery and cavalry. He rushed upon the flank of the Russian army, now weakened, dispirited, and in confusion, by their numerous repulses on the part of the British. The overthrow was complete. Nothing could withstand the spirited attack of the French; and the Russians in disorder were seen crossing the bridge of the Tchernaya, back to the city, or to their encampments on the opposite heights. The slaughter of the enemy was fearful. It is now known that some eighteen thousand Russians were killed or wounded. Five or six thousand dead were left on the field of battle, to be buried by the Allies; a mournful office, which, however, they piously discharged. The French and English soldiers were buried together, brothers in death, as in battle; but the Russians were laid in graves by themselves. We know not that the distinction was worth regarding. The strife had ended. There are no conflicts of race or of ambition in the grave.

One great demonstration has been given to the world by the war in the Crimea,—the proof that the race of British soldiers has by no means degenerated. It has been pre-eminently a war of MEN, and the battle of Inkermann only closed the contest begun at Alma. In reality, in every thing most national we have failed; and in the point on which the most doubt was entertained,—the effeminacy of the British people, by a long peace,—we have succeeded. We are, of all nations in the world, the most mechanical, and the use of artillery is a mechanical art; but the "barbarian Russians," as we proudly call them, are found to be far in advance of us in the use of this arm. This is a singular circumstance, and shows that the general progress made in mechanical science through the nation, by private enterprise, has not penetrated the dense cloud of old obsolete prejudices at the Horse Guards and Ordnance Department. But we need not despair so long as our manhood remains. The defects and errors of our material appliances can easily be repaired, but a dead nation is irreparably gone; humanity cannot be resuscitated,

The English-man never stood higher than at present; English art, as far as war is concerned, never sank so low. All the peculiar characteristics of our race have shown themselves in as much vigour as ever, whilst the artificial are wanting. The British infantry is seen to be the same as at Cressy and Agincourt,—resolute, heroic, immovable. The same mind, the same will, the same nerve, that distinguished our redoubtable peasantry with their bill-hook and battle-axe, now distinguish our men in the use of the rifle and the bayonet. No numbers appal them; no carnage intimidates them; no disadvantages cause them to flinch or quail; no storm of shot or shell moves their resolution. They know how to die, but they know not how to fear; they are alert in the advance, the charge, but do not comprehend the meaning of the term “retreat;” they dare look into the face of any enemy, but refuse to present their back in flight. Discipline may have done its part in all this; but discipline cannot make the man. Cowards, poltroons, imbeciles, may be drilled in the manœuvres of the army; but none except true men can be trained into bravery. The battle of Inkermann is unexampled in the history of modern, and was never exceeded in ancient, war. Every man appears a hero; and as every man had to act for himself, to a degree never witnessed before, his brave and robust manhood appears the more striking. Some check may have been necessary to the exultation of the country; but no calamity, no disaster from climate, disease, and death, can hide from the mind of Englishmen, from posterity, and from the world, that, since the days of Thermopylæ, human courage has never been exhibited so fine, so glorious, as by the British troops at Inkermann.

Whilst we write this, a new phase appears in the Crimean campaign. Omar Pacha has taken his place on the theatre, and one new act has followed in the eventful drama. On February 17th, it is announced, the Russian General Osten-Sacken attacked the Turkish position at Eupatoria, and was signally defeated. Two objects spring up before our minds at the mention of this event,—Eupatoria and Omar Pacha,—tempting to our imagination; but we are forbidden by the length of this article to say more than a very few words. Eupatoria is the place where a small portion of the original expedition landed, and is about fifteen miles on the north of Sebastopol. It had been occupied by a few hundred men,—French, English, and Turks,—from that period. This body of men had thrown up slight and rude intrenchments to defend themselves; and they seem to have been kept there chiefly for the purpose of obtaining provisions for the army. This garrison was gradually increased, as occasion required; for they were constantly exposed to the Cossacks in their duty of obtaining provisions. It seems to have occurred, however, to

somebody, that this port might be occupied as a military post, and become of great use in the campaign. How it should have escaped the attention of the military authorities from the beginning, as possessing this importance, we cannot tell; but it probably arose from the delusion which has been the root of all our errors,—the easy capture of Sebastopol. Be this as it may, it was determined to occupy this place in force, and the Turks had it assigned to them. We consider this as the most judicious manœuvre which has taken place in the Crimean war, and as destined to affect its course more than any thing else. If Sebastopol is captured, it is our belief that Eupatoria will be the captor. It is said the Turks occupy this place with an army of upwards of forty thousand men. This will be worth, to the Allies before Sebastopol, the deduction of an equal number of Russians from their main force. This is a moderate view of the case; the probability being that a much larger army will be found necessary to keep the Turks shut up in their intrenchments. For, in case they are not vigilantly blockaded, Simpheropol and the whole country must fall into their hands, the supplies for Sebastopol be cut off, and the rear of the Russian army constantly menaced. The whole country was in the hands of the Russians from the time of the march of the Allies upon Sebastopol; and why they did not expel the four or five hundred men who so long occupied Eupatoria, is to us a mystery. But the blunders, on all sides, in this war, have been most extraordinary; and, most assuredly, the Russians have perpetrated their full share. As to Omar Pacha, we confess we rejoice to see him on the field. Take away Omar Pacha and General Bosquet, and we defy any one to discover a spark of genius in all the rest, on either side. We observe that he received from his Sovereign the supreme command of his own army; but he is enjoined to act in unison with the Allied Generals. Of course this is essential in such operations as have a common object; but, we imagine, Omar Pacha will have more scope for the exercise of his own sound judgment, than the two Commanders before Sebastopol. That he will make good use of his opportunities, we have no doubt. Whether he will pursue a defensive policy, as on the Danube, we cannot tell: if so, he will have it in his power to harass the Russians, so as to divert half, or more than half, their force from their troublesome vicinity in the rear of the French and English lines; and if active operations in the field are determined upon, he will be able to perform his full share in driving the Russians from their present ground. We speak with the caution of unprofessional persons on these military matters; but, using our best lights on the subject, we believe, with Sir Howard Douglas, that Sebastopol can only be taken from the north. We hazard

the conjecture that Eupatoria will, in the end, be found to furnish the facilities for this achievement; first by enabling the combined forces to drive the Russians from their present positions, and then compelling the garrison to submit, either by cutting off their supplies, or by besieging the forts on the north side of the town.

We would gladly pass over in silence the disastrous events which have taken place in the Crimea during the winter campaign, if our duty would allow of this course. Instead of dealing in vituperation, we are disposed to look upon events in as fair and candid a manner as possible. The key to the whole affair, we imagine, will be found in Lord Raglan's anxiety to secure military advantages for his country, with the least delay, and at the least possible cost. This policy began on the entrance of our troops into the country. To secure every bayonet and every sabre, all the men were required to take their place in the ranks. To allow them full scope for their activity, they were not suffered to carry their knapsacks, and the tents were left on board ship. Disencumbered of these means of comfort, they marched forward to Balaklava, lying, for six or more nights, on the bare ground. The reason for this is clearly that which we have assigned. Again: as soon as his position was made good, nothing is seen going on in the way of a provision for the future. The whole strength, both of the army and navy, was at once set to work to get up the artillery for the siege, to dig trenches, and to throw up earthworks. This process lasted for three weeks, and required the untiring labour of every man. The trenches, as we have seen, were opened on the 17th of October, and continued their fire during two or three days; and, after the active fire ceased, they had to be manned by day and night, requiring the same men, often, to be up three or four nights in the week. It is clear, then, that up to this time men could not be spared from active duties to build huts, to form dépôts of provisions, or to secure any other convenience.

The battle of Balaklava was fought on the 25th of October, that is, five days after the cessation of the active attack on Sebastopol. This assault of the Russians was of the nature of a revelation as to their design to dislodge us from our position. What would follow? A conviction of the necessity of strengthening this position, instantly, as much as possible. This was done, though, as the sequel tells, very inefficiently. At an interval of eleven days, namely, on the 5th of November, the battle of Inkermann took place; and the army was reduced in its strength to about fourteen thousand men. Still the trenches had to be guarded by day and night, as well as the lines defended; for though the Russians had been beaten, their encampments still lay on the contiguous hills, threatening a renewed attack, in case an opportunity presented itself. It is

certain, then, that up to the 5th of November, and for many days after, in consequence of that sanguinary field, no labour could possibly be spared to secure the shelter of the troops. But by this time the bad weather had set in, and on the 14th of November the memorable storm took place,—we may be certain, before the army had recovered itself, by the burial of the dead, the removal of the wounded, and repose from the toils of that terrible day. We are thus carried by events into the midst of the rains, the fogs, the desolations of the Crimean winter. This weather destroyed the roads by which provisions had been obtained, and reduced the whole plateau of Balaklava to a bog, a sea of mire.

Much has been said as to the neglect of the Commander of the Forces, in not making a road from Balaklava to the camp,—a distance of seven miles. In the circumstances of the army, as before described, we should like to know, where Lord Raglan was to get hands to make this road? But there is another matter of fact, respecting this road, of great importance. Up to the time of the battle of Balaklava, the Woronzoff road from that place to Sebastopol was in the hands of the English, and was used for purposes of transport to the camp. The loss of the four forts occupied by the Turks, together with the hill on which they stood, was the loss of this road, which these forts commanded; so that Lord Raglan was obliged, as he informed the Government, to contract his lines, leaving out these forts and the Woronzoff road. From that period, then, it was that the British troops were obliged to drag their provisions, medical stores, and clothing, across the mountains, and through the mud.

We believe this to be the true state of the case, and we know the consequences. Lord Raglan and his staff may have had faults, in the course of events;—and if, as is affirmed, he kept himself aloof from the miseries of his suffering men, this must be considered unpardonable;—but, in the circumstances, we do not believe that the General, or any other man, could have prevented the catastrophe. The true causes of this sad event lay further back, out of sight, and not in the incapacity, the indifference, or the mismanagement of Lord Raglan, or his brave and enduring soldiers.

The want of those accessories of an army which are essential to its very existence, could only be supplied from without. And it should not be forgotten that the occupation of the southern point of the Crimea was, and is, just the same thing as fifty or sixty thousand people landing on an uninhabited island. They only command the ground on which they are encamped. They have no command of labour by the employment of the people of the country; they have no command of beasts of burden and carriages of any sort; they have no command of food and shelter from the resources of the country. The differ-

ence betwixt our army, in Bulgaria and in the Crimea, is prodigious. In the former country, the peasantry with their carts and bullocks were constantly seen in great numbers in the camp, bringing provisions, and performing all the work required for the well-being of the army. The performance of a great amount of this sort of labour may be generally secured in campaigning, when in an enemy's country, by pay or pressure. Nothing of this kind could be done in the Crimea, and the whole burden lay on the army itself. It is very certain, then, that the absence of the means of transport over the boggy ground from the port to the camp, was the true cause of the suffering and the death of our brave men.

Where did the fault of this lie? Morally, as we believe, nowhere. It is impossible to conceive that the British Government would, with their eyes open, be, by wilful neglect, accessory to the destruction of the noble army of which they had just reason to be proud, as the force sent out by themselves. They did not foresee, or comprehend, the conditions of the campaign; they knew, it is evident, no more of the country or of Sebastopol, than any other well-read Englishmen; they probably partook of the spirit of the nation, despised the enemy, and indulged in overweening confidence in the fortunes of our race; they dreamt, like others, that Sebastopol would fall like Jericho, by the mere blast of our trumpet; like Cæsar, they thought that our General would have to report, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and fill all England with the frenzy of the triumph. Such dreamy romance may be pardoned in a people, but it is fatal in a Government. Hence, as the fruit of this want of forethought, when the day of trial came, the army was without reserves, without clothing, without siege artillery, without a waggon-train, or the means of transport.

Let us be permitted to pay our meed of admiration to the passive heroism of our suffering soldiers. We justly admire the courage they displayed on the field of battle. This, in our apprehension, is as nothing compared with the fortitude evinced in their terrible privations. No riots, no insubordination, no murmuring has been witnessed, in this dreadful struggle with suffering and death. These men have endured cold, nakedness, and the want of provisions, and yet they have done their duty. They have lain down in wet blankets, exposed to wind, rain, snow, and frost, in their fragile tents, and then have gone cheerfully to the trenches. They have even lived on half-rations, and been obliged to eat their scanty fare of salt pork raw, and yet they have stoutly held up. They have seen their comrades, by hundreds, cut off by disease, but they have calmly waited their own turn. Nothing in history ever surpassed this courage, the spirit of the British soldier never appeared more undaunted. The fact of a company of men mustering

under the command of their officer, each man taking his place in the ranks, on the deck of a sinking ship, near the Cape of Good Hope, and calmly waiting their fate, is not more illustrative of this spirit, than the firm and heroic bearing of our army at Balaklava. What may not the country expect from such men? Certainly every thing which can be done by men, will be done by these heroes. The system, however defective in some of its arrangements, has inspired every soul with the indomitable spirit of a hero. The mass is as one man: the purest patriotism, the profoundest enthusiasm, the glow of an inextinguishable fire, must be found in those silent scried lines that have met so many ills.

Our alliances constitute one of the most important elements in this war; and the moral of these alliances cannot end with the contest. We refrain from speculating on so intricate a prospective as this would open up, but cannot be blind to the circumstance, that international conventions, of the nature in question, must lead, like the war itself, into new and untried paths. A nation in alliance with other states loses, for the time, much of its freedom of action, and, in reality, its national idiosyncrasy. When the policy of several States is to be one policy, it is easy to perceive that each must give up something to its neighbour, in order to secure harmony of operation. And when, as in the case of our own country, a somewhat marked, defined, not to say stereotyped, line of political development has long been going on, it is impossible for new alliances to be formed without some violence being done to their old maxims of policy. As an illustration of our meaning, we may remark, that our two great allies, France and Austria, are much more military nations than ourselves; are without the constitutional freedom enjoyed by us; and, in all respects, are governed by a policy different to our own. Now, a certain amount of *suppressio veritatis*, according to our notions, must be one condition of such alliances. The moral impression sought by a free nation to be made upon other nations, cannot be the same as that of despotic Governments; for, whilst one, in its wars as well as in its diplomacy, must desire to advance the freedom of nations, politically and personally, the other can have no such purpose: all they can desire will be limited to some political advantage, and this may, in reality, lie in an opposite direction to our own desires; namely, to prevent the augmentation of liberty in neighbouring States, lest it should endanger the solidity of their own despotic power. Hence, the least that the latter States will expect from us, in alliance with themselves, will be to abstain from acting on our own national principles, to eschew all ideas of propagandism in favour of liberty, and to conform, in a certain degree, to the policy necessary to their own system. It may be true that, in these intercommunions of

nations, their peculiar internal state never comes into question, nor can be made a matter of interference. Undoubtedly this is the ease. And we are not speaking of formal stipulations, but of moral effects, rather of negative than of positive issues. Hence none of the nations in alliance can be themselves. France cannot carry out French ideas and notions; Austria cannot be Austria, as she is on her own ground; England cannot be England, as she stands out in her own constitution, liberties, religion, Parliament, and press. Each must surrender something, or the amalgamation could not take place, so as to become at all practicable. Hence it is, that great numbers of intelligent and religious men look upon our allies with suspicion and repugnance. What good result can spring out of the alliance of this country with powers, they imagine, "the one of which suppressed the liberties of France, and the other the constitution of Hungary?" And it is a perplexing question. But we are obliged to take the world as we find it; and, in many conjunctures of human affairs, we are obliged to act upon the maxim of taking the lesser evil presented by the alternative. It is so in the present case. We had no choice in the matter, except that of retiring from the arena altogether, which suited neither our self-love, nor our position, nor, as we believe, our obligations. In the history of nations, events over-rule predilections, policy, and even the most far-seeing judgments of statesmen. This we believe to be one of these events. There is not the least proof that any of the nations involved in this alliance, or that may hereafter enter into it, had any part in bringing about the state of things which has successively led to their union. To one State alone is due the guilt of involving Europe in this war, and of forcing these international compacts upon the several States now united. This compact is a necessity, and, we may say, an imperious necessity; one of those events which leave no scope for choice.

Our alliance with France is the most important event in the history of the two countries. After a long, ardent, variable, and bloody struggle, which lasted for centuries, these two neighbouring nations are at last in a state of concord and compact; not, we fear, brought about by the force of public virtue on either side, but by a pressing danger. Such are the ways of Providence, that in this, as in many similar cases, that which wisdom and sound principles failed to effect, He has enforced by the uncontrollable teaching of events. And it is well that the enmities of past contentions had not the effect of blinding the two nations to the realities of their situation. But the preparatory events necessary to this alliance are most extraordinary. The Empire is the basis of our union with France,—that Empire against which we had fought with so much fierceness and perseverance to overthrow. Had either the old or the younger

Bourbons been on the throne of France, there would have been no alliance with this country to resist Russian aggression; and, as far as human probabilities can pretend to decipher events, it is almost certain that Russia would have gained her point, without having, as now, to meet the forces of Western Europe.

How little the course of events can be foreseen by human sagacity! In this country, the burst of indignation on the resumption of the Empire, in the person of Louis Napoleon, was unbounded. The past flashed upon every Englishman's mind; and it was feared that we should have to defend our own shores against the Gallic legions. We know not what would have arisen, had not this Russian outbreak called the attention of the two nations to a danger that threatened them alike. How provident is God! We imagine we now see, in the restoration of the French Empire, a preparatory foundation laid for the successful resistance of Russian domination, and the preservation of the national freedom of Europe.

But what is most worthy of notice in this alliance, is its cordial character. The two nations had known each other too long, had contended with each other on too many well-fought fields, and been rivals in arts, commerce, and knowledge, on too great a scale, not to respect each other. The dynastic contention had long ceased; the heads of the two Governments had no grounds of suspicion; the *peoples* of each country had enjoyed a friendly intercourse, and nothing remained to engender distrust. Such being the state of the nations, when the time came for their union, the happy compact had only to receive the formal recognition of the two Governments, to be complete. The good faith observed on each side has augmented the mutual respect in which it originated, and we have hitherto heard of no divergence, even of opinion, in the matters to be arranged. The armies have evidently participated in the spirit of the Governments, and we have witnessed nothing but cordial and hearty co-operation. The French Generals and troops have sympathized with us in our suffering condition, and brought their hale and robust men to assist our wasted and dying troops in their greatest need. We hail this alliance as the augury of success in this struggle; but we look to it for even more permanent results, and trust in God that it may lead to the progress of each nation in the arts of peace and civilization.

The Sardinian alliance, also, as we hope, augurs nothing but good to all the parties concerned. We have, indeed, looked upon the struggles of this small State for freedom, in the midst of prodigious difficulties, with extreme interest. The opposition of the Popedom and the Church party; the disturbing elements introduced into the constitutional and moderate measures of the Court and Parliament by the factious; the

traditional prejudices and feelings to be overcome; the unequal laws to be rescinded, and the privileged orders to be conciliated or subdued; the political antagonism of the surrounding States;—all these things met, and successfully overcome, give to Sardinia an interest in the affectionate concern of Englishmen, such as can be accorded to no other people. And they are now our allies. But the manner in which this alliance was accepted enhances its value. We have heard of no quibbling, no diplomatic finesse, no sordid attempt at a good bargain, no stipulations for recompense, no equivocations or reservations. Every thing appears to have been done in the most straightforward manner. The alliance was accepted frankly, with all its risks and all its conditions, and the only thing left for consideration was its details; and these, as must always be the case with honest men, were soon settled.

We can entertain no doubt of great advantages arising to Sardinia from this alliance. It places her in the family of European nations, not as an auxiliary, but as a principal. She has not sold her services to one or more of the greater States, but has entered into engagements with them on equal terms. This must give her a voice in the affairs of Europe, as well as secure a hearing in regard to her own. The position of the smaller States, since the growth of the larger, has become less and less secure, and their influence almost a nullity. We hear nothing now, even in the diplomatic transactions of the world, but about the Five Great Powers; these Powers settle the conditions of peace and war, in entire disregard of the claims of the lesser States. Nations,—as Holland and Sweden,—principal members of the European family a century ago, are seldom heard of in modern diplomacy. We cannot help looking upon this as political injustice, inasmuch as these smaller nationalities have interests at stake as dear to them, as valuable, and as important to the well-being of the world, as those belonging to the greater powers. That the human race, the freedom of mankind, the means of personal happiness, the advancement of knowledge and virtue, fare the better from the conglomeration of great populations under one head and system, may well be questioned. We trust that, in the case of Sardinia, a better fate than has fallen out to some of her sister States awaits her; at any rate, that her own independence will be assured to her by this alliance. Sardinia, we conceive, is the hope of Italy. The order, freedom, literature, science, and religion, now emanating from Turin, cannot be lost in the peninsula. The security of the Piedmontese Government must lead to the freedom and advancement, in one way or other, of the Italian people; and this, as we trust, is now rendered certain by her alliance with France and England.

But Austria! What of our alliance with this empire? This is a large and, moreover, a grave question. The course pursued

by this State, we confess, has been to us, as it must have been to all Englishmen, a perplexity, causing at times misgivings and doubts. We now, however, adopt the principle that, from the beginning, Austria has been governed by sincere and honourable motives in her diplomatic policy. Viewing the whole course of events from this starting-point, we are bound to accord to the Austrian Cabinet the praise of great prudence, and, indeed, of equal ability. Certainly Count Buol cannot be charged with precipitancy, with the love of war, with participating in the crime of plunging Europe into the miseries of the present complication. Like ourselves, he desired the continuance of peace; he strove, by all the means in his power, to prevail on Russia to forego, for the sake of humanity, her haughty and unjust claims; he mediated with caution and moderation between the belligerents, to bring them to terms; he went as near the line dividing justice and injustice from each other, as he could, to satisfy the demands of the Czar; he exhausted all the arts of a profound statesmanship, to compromise disputes so rife with peril to his country; but all in vain.

We say, "peril to his country," for Austria is more exposed to danger from the aggression of Russia on Turkey than any other State in Europe. The conquest of the Ottoman Power, or the aggrandizement of Russia on the Danube and the Black Sea, would be little less than the annihilation of the Austrian Empire. This being so obvious to all the world, from the geographical position of Austria, it has been a matter of astonishment to many, why she did not unite with the Western Powers from the beginning. Without being the apologists of Austria, we imagine we can discover several grounds for this procrastination. In the first place the empire was in a very disorganized state internally, arising out of the anarchy of 1848, and the Hungarian war. This disorder reached to the divided feelings of the people, the social and commercial condition of classes engaged in trade, to the finances of the country, to the administration of justice,—martial law existing in Hungary and Lombardy at the time,—and even to the moral state of the army itself. A nation so disorganized as Austria, in the beginning of this struggle, could not be expected hastily to rush into war; and it is likely that this condition of his neighbour and ally would be one of the inducements to the Czar to commence the conflict at the time he did. But in addition to this, Austria belongs to a league of States,—the German Bund,—and it became essential to act in concert with these, if practicable. We apprehend this has been the chief impediment in the movements of Austria. It is known that the States, constituting the old Germanic Empire, are pretty equally divided in their adherence to Prussia on the one hand, and to Austria on the other; and, also, that it has been the avowed policy of Prussia to prevent the union of

Germany against Russia. The King of Prussia has been obliged to assent to the principle of justice, involved in the defence of Turkey by the Western Powers; has taken part in the early negotiations to avert the horrors of war; has signed the protocols and documents of many kinds, to carry the designs of the several Powers into execution; and then, true to the Prussian perfidy of all past times, has invariably endeavoured, under one pretext or another, to evade his own engagements, and to defeat the action of Austria in Germany. We admire the patience of the latter Power; it has been most exemplary, and, although provoked and thwarted by her rival and, we must say, her betrayer, her language has been most moderate and dignified. No doubt Austria divined, from the beginning, the sort of game her powerful neighbour would play, the jugglery of her diplomacy, the insincerity of her adherence to the opposition against the Czar, the Russian tendency of her policy, the surreptitious correspondence going on with the Court of St. Petersburg, the sycophany of the King to his imperial brother-in-law, and his readiness to barter the interests of Germany, and the freedom of nations, for a place in the satrapship of prostrate Europe. A diadem is no security against baseness; a high position, no safeguard against meanness of spirit; the traditional honour of Kings, no shield against paltry passions; and even the obligations of religion cannot guard some royal hearts against a craft and deceit, which, if found in private life, would banish its possessor from decent society. We cannot be surprised that the movement of Austria has not been more rapid, when it has had to wind its way in the midst of this Machiavellian antagonism. And now, though she has, it appears, escaped the danger of coming to blows with her German neighbours, she is obliged to act independently of Prussia and her satellite adherents.

But, besides these difficulties, the military force of Austria was not in a condition to take the field. She knew, better than any other country, the character and resources of the enemy, and that this enemy was not to be despised, or met in the conflict with inadequate, ill-appointed forces. Through the whole of the negotiations the Emperor Francis Joseph has been increasing and organizing troops, purchasing horses and equipping a powerful cavalry, perfecting his *matériel*, and augmenting the artillery and engineer departments, strengthening the fortifications of the empire, and providing provisions and munitions. And all this has so well succeeded, that, on authentic information, Austria is now in possession of one of the most numerous and well-appointed armies in the world. Besides these considerations, the contiguity of the Austrian territories to those of the Czar must have exposed her to his heaviest blows, which, in her unprepared state, she must have been unable to resist. France, and especially England, could take the field at once,

without danger, inasmuch as their geographical position placed them beyond the reach of Russia. This was, however, far from being the case with the Austrian territories; and Transylvania, Galatia, and Moravia, would have been open to the assault of the enemy, and, possibly, a humiliating peace would have been exacted within the walls of Vienna itself. To avert this calamity, time was essential; and, with consummate tact, the Court of Austria has obtained such a respite as to be fully prepared for every emergency.

We have purposely kept for the last consideration the relations, nay, the obligations, of Austria to Russia, on which, as it appears, the Czar confidently relied for the neutrality of Austria in his crusade against Turkey, and the aggrandizement of his own empire. We have no very exalted idea of the disinterested nature of the intervention of Russia in Hungary, and none at all of the gratitude of nations. Nicholas, no doubt, interposed in Hungary as much for Russian, as for Austrian, purposes. To allow Hungary to become a free and independent nation, to fraternize with Poland, to spread liberal principles on the frontiers of his dominions, and thus to become propagandist by example, he well knew, would be as dangerous to himself as to his ally. To arrest the progress of revolution in the Austrian dominions, he was too sagacious not to perceive, was to prevent a revolution in Russia. But this was too fair and good an occasion for the diplomatic *finesse* of the Chancery of St. Petersburg not to be used for attempting some advantage. It matters not to Russia whether the party is friend or foe; every transaction is improved for the gain of something, if it is only the introduction of a new principle, to be drawn out of the archives of diplomacy at a distant day. The Czar obviously reckoned upon the humiliation of Austria, from her solicitation of his assistance; and this feeling is, indeed, sanctioned by many historical events. One country never helps another but with the expectation of deriving profit of some sort, often its subjugation. Hence, in his conversations with Sir G. H. Seymour, respecting the dying state of the "sick man," and the disposition of his inheritance, Nicholas made no account of Francis Joseph, and said he would answer for Austria. He was egregiously mistaken! Austria, at any rate, was not dead as a nation; and the insulting treatment she received on this occasion led to the fulfilment of Prince Schwartzenburg's memorable declaration, that the Russian intervention would be responded to with "huge ingratitude." The question was one of the most grave and weighty that a nation could have placed before its attention. It amounted to nothing less than this, namely, whether she should sell her dignity, her independence, her greatness, her nationality, to Russia, for the assistance she had received, and for her questionable friendship for the future.

She is now answering this question by the magnitude of her armaments, by the attitude she has taken, and by her alliance with the Western Powers. No doubt it would have been for the interests of Austria to enjoy peace. This seemed peculiarly essential to her well-being. But the state of affairs left her no choice betwixt an ignominious debasement as a nation, or a determination to resist Russian perfidy and aggression. She has cautiously, but firmly, and, as we cannot doubt, in good faith, made her election on the side of justice, truth, and the freedom of nations.

Thus, then, the matter stands in respect to these alliances. In case affairs are not speedily settled, they cannot end where they are. The rest of the nations will have to make their selection betwixt Russian ascendancy and their own freedom. There is, there can be, no alternative betwixt these two conditions of the question. We write in the midst of negotiations for peace, but have slight hopes of its being realized. As if by concert, all the nations are armed to the teeth. There cannot be fewer than three millions of men in arms; whilst all the populations of Europe, having been trained for war, are in a state to be called out at any moment. These military preparations and expensive armaments can augur nothing but war.

As we pen these lines, the startling news of the death of Nicholas has reached us. We indulge in no vindictive feelings; in the presence of death silence is imposed. Nicholas was a great man. His private and domestic virtues were most exemplary; he no doubt conferred many benefits upon individuals, as well as sought his country's glory. The Russian system is *power*, and the late Czar was its most eminent type. His vices were the vices of the system he inherited. The administrator of a despotism must be a despot. From time immemorial the Muscovite nation has believed in its mission to conquer Turkey, and Nicholas inherited this belief with the possession of the throne itself. We hope his appeals to religion, so fanatical and offensive, had their rise in this inherited faith, and not in hypocrisy. This would not be a full extenuation, but it would save the memory of the Czar from the brand of deceit. What effect the departure of the chief actor from the scene of strife may have on its issue, we cannot pretend to foresee; possibly the very opposite of those anticipated. The new Emperor may be the amiable man, the lover of peace and progress, he has been represented; and yet these qualities of nature may place him more entirely in the hands of the war party than if he possessed a more stern and unbending nature. The iron will of Nicholas, we are told, was employed in balancing parties; but, comparing the latter portion of his reign with the former, we see a great difference; and from the appearance of Prince Menschikoff and the old Russian party on the field of action, followed by the

invasion of Turkey, it may be doubted, whether even the firm hand of Nicholas could control the swelling tide. If this was the case, then his less firm, less experienced, and less influential son must yield himself to the tide, and the war will go on to its issue; that issue being the humiliation of Russia, or her still further aggrandizement.

We pause at this point. We pretend not to prognosticate the future, or to be the interpreters either of prophecy or of Providence. But taking existing facts as the data for judging of the course of events, we cannot hide from ourselves the portentous character of our times, and the certain anticipation that this Eastern Question is destined to lead to momentous results. As believers in Providence, we cannot evade the conclusion that nations are the organs of God in the accomplishment of His decrees. The present war is, doubtless, destined to bring about some high purpose of the Divine Will. We cannot know this purpose; but, from the nature of His dispensations, can have no doubt but that the end will be in mercy to mankind. This, however, does not preclude present and temporary suffering; and it is likely that a period of calamity, on a great scale, awaits the human race. The conflict of passion, of ambition, of injustice, of tyranny, can, it seems, at present only be curbed by suffering, by resistance, by war. Many monstrous evils are found in human society awaiting the judgment of God; and the instrument of His judgment is war. That some of these evils will be swept away by the present contest, we can have no doubt; that a new path for the Gospel will be prepared, we have confident hope; that a great area for the kingdom of our Lord will be cleared, and given to Christianity, we believe; and that the freedom, the industry, and the civilization of distant races will be promoted, we fully anticipate. But "the end is not yet." The storm precedes the calm, the winter the spring, the education of a people the ripe fruits of knowledge.

We wait the issue with calmness, but not without anxiety. Their country is dear to all Englishmen; and her fortunes in this conflict cannot but be looked upon with profound solicitude. We believe her cause is just, her resolve magnanimous, her spirit heroic, her resolution firm. But, in a conflict so important, so full of peril, so moral,—we had almost said, so religious,—she especially needs the interposition of God. The basing of her policy on His word, trust in His protection, humility in the confession of national sins, fervent supplication for the guidance of His wisdom, and the blessing of His grace,—let these points be secured, and England is safe. We have out-riden many storms; we trust to be safe in this. We have assisted the oppressed in times past effectually; we hope to leave a monument of our justice, as well as of our prowess, as the result of our interference in this Eastern Question.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Sphere and Duties of Government. Translated from the German of Baron Wilhelm Von Humboldt. By Joseph Coulthard, Jun. London: Chapman. 1854.

THE express design of this treatise is "to discover the legitimate objects to which the energies of State organizations should be directed, and to define the limits within which those energies should be exercised." Full of the highest kind of interest, and at the same time attended with peculiar difficulties, this design was quite worthy of the late Baron Humboldt,—a statesman and philosopher of all but the highest stamp. If the attempt has not been followed by success, we may suppose the subject would prove at least as intractable in other hands, and yield as little profit in conclusion. We may even suspect that there is something radically faulty in the design itself.

The author endeavours to establish a practical distinction between measures which promote the *positive welfare*, and those which regard only the *negative security or well-being*, of the citizen; and maintains that the former are quite beyond the sphere of Government; are restrictive of individual freedom and development, and therefore detrimental to true social prosperity and greatness. We believe this distinction is more plausible in theory than observable in practice, if it be not even rather verbal than real. As a positive restriction is often required to secure a merely negative advantage, so this negative advantage may be valued only for its positive results: it is, at any rate, the expression of a positive opinion on the part of the majority, from whom the enactment of the law proceeds. The parties who may safely be allowed to judge of what is hurtful to the community as such, may surely judge of what is, in the main, desirable and necessary for the welfare of the same; and to refuse the exercise of the latter privilege, is to lose a moiety of the benefits of combination. In regard to the material interests of a nation, this truth is generally understood and acted upon. To erect poor-houses and asylums is as legitimate an exercise of governmental functions, as to provide for the removal of public nuisances, or to establish courts of justice for the repression of public crime. The question, then, occurs, If a people may safely consent to intrust their material interests to a delegated power, may it not further commit certain of its moral interests to the same salutary supervision and control? Are there not measures of the latter kind equal in importance to

those of the former,—measures wherein, also, the majority are equally agreed? There are other nuisances besides the accumulation of filth in our streets, which the great mass of the nation may lawfully condemn, and by means of the authorized executive remove. Perhaps the one is as imperative as the other; both, of course, being effected under the constant witness and direction of the people, from whom authority is rightfully derived. Moreover, it must not be forgotten, that *to corroborate private virtue is one of the prime objects and advantages of public laws*. The best as well as the worst of us needs this species of protection. Only by this assistance is society tolerable, or even possible; we can only defend ourselves from each other by consenting to some positive restraint upon ourselves.

These few remarks will receive ample illustration, by a reference to one great public ordinance,—that, namely, which asserts and secures the perpetuity of the marriage contract. This is confessedly a restriction of individual liberty: directly personal in its character, it is immensely important in its results. Let it be granted, also, that there are hardships under this as under every great act of public legislation. Yet—omitting for the time all reference to divine authority—who shall say that a nation has no right to confirm the fickle virtue of its members, to provide a fitting basis of social order, to secure a higher kind and a larger amount of general order and individual happiness, by the enforcement of this uniform decree? It is not only the virtuous and the good who are thankful for such a law; but all who have any relic or desire of goodness, or recognise the utility and loveliness of virtue,—all who desire to see humanity distinguished from the lower creatures, and exercising its diviner faculties with due advantage, and in their proper sphere. Now, the tendency of Baron Humboldt's argument is to remove matrimony out of the sphere of Government, to make it a matter for private regulation, subject only to the dictates of individual opinion or caprice. "I should not be deterred," says the author, "from the adoption of this principle by the fear that all family relations might be disturbed, or their manifestations in general impeded; for, although such an apprehension might be justified by considerations of particular circumstances and localities, it could not be fairly entertained, in an inquiry into the nature of men and states in general. For experience frequently convinces us, that just where law has imposed no fetters, morality most surely binds: the idea of external coercion is one entirely foreign to an institution which, like matrimony, reposes only on inclination and an inward sense of duty; and the results of such coercive institutions do not at all correspond to the designs in which they originate." Surely all men of sober, impartial judgment will be at issue with the author of these sentiments; and nothing but that tenacious fondness for a plausible and preconceived theory, which is characteristic of our German neighbours, could have blinded the eyes of so intelligent a philosopher to the overwhelming evidence of history and daily facts. The theory he propounds is, in some measure, useful as well as specious, and we may hope to approximate thereto, as the world shall sensibly improve; but we must beware of paying too expensive or too dan-

gerous a compliment to human nature. What is chiefly needed in public legislation, as well as in private life—what has, indeed, largely contributed to the consolidation and happiness of this great empire—is that moral wisdom which temporarily commutes the demand of absolute perfection for its practicable steps, and consents even to a compromise between the full enjoyment and the sullen repudiation of liberty itself.

Christianity, Theoretical and Practical. By William Kirkus, LL.B. London: Jackson and Walford. 1854.

The Outlines of Theology; or, The general Principles of Revealed Religion briefly stated. By the Rev. James Clark. Vol. I. London: Ward and Co. 1854.

IT is works like these—not seldom, but with comparative frequency, imparted to the world—which serve to remind us of the superiority and riches of our Christian literature. The theory of our religion is so perfect and profound as to exercise and develop the highest and most comprehensive reason of our nature; yet so beautiful and so various as to impart a strange interest and fascination to the humblest epitome of its commanding truths. Whilst the cleverest of our sceptics is not able, with all the aids of an advanced eclecticism, to devise a theory of religion which can hold together during even an hour's perusal, it is competent to any Minister of the Gospel of Christ to avail himself of a system matchless for authority, consistency, and power,—a system not more replete with consolations than irresistible in its proofs, and not more mighty in its appeals than invincible in its numberless defences.

In the great body of Christian apologists Mr. Kirkus may take an honourable place. His work ably confutes some of the characteristic errors of the day: it is written, for the most part, with very evident ability, and in a pure and masculine style. The author shows a fine appreciation of the beauties and harmonies of “theoretical Christianity.”

With these words of approval we should have been glad to stop; but our commendation of this volume must be qualified by exceptions of a serious character. Much less justice is here done to practical, than to theoretical, Christianity. A single instance of defective and erroneous treatment may suffice to put the reader on his guard, in the perusal of this generally sound and thoughtful volume. “There are many,” says Mr. Kirkus, “who seem constantly in expectation of some supernatural and unaccountable feeling which they call ‘assurance,’ ‘the witness of the Spirit,’ ‘getting salvation,’ and the like. Such expectations are founded on mistaken views of the word of God. There is a true ‘assurance,’ one which always accompanies the simple belief of the ‘record which God has given of His Son:’ a man examining his own heart, finding that, in his sin and helplessness, he is wholly depending upon Christ for salvation, and taking God at His word, will be ‘assured’ that ‘there is no more condemnation for’ him.” We submit that this reliance upon a logical inference is something very different from a scriptural assurance,—indeed, is evidently no “assurance” at all. But Mr. Kirkus shall speak further for himself,

and let us know how far he is qualified to preach upon one of the most important doctrines of the Gospel. That we do him no injustice in describing his assurance as the effect of logic rather than of faith, is very evident from the following sentence: "A mere flutter or palpitation of the heart, a deliciousness of unthinking reverie, an inexplicable, unaccountable something, is mistaken for that 'witness of the Spirit with our spirits, that we are the children of God,' which is to be found only in the word of God." To be found only in the word of God? what can this mean? As a *truth*, it is certainly announced there; but as a *fact*, it is surely to be looked for in the believer's heart. The merest common sense demands this evident distinction. It is the witness of Spirit with spirit, and not the written and formal absolution of a multitude on the condition of their "simple belief in the record." Though Mr. Kirkus has quoted the very words of Scripture, which would seem to leave him no chance of evasion, he puts the doctrine of this personal witness wholly by, and concludes in language which we transcribe with equal astonishment and grief: "Even in the word the Spirit bears no witness to the sonship of a separate individual, John or James, Martha or Mary, but to the sonship of all and singular who possess certain characteristics, who, in short, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." If our author can so write, we hardly know whether his incompetency to enforce religion, or to teach theology, be most apparent.

Of the "Outlines of Theology," by Mr. Clark, we have only one volume before us, and must, therefore, defer saying more than that it is written in a worthy simplicity of style, and sufficiently illustrates the remark with which this brief notice commenced.

Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. Second Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1854.

LORD CARLISLE's genial disposition and generous tone of judging of mankind render him a delightful travelling companion. He wandered through the classic scenes of Greece and Asia Minor, at a time when our fleets were engaged in the preliminary operations of the war, and was conveyed from place to place by the friendly offices of the Commanders of various Queen's ships. In consequence of these facilities, he not only saw the natural beauties and historic scenes of the East to great advantage, but is now enabled to present his readers with a view of active professional duty, in connexion with a panorama of exceeding interest. The Piræus, Athens, the Cape of Sunium, "Chio's rocky isle," the Troad, and other scenes illustrious in story, are mingled with the doings of the present time. History, at its two extremities, is thus seen at a glance, and a double interest conferred upon the sunny waters and bold coasts of the Ægean Sea. To classical readers some of the descriptions introduced will have much interest, though we think the classical element appears too prominently for a popular volume of travels. Elaborate disquisitions upon the site of Troy and the Fountain of Arethusa are not every man's reading; and those chiefly concerned resort to other sources of information. In speaking of the war, whose earlier nautical movements are

here incidentally described, though his Lordship is as patriotic as might be expected, we trace some misgivings, which arise from the adoption of certain views of prophecy now greatly in vogue in some circles.

As a specimen of the style and matter of the volume, we give a description of a walk in Athens:—"The King's new palace is a most staring, ugly, browless-looking building. It is a blessed transition to the ruins of antiquity. We passed in succession Hadrian's Arch, the Temple of the Olympian Jupiter, the Fountain of Callirhoe, the bed of the Ilissus, the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the site of the Theatre of Bacchus, the Portico of the Furies, the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, the Areopagus, the Temple of Theseus; reserving the Parthenon for ampler leisure, and a brighter, though it could not easily be a softer, sky. I have threaded all these pregnant names together, as the object of the day was rather to make a general survey, than a more special study of separate beauties and glories. What is admirable and wonderful, is the harmonious blending of every detached feature with each other, with the solemn mountains, the lucid atmosphere, the eternal sea, all wearing the same unchanged aspect as when the ships of Xerxes were shivered on that Colian Cape beneath; as when the slope of the Acropolis was covered with its Athenian audience to listen under this open sky to *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, to the *Agamemnon* or the *Œdipus*; as when *St. Paul* stood on the topmost stone of yon Hill of Mars, and, while summit above and plain below bristled with idols, proclaimed, with the words of a power to which not even *Pericles* could ever have attained, the counsel of the true God. Let me just remark, that even the impressive declaration of the Apostle, that 'God dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' may seem to grow in effect when we remember that the buildings to which he must have almost inevitably pointed at that very moment, were the most perfect that the hands of man have ever reared, and must have comprised the *Theseum* below, and the *Parthenon* above, him. It seems to have been well that 'art and man's device' should be reduced to their proper level, on the very spot of their highest development and glory."

The Mediterranean: a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical. By Rear-Admiral W. H. Smyth. London: J. W. Parker. 1854.

THE Mediterranean skirts the whole south of Europe; it washes the shores of Spain, France, Italy, Greece, and (including the Black Sea, which all geographers have considered to be a part of the Mediterranean system) Russia in Europe. Asia touches it on the west by the Caucasian provinces, by the coasts of Asia Minor to Aleppo, and, from that point to Egypt, by the coasts of Syria and Palestine. Africa, on the north, is entirely bounded by the Mediterranean, as Europe on the south. The different civilized nations which have in turn fixed the attention of mankind, have almost exclusively inhabited its shores. When we travel in thought around the borders of this beautiful basin, historic names present themselves in crowds. Greece, Italy, Carthage, Syria, Arabia, and Judea! Such are some of the names that present themselves to the imagination.

Captain (now Admiral) Smyth, who has employed the greater part of a lifetime in determining the principal points of the charts of the Mediterranean, conceived the happy idea of collecting under this title all that his own labours, and those of his predecessors and colleagues, have brought to light respecting this vast basin; every thing relating to its productions and the commerce of the surrounding nations. He describes, also, the climate, prevailing winds, and the healthy or unhealthy atmospheric influences found in each locality; and he gives illustrations of all the principles he establishes. He draws his materials in turn from history and science. The west wind, which chiefly prevails in these latitudes, the *mistral*, the *sirocco*, the *tramontane*, the *etesian* winds, &c., take their places in a plan well conceived, and rich in numberless details. Side by side with facts drawn from the biblical period, or the age of Homer, stand observations dating from the Anglo-French war at the beginning of this century, and explorations still more recent, carried on by himself and by French mariners engaged on the hydrography of this sea.

To give an idea of the work, we will mention the five important parts of which it consists. The first refers to the productions, the commerce, and the industrial pursuits of the different countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the extremity of the Sea of Azof.

The second part refers to the sea itself, considered as a highway of communication, and as subject to the general physical laws of the globe or of meteorology; and comprehends temperature, currents, freshets, system of rivers, evaporation, and all that relates to the colonies of fishes and other living beings which inhabit this sea, and enrich the surrounding countries. The depth of waters, the appearance of rivers, and the effects of ancient and modern volcanoes are also described in due detail.

In the third part he places questions relating to prevailing winds, the seasons, and climatology, with all the phenomena of the atmosphere, such as tempests, rain, and electric hurricanes.

The fourth part contains the history of the geographical researches upon which the existing charts of the Mediterranean have been constructed, from ancient times to the present day. The author's own share in these researches is described with becoming modesty, and ample justice is rendered to others.

The fifth part is principally technical; it treats of longitudes and geographical positions, and is followed by some valuable tables, with symbols pointing out anchorages, harbours, rocks, submarine dangers, &c., &c.

The above outline will show that many most interesting problems are embraced within the scope of Admiral Smyth's work, which possesses a genuine value, and is worth a thousand mere compilations.

Le Rédempteur. Discours par Edmond de Pressensé, Pasteur.
In-8vo. Paris: Meyrueis. 1854.

THE author of this volume, one of the Pastors of the Independent congregation in Paris, has been for some years engaged upon a very important work. He purposes examining the various doctrines which

obtained, both amongst the schools and in the world, respecting the life and teaching of our blessed Saviour, during the first three centuries of the Church. But, before grappling with this interesting subject, M. de Pressensé felt the necessity of treating the question in itself, and as it is revealed to us by the word of God. Hence the Discourses we are now noticing; Discourses which are more properly disquisitions, than compositions adapted to the pulpit. They are twelve in number. They form a complete *Christology*, and evidence in the author both a great amount of sound learning, and a thorough acquaintance with *experimental* religion, two qualities not always found together. Even if M. de Pressensé had not intimated as much in his Preface, we could have had no difficulty in tracing, throughout his volume, the influence of German theological literature. Neander, Sartorius, Lücke, Lange, are his favourite authors; and he seems to have studied, with equal profit, patristic lore and modern divinity.

We cannot, of course, pretend to give a full critique of M. de Pressensé's Discourses; but the reader will find, in the remarkable *Avant-propos* which introduces the book, a statement of the views which the author entertains of the character and progress of contemporary theology. "If," says he, "the Gospel is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever, this immutability does not belong to theology. The history of dogmas is the history of the variations of divines, whilst there remains a certain amount of unity in essential points. As a scientific structure, the Reformation system of dogmatics can no more claim to be a definitive result, than the systems of the second and third centuries. Our predecessors were engaged in an immense movement forwards; so are we. We believe we know the end to which we are hastening; it is the ever deeper knowledge of the way in which the human and the divine elements are blended together in the Christian conception. By its deplorable Pelagianism, Catholicism had sacrificed God to man. The theology of the sixteenth century, through the determinism embodied in the most absolute of all systems, sacrificed too much the human element: it gave, at the same time, a highly beneficial impulse to modern society, by a contradiction which an attentive study will sufficiently explain. The Church, in the third stage of its development, has for its mission to maintain both terms of the religious problem in their respective rights, and to conciliate, as much as possible, the human with the divine element, the moral with the religious."

After having examined the event which first introduced sin into the world, and the promise it pleased God to make to Adam subsequently to the Fall, M. de Pressensé devotes three separate Discourses to the question, "How far man was prepared for the coming of our Saviour previous to the Mosaic dispensation, amongst the Jews themselves, and, finally, in the heathen nations." This is one of the most important parts of the volume: it is one which the author has treated with the greatest care; and we may say, that nothing so complete, so satisfactory, has hitherto been written in French on the same subject.

Count Joseph de Maistre, in his *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg*, had already explained how, even in the darkest stages of Heathenism, the various forms of worship exhibited, especially through the rites of sacrifice, a sort of witness to the mission and person of the Redeemer.

The celebrated philosopher, Von Schelling, finds likewise in the vague and obscure science of polytheism a preparation for revealed religion. Other parallels, besides, will suggest themselves naturally to the reader, as he studies the work we are now reviewing, and lead him on to the conclusion adopted by M. de Pressensé; namely, that the preparation for salvation in the heathen world has been nothing else than a long and overwhelming experience of human weakness,—a series of desperate attempts to find God, a groping for the light.

Time will only allow us to make one more quotation from the present Discourses; but it is an important one, inasmuch as it proves that there fortunately prevails, amongst our young divines on the other side of the Channel, a tendency to throw off those fatalist views of religion which had misled so many respecting the influence of the Holy Spirit.

“If we transform grace into I know not what divine absolutism, if we make of it an irresistible power, we take away from it its true character; we deprive God of His sovereignty, under pretence of preserving it entire. His sovereignty is especially admirable, because it acts harmoniously with liberty, and reaches its own end whilst maintaining that liberty. The Spirit of God transforms us, penetrates us, by overcoming our opposition. Grace is a divine persuasion; it conquers us not by an act of authority, but by a secret and gentle influence; and the great manifestations of its power are connected, as in St. Paul’s conversion, with a long inward struggle, the catastrophe of which may be quite sudden. Let men therefore cease to mistake Fatalism for Christianity: the argument justifiable three centuries ago, as a weapon in the contest with Roman Catholic Pelagianism, would now injure those who attempted to handle it, and destroy them, by making them responsible for the tenets of contemporary Pantheism. The reign of Jesus Christ is not to be assimilated to the worst thing there is upon earth. God’s sovereignty has nothing in common with absolutism; and the Spirit of the free and powerful God must not be lowered to a mechanical and material power.”

We hope that an accurate translation will soon render M. de Pressensé’s volume accessible to English readers.

Histoire des Doctrines morales et politiques des trois derniers Siècles. Par M. J. Matter, Conseiller honoraire, et ancien Inspecteur général de l’Université, Correspondant de l’Institut. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris: Cherbuliez. 1854.

THE subject which M. Matter examines in this work, has never yet been accurately treated by any writer, although it is certainly one of the most profitable themes for the reflecting mind to study. There is one publication, however, which would seem to bear some affinity to it, and that is the celebrated Dissertation published by Dugald Stewart in the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” but a slight perusal of both works will sufficiently prove the difference which exists between them. In the first place, the Scotch writer has almost exclusively confined himself to the history of the progress of ethical science; and he alludes to political theories, only when his subject renders an allusion to them absolutely indispensable. Next,—and here we touch upon a

point of far greater dissimilarity,—Dugald Stewart, by restricting his observations to the various metaphysical schools, and to the propounders of moral systems viewed as teachers, by shutting himself up, so to say, within the walls of an academy, has deprived himself of the means of appreciating the real merits of the doctrines he examines. For we should not forget, that the views adopted in schools are not always those which prevail in the world; and, if the part of society is to apply the principles expounded by moral instructors, it is seldom that complete harmony exists between theory and practice. To quote only one example: the great religious and political drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries resulted from the collision of two contradictory systems. On one side were the doctrines of Erasmus, Bodin, Sir Thomas More; on the other stood the despotic practices of Charles V., Henry VIII., Catherine di Medici. If we would know whether the ethical maxims taught in lecture-rooms are something better than useless or dangerous Utopias, we must study them in their bearings upon the progress of society. This is the only way of discovering their real value; for the political cataclysms by which God sees fit at times to visit the nations of the earth, are the natural consequences of the scission,—the differences we have just been alluding to.

These cursory observations will best explain the nature of M. Matter's work. It embraces a complete sketch of modern history; and by laying before us an account of the principal doctrines successively maintained by ethical and metaphysical writers, from the Reformation era down to the conclusion of the last century, it gives us a deep insight into the real causes of the various revolutions which have marked the annals of modern civilization.

When we examine the state of Europe during the sixteenth century, we meet at the very onset two master-minds whose influence on their contemporaries cannot be overrated. Erasmus and Machiavelli were the representatives of the two systems between which the human race is constantly, though vainly, seeking a middle course. In the *Colloquia*, the *Adagia*, the "Praise of Folly," it is not difficult to find the spirit of our modern Freethinkers; whilst all the worst doctrines advocated in later times by Hobbes, Filmer, and other writers of the same school, are most intelligibly propounded by the classical author of *Il Principe*, the historian whose disciples were Philip II., Alexander VI., and Lorenzo di Medici.

Machiavelli was the first man who reduced into axioms and definite rules the art of state-craft: his name is justly linked with the very essence of despotism, and no one can contend that justice has not been awarded to him. But Erasmus, on the other hand, has evidently obtained more praise than would have been his legitimate share. If he claims the honour of having vulgarized, and rendered popular, feelings and sentiments which were high in every breast, a philosopher less known, but far more original in his views, was the real thinker who broke loose through the fetters of scholasticism, and inaugurated the era of liberalism in metaphysical research. We allude to Peter Pomponazzio, for a complete account of whose tenets the reader should turn to M. Matter's instructive volumes.

Pomponazzio and Machiavelli,—such are the first two links of that

double chain which may be traced down, through an unbroken series of philosophers and publicists, to M. de Lamennais on the one side, and Donoso Cortez on the other.

The teachings of metaphysicians are not, however, the only channel through which public opinion is affected, or manifests itself; besides *libri sententiarum*, *summæ theologicæ*, and heavy artillery of that description, we have the light dragoons of literature,—pamphlets, plays, songs, vaudevilles. This point has not been omitted by M. Matter; and, as we approach the eighteenth century, it becomes more and more important. The French Revolution, for instance, is as much identified with the *Mariage de Figaro*, as with Rousseau's *Contrat Social*.

After having sketched the political history of society, and tested every system adduced either by the spirit of absolutism or the genius of liberty, the historian cannot stop there. We must deduce from a consideration of the past some useful teaching for our own times, and see whether the experience of ages now gone by will not supply us with directions for the future. M. Matter (let us bear in mind that he addresses himself to Frenchmen) utters the following severe but just denunciation against the nineteenth century. "Faith in things and in men has vanished; doctrines and institutions no longer inspire any enthusiasm; laws and morals are pervaded by scepticism; we are disgusted at what we see, and frightened at what threatens us: such is the moral, such is the political situation to which, after three centuries of an immense development, that fraction of humanity is reduced, which has either sought for progress, or been compelled to submit to it." From this shall we conclude that our author scouts the idea of progress, and that he longs for a return to those good old notions so fondly regretted by our friends of the Oxford school? No; M. Matter only points out the evil to which we may ascribe the state of prostration unfortunately prevalent at the present time: he is a sincere advocate of improvement; but, as he says very truly, there is no political advance, either possible, or even desirable, for nations, which is not also necessarily and naturally introduced by a corresponding moral development. Now, this is precisely the great mistake which both Princes and philosophers have always committed. They have sought for pledges of security in political, not moral, influence; whilst professedly repudiating, with all their might, the doctrines of Machiavelli, it is he whom, *de facto*, they have taken as their master and guide. Hence the natural conclusion, that the sole cure for the moral disease from which the political world appears to be now suffering, is a return to such religious principles as can alone insure the greatness and the lasting prosperity of nations.

In concluding this imperfect sketch, we may just say, that M. Matter is well known in France by various publications on metaphysical and other subjects. He is a Lutheran Protestant, and a Doctor of Divinity; and attached as he is to Gospel principles, the influence which his teaching possesses acts in a most beneficial way upon the mind of his countrymen.

Hand-Book of French Literature, Historical, Biographical, and Critical. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

WE are happy to be able to recommend this careful sketch of French literature to our young readers. They will find, if they put themselves under the guidance of the talented and judicious lady who has thus smoothed their path, that the chronological succession and general scope of French literature, as well as its separate writers, are arranged, discriminated, and valued, with much judgment and precision. Nor will more advanced readers, whose acquaintance with the subject has been of many years' standing, fail to receive from a perusal of this volume a considerable accession both of pleasure and of profit. The country surveyed has many quagmires; in these days an increasing number travel that way; and it is a great thing to be able to take the hand of a pious and intelligent guide.

Amerika. Die politisehen, socialen und kirchlich-religiösen Zustände der Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Deutschen, aus eigener Anschauung dargestellt von Dr. Philipp Schaff, Prof. der Theologie zu Mercersburg in Pennsylvanien. 8vo. Berlin, 1854.

It may be new to some of our readers, that there is an actual and not inconsiderable German literature indigenous to America. The one hundred thousand Germans who are annually landed in the port of New-York, are, it is true, for the most part, not of a class from whom much encouragement may be anticipated for literature; nevertheless, amongst the immense population spread through the United States, to whom the German language is vernacular, there are those who are not only ready, but well fitted, to minister to the reading wants of their fellow-countrymen.

Amongst these, the writer of the volume before us has already given to the world, through the medium of the Transatlantic German press, a work which has since enjoyed a far larger circulation and wider fame in its republished form in Germany, and in its translation both in America and our own country:—we allude to his “History of the Apostolic Church.” The small work from the same pen, which we now introduce, is an expansion of lectures delivered by the author before a German audience, during a visit paid by him last year to his native land. It is not designed for America, but for Germany; and has for its object the enlightenment of the Germans as to the political, social, and ecclesiastical condition of America, and especially as to the position of the great population of their own countrymen who have there found a home.

Dr. Schaff's survey is peculiarly lucid, and, as may be expected from a German mind, no less philosophical, in its plan and arrangement. He first treats of the United States generally, in their geographical, political, social, scientific, literary, and religious aspects. From this he proceeds to a lengthened and very thorough examination of the ecclesiastical position of America, embracing an analysis of its several principal Churches and sects,—Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Dutch

Reformed, Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Quaker, Romish, and Mormon. Lastly, he devotes about two-fifths of his work to the subject of the German Churches in America; noticing the history, language, scientific and educational institutions, religion, and morals of the German population; and then the ecclesiastical position and prospects of the Lutheran, the Reformed, and the other German Churches. In speaking of the German Methodists, Dr. Schaff refers to the remarkable fact of some Missionaries having been sent by the Methodist communities to Germany, to labour amongst the neglected of their own native land. Altogether, we commend the work as a very sound and unbiassed examination of the religious condition of the rapidly increasing German population of the United States, characterized throughout by a very just appreciation of those points of mental constitution, and national character and temperament, by which the British, the German, and the American are respectively distinguished.

Dr. Schaff is very earnest in his call to the Christians of his own land to make some united and large effort to supply the spiritual necessities of the four millions of their fellow-countrymen in America. And with no less earnestness he calls upon those who have influence in the theological and literary productions of Germany, to exert that influence, so far as America is concerned, in such a way as shall contribute to an object towards which he looks at once with anxiety and enthusiasm; namely, the formation—through a healthy fusion of the German with the Anglo-American character, and through the influence, rightly directed, which German writing already possesses over the men of thought in America—of a race which, as it shall assuredly be foremost in the future history of the world, so shall be foremost also in carrying throughout the unmeasured region of its sway the blessings of a true, and solid, and living Christianity.

Die Verhandlungen des Siebenten Deutschen Evangelischen Kirchentages zu Frankfurt am Main im September, 1854. 8vo. Berlin, 1854.

WE have before us the Report of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Kirchentag, or Convention of the German Churches.

This Convention is one of the few beneficial fruits of the Revolution of 1848. A deep sense of the necessity of the times was the origin of this endeavour, by concerted action amongst the chief representatives of the Evangelical faith in Germany, to ward off the evils with which the Church was at that period so terribly menaced. It had the happy effect, by drawing together men of different Churches,—Lutheran, Reformed, and United,—and by associating them in a common Christian purpose, of doing much to harmonize those whom a difference of name had hitherto kept apart, and thereby achieving a first step towards proving, by a practical exhibition, the true unity of Christian faith.

As the Convention is one of a purely voluntary nature, it can assume no authoritative power. It continues, however, to maintain a growing influence, not only on the people at large, by means of its circulated Reports and appeals, but also on the various Governments with whom it intercedes for the concession of those legislative enact-

ments or alterations, which are demanded by the interests of Christianity, and the religious liberty of the subject. In this way the Kirchentag has already wrought many highly beneficial changes of a public character, whilst, in its annual peregrinations from city to city, it has scattered precious seeds of Christian truth, which mark its course as one of blessing to the land.

Dr. Hoffmann's paper, with which the discussions at the last autumnal meeting were commenced, "On the right Use of the Bible in the Church, the School, and the House," is a noble defence of the sacred volume against the prevailing tendency in Germany to its disregard, or its abuse. After showing the right position that should be accorded to the Scriptures in the pulpit, the school, and the family, the second and still more important topic is taken up, as to the introduction of a "Bible life;" and many valuable suggestions are offered on this vital question. A very important subject occupied the second morning of their meeting,—that of the relation of the Church to the civil legislation, as regards the question of divorce. It was introduced by the well-known Dr. Julius Müller, of Halle, whose paper contains a very clear exhibition of the question of marriage and divorce, viewed in the light of the New Testament, contrasted with the actual state of the law in most of the German States, and especially in Prussia. Dr. Thesmar's Report, which followed, exhibits the legislative enactments from a historical point of view; and at the close a unanimous Resolution was adopted to petition the various Governments of Germany for the amendment of those laws relating to this important question, which have been productive of so large an amount of moral and social evil. Dr. Wichern, the Superintendent of the Rauhe Haus, near Hamburg, was present, as usual, to represent the "Inner Mission,"—Germany's great practical means of spreading godliness through the land. His speech, of which a beautiful outline is presented in the Report, gave a general survey of the labours of that Society during the past year, and produced a deep impression upon the audience by the thrilling eloquence which ever characterizes the effusions of that noble-hearted man. The Prelate Kapff, of Stuttgart, so known and loved in Germany for his Leighton-like fervour and heavenly unction, gave, on the last day, a masterly Report "On the Abolition of Gambling-Houses and Lotteries," which excited the deepest attention, and will doubtless exert a great influence toward the attainment of the object sought. Professor Schaff, of Mercersburg, occupied the afternoon with an eloquent paper upon "the German Church in America,"—the warm enthusiasm of which seemed a little too powerful for some of the more frigid Teutonic brethren to whom it was addressed. We omit in our notice many minor discussions which took place at the Meeting of the Kirchentag last September, however interesting their character, or great their intrinsic value. Having been personally present throughout the Conference, we are enabled to verify the correctness of the published Report.

We would fain see a truer appreciation of the question of religious liberty, in the minds of the members of this important convention, which represents the best portion of the Evangelic Church of Germany. We would gladly see the doors of the Kirchentag thrown

open to Christians of whatever sect or party, instead of being restricted to the admission of adherents of the Confessional Churches. In this, a grievous wrong is done to the German Methodist and Baptist bodies, as well as to others, who, like them, are excluded from its councils. Nevertheless, with all its faults freely admitted, the *Kirchentag* is a noble movement on the side of true religion, and gives hopeful promise in relation to the future of Germany's Church. We commend it, as a peculiar development of ecclesiastical power and Christian activity, to the consideration of all interested in the struggles and toils of the evangelical faith in Germany.

The Dream of Pythagoras, and other Poems. By Emma Tatham. Second Edition. London.

THE strains of this young poetess are very warm and sweet; remarkable for pure sentiment, fine feeling, and natural expression. Their originality is quite as evident as their merit, though it be not offensively obtruded in peculiarities of thought and phrase, in any affected strangeness of subject or of manner: these, with true feminine instinct, are avoided, as fatal to the modesty of a woman's muse. Neither does Miss Tatham derive her inspiration from the urns of her sister minstrels; we have no mournful echo from the distant tomb of Letitia Landon, no leaves from the sere, but sacred, chaplet of Felicia Hemans. Our poetess sings from her own full heart, and pours out an unpremeditated strain, inspired by religious faith, and breathing admiration, love, and hope in every line. The opening poem, "*The Dream of Pythagoras*," is of superior order to the rest, and full of beauty and significance. But the genius of Miss Tatham is eminently lyrical; and the following song, extracted from "*The Mother's Vigil*," will give the reader a fair idea—and a very high one—of its general quality and power:—

" O life! thou glad and throbbing heat!
O life! thou cup of heavenly sweet!
Past is the dim gate of death;
See, I draw immortal breath!

" From Redemption's crimson wave
Rising free, baptized, and white;
Lo! my beaming wings I lave
In the uncreated light.

" See, my infant tears are dried,
And my darksome slumbers broken;
See, in angels' arms I ride,
Hear the music seraph-spoken!

" Hark! I hear the boundless chorus
Rolling on from star to star:
Hark! it thunders full before us;
Hark! it dies, and echoes far.

" See, O see the flashing gold
Of a thousand suns outglancing;
See the starry heavens unroll'd,
And the skies around me dancing,

- “ O how beautiful and warm
 To my newly-open'd eyes !
 O what majesties of form,
 And what melodies arise !
- “ Yet I feel a softer splendour
 Flowing o'er my heart like balm :
 O how thrilling and how tender !
 It is Christ,—Creation's Calm.
- “ Lovely angels ! raise me higher ;
 For my spirit leaps to be
 Where, above the crowns of fire,
 My Redeemer's face I see.”

Poems. By Matthew Arnold. Second Series. Longman.
 1855.

THE merits of Mr. Arnold's poetry have been very generally acknowledged by the press ; yet the circle of its admirers is not likely to extend beyond the literary and highly educated classes. As the popular heart seldom finds utterance through it, so the popular enthusiasm will not settle round it. But we have no doubt of the genuineness of Mr. Arnold's claims. Not more highly gifted as a poet than many of his young contemporaries, with whom so much fault has recently been found, he writes much better poems. The sentiment diffused throughout their formless rhapsodies, with him acknowledges the subtle laws of taste,—finds order and coherence,—is first crystallized into gems, and then appropriately set. Mr. Arnold's style is simple, almost to baldness, and contrasts strongly with the profuse ornaments of the school of “ Balder.” Yet this is the triumph of genuine poetry, when its suggestions of beauty, novelty, and grace, arise from the use of language apparently not one degree removed from artless prose. We believe this author also is young ; yet the tone of his poetry evinces large experience, as well as high culture and extensive learning. An admirer of Goethe the sage, and Wordsworth the contemplatist, he aims at the calm and eclectic spirit of the one, but despairs of the fortitude and pathos of the other.

- “ Ah ! since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force :
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?
 Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breast to steel :
 Others will strengthen us to bear,—
 But who, ah ! who will make us feel ?
 The cloud of mortal destiny—
 Others will front it fearlessly ;
 But who, like him, will put it by ? ”

There is something of exaggeration, as it seems to us, in this estimate of the philosophic poet ; but it is expressed with great felicity and clearness. In like manner we do not quite approve of the tone which Mr. Arnold has caught from his great German model. Perhaps

the indifferentism of Goethe is too perceptible in his admirer's verses, and somewhat also of his serene and lofty fatalism. The tone we deprecate may be felt distinctly breathing in the lines addressed to Obermann :—

“And then we turn, thou sadder sage !
To thee : we feel thy spell,
The hopeless tangle of our age—
Thou, too, hast scann'd it well.

“Immoveable thou sittest ; still
As death ; composed to bear ;
Thy head is clear, thy feeling chill,
And icy thy despair.

“Yes, as the son of Thetis said,
One hears thee saying now—
Greater by far than thou are dead :
Strive not : die also thou.

“Ah ! two desires toss about
The poet's feverish blood ;
One drives him to the world without,
And one to solitude.

* * * * *
“Away the dreams that but deceive !
And thou, sad guide, adieu !
I go ; Fate drives me : but I leave
Half of my life with you.

“We, in some unknown power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line ;
Can neither, when we will, enjoy ;
Nor, when we will, resign.”

As giving voice to an occasional mood, we cannot object to these fine verses. But throughout Mr. Arnold's volume we miss the tone of cheerful and religious confidence, and mark the absence of a distinct, pervading Christian philosophy, which, most of all, is needed to rebuke the pagan and repining spirit of the age.

The Haymakers' Histories. Twelve Cantos, in Terza Rima.
By Ruthen. London : George Bell. 1854.

True poetry, of a very delicate and charming sort ; to be admired most of them who love the Muses best. The pitch and genius of the whole strain is indicated in a few preluding lines, the closing sentiment of which we heartily commend to minstrels of louder note and more ambitious theme :—

“How common are the men and things
Which Poesy loves best ! and on my page,
Singing as when in love a woman sings,
I chronicle the darlings of the age.”

We wish our space availed for some lengthier extracts from this volume, that we might find room to give some specimen of the stories of country life which it exhibits ; but we must limit ourselves to a few lines from the opening canto, which introduces the bonny heroines :—

—————"See them pass,
 A young, a beautiful, and happy band!
 Behold them while they roll the tedded grass,
 Hear their soft voices and their laughter clear,
 And judge right gently of each lovely lass!
 'T was theirs, throughout the lunisolar year
 Of sunlight days and moonlight nights, abode
 To make with Nature, to whom all were dear.
 Some stole out to their rural toils; some strode
 With almost manly strides, oft held the plough,
 Or to the fields the colts unbroken rode:
 Others there were that, when beneath the bough
 Of some broad tree the rustie company
 Sat in the shade, cool'd by the marshy slough,
 Cast on the youths full oft a sidelong eye,
 And won from them such kindness as a swain
 Whose manners are of nature bold or shy,
 Brings with him from the cottage to the plain."

If the readers would know how fortune, as well as nature, dealt with these fair creatures, would make the acquaintance of Helen or of Lucy, of "bonny Maud" or of that "blithe" maid--

—————"who went about
 Her very dairy work with air so grand,
 More like a Duchess at her bridal rout!"—

he must obtain this pleasant calendar for himself. We must not, however, omit to notice the author's skill in metrical composition. We are here forcibly reminded of the marvellous compass of the *terza rima* of Dante, even as cultivated in our harsher tongue. The measure to whose music the great bard traversed the fields of Paradise and the plains of Hades, is found equally adapted to the movements of natural joy and sorrow which belong even to the humblest country life. This is the test of a great stanza, proving it to be framed neither in vanity nor caprice, but founded on principles of harmony and truth analogous to those of poetry itself.

The poem is published anonymously; but it bears little of the character of a first production. Of the author's sex the internal evidence is not quite decisive. The style of art is masculine, but the sentiment is feminine throughout. "The hands truly are Esau's hands, but the voice is the voice of Jacob."

The Golden Age, and other Poems. By Alexander Gouge.
 London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

THIS book hardly keeps the promise of its flattering title and beautiful exterior. While we are glad to find, from the author's preface, that he is "prepared against failure," we are sorry to learn, from the same authority, that he not only hopes for, but "anticipates, success." We fear his merits as a poet are too small to establish his character as a prophet. The volume, however, is very elegantly dressed in green and gold, and will serve the chief purposes of a drawing-room table-ornament,—to be taken carefully up, and put as gently down. Thus treated, it may outlast many a book of more vulgar interest and merit.

Thoughts and Sketches in Verse. By Caroline Dent. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

ALWAYS polished and melodious, the verses of this lady are marked by an occasional felicity of thought which indicates the presence of poetic gifts. The bulk of the volume does not, however, rise above the level of just reflection embodied in smooth and measured language. Even this degree of merit is not attained without a concurrence of advantages,—without more than the average talents and accomplishments: but the difficulties of true poetry are not appreciated by the reading public, too busy, or too idle, to be arrested by any thing less than its most conspicuous triumphs, and only roused out of the mood of thankless indifference by sentiments of admiration and delight.

The History of Political Literature, from the earliest Times. By Robert Blakey, Author of the “History of the Philosophy of Mind.” Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1855.

It is somewhat remarkable that no work has hitherto appeared in this country, professing to record the progress of political literature. Though more interested than other people in the advance of mankind towards rational liberty, and occupying a front rank amongst its assertors and defenders, in the field and in the legislature, we have seldom contemplated the subject in its scientific aspect. Political writers have appeared in all ages, exercising considerable influence, and frequently producing a permanent effect upon the Government of the time; but their labours have not been examined with a view to elicit principles which may take their place in a system of political philosophy. The temporary and local purpose answered, such writings have retired into obscurity, and have been, perhaps, less read than those of any other class.

Mr. Blakey has thought it time to attempt a sketch of the existing writings upon political and social philosophy. He has eminently succeeded in this attempt, and has produced a work of great importance and interest; although the portion now published is likely to be exceeded in attractiveness by that which is yet to appear. The two volumes before us bring down the work to the year 1700; the third will include the entire eighteenth century; and the fourth will complete the survey to the present time. We certainly did not expect to find so much agreeable reading in a class of literature which we are apt to imagine is somewhat dull and tedious in the retrospect.

Russia. By the Marquis de Custine. Murray. 1854.

Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia. By Captain Spencer. Routledge and Co. 1854.

The Englishwoman in Russia. By a Lady. Murray. 1855.

THE sudden inroad of books upon a popular and engrossing subject is apt to perplex the choice of inquirers; and not the least useful duty of our office is to point attention to those of the truest merit. This

brief indication is all that our space admits of in the present instance. Some of our readers may be yet imperfectly acquainted with the countries forming the theatre and subject of the present war, and to them we recommend these admirable volumes. If not the most recent, they are among the most valuable of their class. De Custine has long been known as a conscientious and intelligent traveller. His opportunities for observation were unusually good, and his statements may be thoroughly relied upon. His pages present a full and interesting picture of life and manners in the Russian Empire, from the Imperial Court down to the hovels of the poor and scattered peasantry. With such ample details as are there supplied the reader is independent of the author's judgment, and naturally forms opinions for himself. Captain Spencer's volume has less of personal interest and social detail, but is valuable as the fruit of extended observation and experience. It is even more comprehensive than its title indicates; for, besides the regions there enumerated, it contains, at the commencement, two or three chapters on the state of Hungary. The work of the "English-woman" is a record of ten years' residence, not in one, but in many parts of the Russian Empire. The author's acquaintance with Muscovite society and scenery was necessarily intimate and varied, and in some matters perhaps less exceptional in its character than that of a traveller of rank such as the Marquis de Custine. The narrative is lively and interesting. On the whole it is decidedly unfavourable to the social habits and institutions of our enemies; but there is no evidence that this tone is adopted to flatter a mere national prejudice, and adapt it to the present market.

Pictures of Life and Character. By John Leech. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1855.

The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson. By Richard Doyle. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1854.

THE names of Leech and Doyle stand at the head of a long list of comic artists, who have arisen during the last ten years. For some time they maintained a friendly rivalry in the pages of "*Punch*," before that ancient jester lost his *wits*. But unfortunately A'Beckett left, and Doyle left, and Thackeray left, and only Leech is left to keep Mr. *Punch's* show standing. We have placed the two names together; but it is almost necessary to consider each separately, for their styles present more points of contrast than of comparison.

It is very rarely that an artist attains a high degree of perfection in two branches of his profession;—that a painter combines landscape and history. But Leech is so truly a master of the highest branch of his art, that some of his pictures excite the same feeling as the serious poetry of poor Hood,—a regret that comic art should so exclusively occupy his attention. For instance, here is a background hardly two inches square, yet it represents a beautiful undulating landscape, dotted with trees stretching away for miles. These trees, though so minute, are not merely sketched in, but are carefully filled up with due attention to light and shade; and the whole is finished with a delicacy and truthfulness that Birket Foster might envy. Numberless examples, on a larger scale, might be given: most

of his river and hunting pieces are perfect studies of English scenery. Doyle, on the contrary, rarely gives much background, and still more rarely attempts natural scenery; if he does, he fails. Take the "Evening on the Lago Maggiore:" the clouds look far more like water than the Lake itself, which you would not recognise but for the boat upon it; the mountains are much too low, and their outline is as stiff and angular as any sketch of the Pyramids; the margin of the Lake is a hard straight line, without a single bend or projection to break its monotony; and of distance you gain no idea. Contrast with this one of Leech's evenings at the sea-side,—say, "Romance and Reality." The heavy, but not too opaque, masses of cloud; the effect of moonlight on the water, on the two figures in the foreground, on the beach wet with the retiring tide, on the shrimper,—especially at the knees, against which the water breaks,—these are some of the touches which almost give to a wood-engraving the effect of colour.

His purely comic sketches are of an equally rare order. He is not dependent upon such aids as the monstrous heads of Doyle, or the goggle eyes and impossible mouths of Thackeray, or the mediæval quaintness of Tenniel. There is, on the contrary, a remarkable absence of exaggeration. His men and women we meet a dozen times in a day; we know his butchers' boys by sight, and their nags too; his omnibus cads and Hansom cabbies drive us regularly through the city; and his poor little swells, who are so mercilessly shown up, are recognised at a glance. The fidelity of his interior scenes is very striking. Not only do the members of the family group lounge, stand, or sit, in natural and easy postures, but all the accessories are in the most perfect drawing. The very paper on the wall, the D'oyley on the table, the half-dropped embroidery, with the position of the needle and fingers, are depicted with the truth of a photograph. Not less true than the air of comfort invariably thrown around home life, is the cheerlessness and discomfort which a bachelor's establishment as invariably displays. We are shown an untidy room, the books all awry on the shelves; the one footstool upset, just as it was left the night before. Enters the slip-shod maid of all work; her hair scrambled under a limp cap, her left hand on the door-handle, and her right holding up an apron, evidently too dirty to be fully displayed; and the bachelor himself, poor fellow! with an old dressing-gown huddled about him, and his loose neckerchief already half untied, looking helpless and forlorn enough to excite pity in all gentle bosoms. But, for an example of perfect *expression*, turn to that well-known breakfast scene in a country-house, where, with reference to a fishing excursion, Master Tom orders sundry lob-worms and grubs to be brought in for his inspection. Note the evident disgust (not too strongly marked) on the maternal countenance; all done by one or two lines about the eyebrows, assisted by a gesture of the hand, but as effectually done as by the most laboured skill. Even better still is the face of the cabman, who intimates to his recent fare, in the presence of her five children, that no one can be a gentleman *who belongs to her*: the eye and mouth are more than expressive,—they are eloquent; and this without being overdrawn.

So remarkable is the fidelity, and so complete the mastery of the pencil, that it is possible to detect varieties of *colour*; to distinguish fair hair from dark hair, hands that are white and delicate from hands that are coarse and red, and pale complexions from those that are florid. A hunting sketch, in one of the recent Numbers of "Punch," represented a very stout old gentleman, wrought up by hard riding to a highly apoplectic condition: it was easy to see from the contrast with his grey whiskers, that his cheeks were actually purple. We can almost detect *motion* in some of our artist's happiest efforts,—say, the one in which the tottering old spinster is telling Mr. Tongs that her hair still comes off; as she dresses at the glass, you can see the old woman's hands *fumble* at her bonnet-strings; the cabman before noticed is evidently retiring sideways to his vehicle, keeping his face to the enemy; the ornaments that Mr. Briggs has knocked off the mantel-piece are not simply drawn in mid-air, they are *falling*; his figures on the ice are not merely standing on skates, but they skate; his dogs all but bark; and when you cannot cross a saddle yourself, the next best thing is to look at Mr. Leech's horses.

Up to a certain point exaggeration is an aid to humour,—beyond that point it defeats its own object. A "situation" loses its drollery in proportion as it exceeds the bounds of possibility; and when it loses our sympathies, it also excites the opposition of our judgment. This over-exaggeration is Mr. Doyle's weakness, and is seldom long out of sight. In the outline of the "Review," Robinson is seen clinging to the neck of a rearing horse, both of them in impossible attitudes; in the foreground is a grenadier considerably taller than the carriage horses; a little to the left is a bi-clouded German, five feet high by four feet wide; and in the background is a member of the band performing zealously on a trombone which is nearly nine feet long. When the trio visit the Jews' Quarter at Frankfort, they see a Hebrew countenance, the exact counterpart of its fellows, protruded from every window in the street. With just half the number, the effect would have been twice as comic. When Jones is arrested, it is by a small regiment of soldiers, and so on, *ad libitum*. Doyle, too, presents his situations complete, at their climax, perhaps past it. He leaves nothing to the imagination; whereas Leech often leaves an *hiatus*, which each one fills up for himself, and which adds considerably to one's enjoyment. Here is a scene up the river: three individuals in a punt are in a happy, contemplative, vinous state; one is standing up, lazily smoking a "dry" pipe; while another remarks how greatly he enjoys the delicious repose. But it is left for us to see, that in half an instant their repose will be rudely broken in upon by a Thames wherry, pulled with frantic energy by two equally oblivious amateur rowers, and that the erect gentleman in spectacles will inevitably conclude his meditations in a cold bath.

Mr. Doyle appears to have studied human nature from an isolated position, not from the centre of a home circle. His only interiors are illustrative of club life, or public assemblies, or occasionally an evening party. His female faces display little variety of expression; and child life, in its thousand attractive forms, he never touches. He loves the town, not the country, nor country sports. Mr. Leech, on

the contrary, is at home every where, in any society, and under all circumstances; and his hearty English feeling, added to his versatile genius, has gained him universal popularity.

The Restoration of Belief. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1855.

THE history of the evidences and external reception of Christianity is replete with profound lessons on human nature, and with proofs that infidelity is not a question of argument, but originates in "an evil heart of unbelief." Two things especially are remarkable; first, that the greatest efforts to defend Christianity were made at the time when vital religion was at its lowest state of inanition; like a seed of truth enveloped in the cere-cloth of rigid orthodoxy and lifeless morality. Yet such labours did not revive Christianity; for, secondly, it is observable that mere external evidences, however effectual in silencing the fire of the enemy, have seldom been successful in subduing the heart. The admission of the fact of its divine truth does not necessarily secure its reception as the one religion. Neither miracles nor argument form men to virtue and religion. Each new phase of society, and every advance of science, will expose Christianity to new assaults; yet it is proof against every missive; and, as the lighthouse of the world, endures all storms, dashing the broken billows into harmless spray at its base.

There is, just now, a happy tendency in our defenders to pay less regard to the outworks, and more to the citadel and temple of Christian truth. Mr. Kingsley takes the facts which are undisputed, and makes those facts reveal and defend the great truths of religion. While admitting that the positive truths of science must press against the whole structure of theology, and in their progress overthrow all that is mere *opinion*,—adhesive, merely, to Christianity, and not of its substance,—he shows that Christianity is a grand fact,—impregnable, indefectible, invariable, eternal. Like that divinely wise arrangement of the Books of Moses, which mingles history with law and prediction, so interwoven that they are inseparable, and therefore he who admits one must admit all, to the everlasting confusion of Jews and unbelievers; the natural history of Christianity so obviously and necessarily comprises the supernatural, that all is wholly unaccountable without it. If divine, no discoveries of scientific truth can overthrow it, or militate against it. We may for a season lack the intermediate or reconciling link; but true science and real Christianity must be consistent with each other: it cannot be otherwise. Self-consistent, each of the writers of the New Testament is calmly natural, while fully conversant with the supernatural; every portion is full of individuality, and all consistently coheres. Christianity is, by our author, represented as determinable, and not as an indeterminable matter of opinion. "Nothing in the entire round of human belief is more infallibly sure than is Christianity, when it claims to be—RELIGION, GIVEN TO MAN BY GOD." This is the proper challenging front which a man convinced of the truth should show towards opponents who are not to be won by foolish candour, needless concessions, and "gentle obliquities." It is needless, and is out of place in this controversy, to rehearse the articles of our Christian belief. It is enough to prove

our facts: and those facts will embrace supernatural truths and credentials, and exhibit the only religion which is suitable and saving.

The great design of this important volume is to bring us back to the simplicity of the faith and feelings of primitive Christianity; of the men who, thoroughly convinced of its truth, and permeated by its spirit, staked all for both worlds on its authenticity and power. And this is just what we need,—*to come back to the Book.*

This is a manly, bold, Christian volume; written in a mathematical and vigorous style, full of originality; of great practical power; and intensely interesting. Where is the sceptic who will honestly read it? Where is he who will, in the same style and spirit, attempt to answer it?

Capital Punishment Unlawful and Inexpedient. An Essay on the Punishment of Death. By John Rippon. London: W. and F. G. Cash.

WE gladly acknowledge the temper and ability evinced by the writer of this little volume, and the unusual candour and fairness of his statements. In the earlier and best part of his Essay, Mr. Rippon establishes—against the opinion of the majority of abolitionists—the popular and obvious sense of the passage in Genesis, (ix. 5, 6,) as an ordinance of the Almighty for the capital punishment of the murderer. We think he is much less fortunate in his attempt to prove its subsequent repeal under the dispensation of Christ. True, retaliation was then expressly forbidden, and the law of charity ordained; but this was a strictly individual rule of life, and could not be supposed to proscribe the exaction of penalties deemed necessary for the protection of society. Besides, this argument would prove too much. If valid against *capital* punishments, why not against those of lighter character? To practise “forgiveness” towards the shedder of blood, and yet exact a full penalty from the brawler and the thief, is not an equitable, much less a Christian, rule of procedure. We think the necessity, as well as the lawfulness, of this solemn judicial requirement has been denied on equally fallacious grounds, and should strongly deprecate any legislative measure which should award to the assassin and the poisoner no heavier punishment than that which is meted to the robber, thus tempting the latter to make murder the cloak of his concealment, and double the chances of escape without adding to the amount of his responsibility. But we forbear from further prosecuting this inquiry, while it is not imperatively called for by the agitation of a cause at once so plausible and dangerous.

A History of the Book of Common Prayer, with a Rationale of its Offices. By the Rev. Francis Procter, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.

WE can speak with just praise of this compendious but comprehensive volume. It appears to be compiled with great care and judgment, and has profited largely by the accumulated materials collected by the learning and research of the last fifty years. Embodying

much of the information long ago supplied by Strype and Comber, it derives correctness and completeness from the more recent and elaborate works of Cardwell, Lathbury, and Maskell. It is a manual of great value to the student of ecclesiastical history, and of almost equal interest to every admirer of the liturgy and services of the English Church. As a more perfect digest of the whole subject, it will, no doubt, supersede the popular use of Wheatley's "Rational Illustration."

Tonga and the Friendly Islands; with a Sketch of their Mission History. Written for Young People. By Sarah S. Farmer. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

THERE is a peculiar propriety in Miss Farmer's consecrating the first-fruits of her pen to the cause of Missions in general, and of Wesleyan Missions in particular. Nor, widely as the name of the father is known throughout the Christian world, can there be any fear lest this product of the daughter's pen should be found not to merit the welcome which that name will contribute to prepare for it throughout so wide a circle.

Miss Farmer's book treats of a *very* interesting chapter in the history of Missions. She does for Tonga, in some respects, what Mr. Williams had done for some other of the South-Sea Missions. Her plan embraces a narrative both of the melancholy and unsuccessful, but not inglorious, attempt of the London Missionary Society to found a Mission in the Tonga group, and of the later Mission of the Wesleyan Society, which has been so remarkably successful. The introductory portion of the volume contains an elegant sketch of the subjects indicated by the following headings of the earlier chapters:—"Discovery of the South Seas;" "Islands of the Pacific;" "Coral Workers and their Doings;" "The Friendly Islanders;" and "Captain Cook's Visits."

Of the manner in which Miss Farmer has handled her theme, we cannot be so unjust as to speak with cold commendation. The book does equal credit to her head and her heart. She has spared no research necessary to master all the topics included in her task. She commands an excellent style,—clear, fresh, and telling. The book is full of heart, but free from sentimentalism; and the interest of the story never flags. The authoress has one great merit, particularly valuable in writing for the young,—she does not moralize too much. Though the work professes to be for young persons, it is suitable for all ages, classes, and intellects. It is written with elegant simplicity, but is as far as possible from any thing like puerility of tone or thought. Of the engravings which adorn the volume, we need only say that they are appropriate and valuable, and that, in beauty of execution, they are worthy of the letter-press which they illustrate. We believe it will add to the pleasure with which this delightful volume will be welcomed in many a home, both in this country and abroad, if we mention that these illustrations are understood to be from the pencil of another member of Mr. Farmer's family. We need scarcely add, that the volume is "got up" in the first style; but it may be well to say, at the same time, that its price is exceedingly low for such a volume.

Cain. By Charles Boner. Chapman and Hall. 1855.

IF ambition is the "last infirmity of noble minds," it is also the first impulse of mediocrity. This truth is once more illustrated in the work before us. The subject of Mr. Boner's dramatic poem has long been a favourite with the poets, but more especially with young and inexperienced writers. These latter have so frequently tried their "prentice han'" on the solemn story of the first murder, and often with such pitiful results, that it might be deemed no light portion of the punishment of Cain, if he could be supposed to have foreseen, or in his fabled wanderings to have witnessed, the publication of these miserable libels. Mr. Boner's attempt is not the worst of its class; the verse is smooth, and sometimes poetical; but he has not achieved success. The great significance of the story of Cain is not easily sustained in any poetical amplification; and we would advise Mr. Boner to avoid a similar mistake in choosing for the future. If he cannot effectually bend the bow of Ulysses, why should he incur the danger of its terrible recoil?

Literary Papers. By the late Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S. London: Reeve. 1855.

THIS little volume, it is only right to say, has no pretensions to form a literary monument quite worthy of the genius and reputation of its lamented author. It is composed of a number of brief reviews, chiefly of books in the departments of Natural History and Travels; and these, being collected since the Professor's death, have necessarily wanted the benefit of his revision. This much premised, we have only to commend the volume as it is to the deserved attention of the reader. The most cursory remarks of a great philosopher are rich in allusion and suggestion, and seldom fail to illuminate the most salient points of any subject they may happen to alight upon. It is eminently so in the case before us. The papers here collected are, for the most part, on topics with which Professor Forbes was perfectly familiar; his own genius for research comes frequently in illustration or correction of the views of others; and it is no light advantage to know, from such a master, what books are especially worthy of a student's confidence, what individuals among the learned most proper for his emulous imitation. For other readers beside the earnest student, this volume will have peculiar attractions. As light reading, furnished by a learned and superior mind, it is precisely the *desideratum* of a considerable class, whose taste for pure literature and useful knowledge is very strong, while their zeal and leisure are not equal to its satisfaction by systematic means or original research.

Fabiola; or, The Church of the Catacombs. London: Burns and Lambert. 1855.

THIS work is a religious novel, designed to further the views of Roman Catholics, and is understood to be from the pen of Cardinal Wiseman. As a work of fiction it will not increase the literary reputation of the Cardinal, being most inartistic throughout, and totally

wanting in dramatic power. The author's object is to exemplify the beauty of a religious life, as understood by the Romish Church, and to identify the opinions and practices of that Church, in their fully developed form, with the opinions and practices of the early Christians. In this attempt a considerable amount of information is afforded respecting the history and topography of ancient Rome, particularly in connexion with the catacombs. As might be expected, however, the facts of history are made to bend in subservience to the writer's views; and the Christianity of the fourth century is made to put on the garments of the twelfth. From a careful examination of the Lapidarian Gallery in the Vatican, in which are deposited the slabs taken from the cemeteries of subterranean Rome, we can affirm that the assertions and inferences of the writer of "*Fabiola*" are not in accordance with facts. It is *untrue* that the inscriptions anterior to the date of the tale (A.D. 302) abound in praises of virginity; it is *absurd* to say that at the same date there existed the records of numerous *Pontiffs*; and it is grossly *unfair* that no reference should be made (not even in the historical notes) to the admitted interpolations of the Middle Ages.

This book deserves not the *confidence* of any reader; and, fortunately, it is written with so little skill and power that it cannot possibly inspire a dangerous amount of *interest*.

Popery as it Exists in Great Britain and Ireland: its Doctrines, Practices, and Arguments; exhibited from the Writings of its Advocates, and from its most popular Books of Instruction and Devotion. By the Rev. John Montgomery, A.M., Inverleithen. Edinburgh: Bell and Bradfute; London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1854.

THE volume before us has some advantages over many works which profess to exhibit and refute Popery. The authorities to which reference is made are of modern date and easy access, and the style is uncommonly pungent and lively. The principal Romish authority to whom attention is given is Dr. Wiseman. Mr. Montgomery has had the fairness not to quote either from Roman Catholic works which have been placed in the Index, or from recent converts to Rome. We are glad to find that he has noticed and exposed such works as "*Geraldine, a Tale of Conscience*," belonging to a class of agencies, by means of which the Romish Church has endeavoured to enlist the sentiment and taste of youth on their side. We strongly recommend the work to our readers, as one of the latest and best refutations of the principal tenets of Popery.

Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners, and the Prevention of Crime. By Joseph Kingsmill, M.A., Chaplain of Pentonville Prison. Third Edition. London: Longman. 1854.

HERE we find a sketch of the convict systems which have prevailed from the days of Botany Bay to those of model-prisons. The gradual ameliorations are depicted as they occurred, and the existing system described with clearness. But the most valuable portions of the work

are those which refer to the peculiar duties of the writer's office. We might almost say that he has, unconsciously, described a model Chaplain. His views, and happily his practice, go far beyond the mere routine of clerical ministrations. He feels for the souls of the poor prisoners, and urges upon them the sole and sufficient remedy for the miseries of their position. Such truly evangelical labours cannot, and we learn from the volume that they do not, pass without a delightful measure of success. Would that we could believe that all our prisons had such officers as Mr. Kingsmill to tread their gloomy corridors, lighting up, in spots uncheered by earthly comfort, the joys of the heavenly world!

The episodes of actual occurrences interspersed through the volume are of deep and pathetic interest. It should be in the hands of all who can feel for the outcasts of society, and who remember the words, "I was in prison, and ye visited me."

On the Study of Language: an Exposition of "*Επεα Πτεροεντα*, or the Diversions of Purley. By John Horne Tooke." By Charles Richardson, LL.D. London: George Bell. 1854.

THE versatile, clever, and learned Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley" are thought by many to afford little *diversion*; and yet he managed to invest a subject, accounted the driest of the dry, with even a charm by his ingenuity and ever ready wit. The scene of these imaginary dialogues is laid at Mr. Tooke's seat, at Purley, near Croydon. His doctrines excel in simplicity and naturalness. He contends that nouns are the radicals of language, and verbs follow, as we know things before we know their motions, actions, or changes. These form the staple of the words necessary for the communication of our thoughts. Other parts of speech he considers as abbreviations used for the purpose of dispatch. Interjections are altogether excepted. He denies that the mind is capable of the *composition* of ideas, and attributes that operation to language. Tooke's doctrine of etymologies is this: "That from the etymology of the word we should fix the intrinsic meaning; that that meaning should always furnish the cause of the application; and that no application of any word is justifiable for which that meaning will not supply a reason; but that the usage of any application so supported is not only allowable, but indispensable."

Dr. Richardson has given us an able summary of the work, hoping thereby to induce his readers to study it for themselves. We thank him for his volume,—we hope, not "his last,"—and trust his purpose will be accomplished.

Jerusalem Revisited. By W. H. Bartlett, Author of "Walks about Jerusalem." With Illustrations. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1855.

THIS is, unhappily, a posthumous work; the last of a series on the Holy Land, which the lamented writer had illustrated, by his pen and pencil, with acknowledged taste. Mr. Bartlett's death took place sud-

denly, on the eve of publication. "Cut off in the flower of his age, and in the full vigour of intellect, after a few hours' illness, he has found a sepulchre in the waters of the Mediterranean, whose shores he has so often, and so successfully, illustrated." Such are the words of his brother, to whom it has fallen to complete the work.

It is an elegant and useful volume, contains much interesting information as to the present state of Jerusalem, and will make an excellent gift-book.

A Dictionary of Terms in Art. Edited and Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., with five hundred Engravings on Wood. London: Virtue, Hall, and Virtue.

It is the design of this useful work to explain the meaning of all such terms as are generally employed in painting, sculpture, and engraving, whether descriptive of real objects, or the principles of action which rule the mind and guide the hand of the artist. The terms required to describe the contents of a museum of art, or a collection of pictures, are also explained; and information is given relating to the different periods and schools of painting. A profusion of illustrations adds much to the value, and something to the beauty, of this work.

Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments. By Samuel Sharpe. London: Edward Moxon. 8vo. 1854.

THERE is a large amount of learning, particularly historical and chronological, condensed into a convenient space in this little volume. Its condensation is so great, as to give a degree of ruggedness, which forbids its being pleasant reading; but it will be found of much utility to biblical students. Upon the ethnology and migrations of the peoples in the neighbourhood of the Israelites, the information is minute and valuable.

We cannot agree in all Mr. Sharpe's opinions, particularly with respect to the authorship of portions of St. Matthew's Gospel.

Excelsior: Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature. Vol. II. Nisbet.

To say that this volume is as clever and instructive as its elder brother, is high praise. "Excelsior" was a happy conception, and is happily executed. The proof is complete when young people devour it, and their judicious elders rejoice to see them using such "Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature."

Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Entwisle; Fifty-four Years a Wesleyan Minister. By his Son. Second Edition. London: Mason. 1854.

MR. ENTWISLE was a transparent Christian, and a faithful Pastor; and these Memoirs truly exhibit his eminent piety, simplicity, and prudence. The Church wants thousands of such men; and Methodism a shoal of such Biographies.

The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ.
By S. W. Fullom. 1854.

THIS is a revised and enlarged edition of a popular work which makes science the handmaid and witness to revealed truth. He is a real benefactor to the young especially, who will write such books; who will group even common truths respecting science, so as to show their accordance with revelation, and thus disarm the modern sceptic of one of his favourite weapons against Christianity. Mr. Fullom is familiar with both fields, and knows their just boundaries, and their products. Science is quickened by revelation, and in turn confirms its truths. These are suitable books for young people exposed to adverse literary influences.

Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Women of the Bible, chronologically arranged, from Eve of the Old, to the Marys of the New, Testament. By the Rev. P. C. Headley. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1855.

AN eloquent and instructive book, of a class we are always glad to see on the increase. The younger branches of Christian families will find its pages as captivating as most of the works of fiction to which they are so partial, and, we need hardly say, much more profitable.

Constructive Exercises, for teaching the Elements of the Greek Language on a System of Analysis and Synthesis; with Greek Reading Lessons and copious Vocabularies. By John Robson, B.A. Lond., Member of the Philological Society, and Assistant Master in University College School, &c. London: Walton and Maberly. 1853.

Constructive Exercises, for teaching the Elements of the Latin Language on a System of Analysis and Synthesis; with Latin Reading Lessons and copious Vocabularies. By John Robson, B.A. Lond., &c. London: Walton and Maberly. 1854.

THESE works are prepared on what is called "the *crude-form* system," which for some time past has been growing into favour, but has not previously been brought out in a form so comprehensive and practical as that in which Mr. Robson has presented it. That system commends itself on principles which are sufficiently obvious, but which have not been sufficiently regarded hitherto, in the elementary works in general use for students in Greek and Latin. The *crude-form* system being founded on the etymological structure of the two languages in question, we are perfectly sure that, having been fairly propounded, it will make its way; and that such expositions and applications of it as those which are furnished in the works above mentioned, will largely contribute to its general adoption.

THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1855.

- ART. I.—1. D'AUBIGNE'S *History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Vol. V.—The Reformation in England.* Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1853.
2. HALLAM'S *History of the Literature of Europe during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.* London: Murray. 1847.
3. *Writings of* THOMAS CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.* Cambridge: Printed at the University Press. 1846.
4. *The Works of* NICHOLAS RIDLEY, *D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of London.* Cambridge: Printed at the University Press. 1841.
5. *The Works of* THOMAS BECON, *S.T.P., Chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer, Prebendary of Canterbury, &c.* Cambridge: Printed at the University Press. 1843.
6. *The Works of* MYLES COVERDALE, *Bishop of Exeter.* Cambridge: Printed at the University Press. 1844.

WE purpose to trace our literature through the first part of the sixteenth century,—that is, through the struggles and establishment of Protestantism in England; and, in so doing, we shall view the dawn of its first really national development. The literary history of a nation may be generally divided into two periods,—that of unfettered creative genius, when each man follows at will the path indicated by his own predilections, strikes, like Israfel, the chords of his own heart, and reaches the sympathies of others whilst expressing what affects himself. During this period, it seems as if, by the mere instinct of passion, language were swayed and moulded to its various uses as

the organ of the soul. But in the next,—the period of science and philosophy,—the mould is fixed; novelty and originality, men think, can no longer be attained, to any appreciable extent, by simply yielding to the impulses of the soul; they are things to be sought out with pain; authority exists and is submitted to; examples of success are before the eyes, to follow which with exactest imitation too often becomes the sole aim of genius itself. An apprenticeship of imitation is to be served by the modern word-artist; his effects are to be wrought by careful study; he must form for himself, diligently, a style which may long be cramped, and even apparently artificial, and in which practice alone may enable him to move with the majesty and freedom of his predecessors.

In England, the first of these periods never existed so perfectly as in the case of the great nations of antiquity. We are called upon to investigate the beginnings of our literature, when, if at all, there should be found such an intuitive sense of beauty and command of language; but we shall discover in our early writers much painful hesitation and imperfection, both of thought and style. The Muse of England at first gave little promise of the glorious utterances into which she has since swelled. Few of the works produced in the former part of the sixteenth century are now read; they remain as imperfect attempts, ere England gathered voice and power to speak, and are regarded only as monuments to mark the commencement of the after glory. Nevertheless, we would invite attention to them, as possessing in themselves interest and beauty; as experiments, not always unsuccessful, in the world of art; and as forming an indispensable portion of our literary annals. The fact is, that it was not with us and the rest of Europe as with Greece. No inborn impulse urged the nation to arouse itself at once from the midst of surrounding darkness, and to become the apostle of art and civilization. Our literature was not so much a change as a growth, having its origin mainly in two great external causes,—the revival of learning, and the unequalled political and social revolution of the sixteenth century. We must expect, therefore, to find in it for a time both the weakness of imitation and the roughness of a fierce struggle.

Seldom has any period been so momentous as the sixteenth century. In contemplating it, we stand within the borders of a new world. It was the time when the Church of Rome first shrank at the contest with nationality; when an ancient and multiform despotism first stood opposed to the fresh, but unformed, spirit of liberty; and when those mingled forms of democracy and absolutism which at present divide Europe, first appeared. The Reformation was nothing less than the modernization of Europe. The mighty power which so long had held the human race in fascination, then recoiled and con-

tracted before a power hitherto unfelt,—the power of public opinion. Her decrepitude brought on general reform; her despotism excited universal resistance; her mummeries aroused the insulted intellect of mankind. For long, the Church had been the moral system of Europe; and, as such, had been a great good. She was the only common element among the masses that peopled Europe at the decay and fall of the Empire, the only bond that held society together. Her fibres, interwoven with every thing, and, from the time of Hildebrand, closely connected with Rome as their head, were for centuries the only organized force that appeared working in the utter confusion: at her altar alone all could bow; her Priesthood was the only class acknowledged by all. She was the refuge of distress, the avenger of wrong, the only administrator of such justice as was to be had. To her chivalry owed its gentleness, romance its charm, art its dignity and nobleness: her voice alone had potency to summon forth the millions of Europe against the Saracen, and, by an exhibition of power altogether unequalled, make interests and factions so utterly opposite forget their animosities in a common cause. But every thing by its own excess works its own ruin; and the sixteenth century saw the Church of Rome too refined and systematized to be otherwise than enfeebled, too enfeebled to be otherwise than corrupt, and too corrupt to endure the light of Divine truth and the scrutiny of that freedom of thought which comes with civilization. We must, however, look further back than the sixteenth century, if we would appreciate the steadfastness of England's resistance to the Papacy, or mark the progress of that literature which, the greatest in the world, has grown with the growth of the Reformation, and flourishes under the protection of civil and religious liberty.

Rome has always used the most vigorous efforts to secure her supremacy in Great Britain: upon no possession has she looked with a more desiring eye; and it is to be remarked that nowhere has her footing been so precarious. The first Romish mission to these islands employed the ablest emissary of the most able of the Pontiffs: no chapter of Romish history is darker or more cruel than that which recounts the intrigues of Augustine against the liberties of the primitive British Church, and the massacre of the twelve hundred British Christians at Bangor. Yet even then the truth of the Gospel, preserved in almost entire purity, found a refuge in Ireland and the famed isle Iona of the Hebrides, whence it pervaded even the triumphant Saxons, who had received Romish hierarchical conversion, and been made the instruments of Romish cruelty. So that even the doctrinal usurpation of the Holy See was not established until four centuries after its first entrance, upon the accession of William the Conqueror. That Prince found it convenient to

follow the mandate of Hildebrand, and to expel, *en masse*, the recusant English episcopacy ; but found it equally convenient to fill up the vacant sees again by his own nomination. "I claim," said he, "to hold in this hand all the pastoral staffs in my kingdom:" and the haughtiest of Pontiffs submitted to this bold assertion of royal prerogative. From that time forth, Rome encountered in England an opposition sometimes spiritual, sometimes secular. William even dared to disobey Hildebrand's great innovation, the *universal* celibacy of the Clergy, by decreeing that married Priests in castles and towns need not be deprived of their wives: and again the Pope, who had thrown all Europe into confusion by his measure, gave way. Finally, William forbade his Clergy to recognise the Pope's authority or publish his Bulls: and the Pope in return styled him "the Pearl of Princes." Different was the conduct of Rome towards the coward John. Upon his refusal to acknowledge an Archbishop of Canterbury, illegally appointed by Pope Innocent III., the latter, bolder than Hildebrand, laid the kingdom under an interdict. John submitted; but the resistance of England to the Papacy did not depend upon the temper of her Princes. In 1215, forty-five Barons, clad in steel, wrung from the King his signature of the Magna Charta, which they maintained against the excommunication of the Pope and the sword of his royal vassal, until the sudden death of the latter. In 1350 and 1353, during the reign of Edward III., the coping-stone was laid upon the political Protestantism of England, by the statutes of *Provisors* and *Præmunire*; the former of which secured to the crown and patrons all ecclesiastical appointments; the latter interdicted all appeals to the Court of Rome, all Bulls, excommunications, &c., and thus secured the rights of English Catholics against foreign aggression.

But all this would have been unavailing without something more. England had decided to disallow the foreign jurisdiction of the Papacy; and to that decision is to be imputed much of her freedom, her prosperity, and moral weight: now she was to confute the Papal dogmas, and, finally, to reject the Papal institutions. The man who leads the way to such an attempt shall gain a renown higher than that of the conquerors of Harold and of the Valois. We cannot follow Wycliffe through the scenes of his long and active career, or through his defence of the policy of Edward III. against the violence of Urban V., or his crusade against the turbulent Mendicant Friars, who, in his day, drained the wealth and population of the land. What we are concerned with is his English translation of the Latin Bible. This great and invaluable work issued from the quiet study of the Reformer in the year 1383. Before that time the English language scarcely existed. The amalgamation of the races which at different times found settlements in these islands

was slow, and the fluctuation of language, in consequence, great. The pure British was corrupted by the infusion of the Saxon tongue,—a mixture which prevailed for about three hundred years. This was succeeded by the Danish-Saxon, which lasted from the Danish to the Norman invasion, a period of one hundred and fifty years more; and the last was the Norman-Saxon, “which,” says Warton, “formed a language exceedingly barbarous, irregular, and intractable.” The result of these admixtures was what is usually denominated “Anglo-Saxon,” and this, about the fourteenth century, had, almost imperceptibly, assimilated itself to the modern English, chiefly by the contraction of the orthography of words; by the discontinuance of many inflections, and the consequent use of auxiliary particles; and by that introduction of French and Latin derivatives, to which our language owes so much of its copiousness and variety. For this last circumstance we are indebted chiefly to Wycliffe and his contemporary, Chaucer, who take equal rank as founders of the English language. It was not devoid of significance that the nation, destined to become the greatest in the world, should so soon employ its voice in uttering those truths, on the observance of which all national greatness depends. Considered in a religious point of view, the effects of Wycliffe’s Bible were immense. It was eagerly welcomed, and read by nobleman, soldier, and citizen. The truths so long concealed touched and penetrated men’s hearts with a strange power. “You could not meet two persons on the highway,” writes a contemporary, “but one of them was Wycliffe’s disciple.” And throughout the struggle that ensued, Wycliffe was supported by a mighty force of public opinion. Prelatic craft might pervert King and nobility; but the people and the Commons ever stood by the fearless Reformer, who so unsparingly attacked the abuses of the times. Wycliffe’s work was not to be fruitless, nor the Lollards to perish as a mere bye-word. He committed the germ of the Reformation to the will of the people. That power was felt to be great, even in the fourteenth century: how much greater was it destined to grow!

Thus, then, had the anti-Papal enactments of Edward III. and Richard II. prepared the way for the political Protestantism of Henry VIII., whilst the labours of Wycliffe and his fellows had spread through the nation a leaven that never ceased to work. In more respects than one was the fourteenth century the precursor of the sixteenth. It is an utter mistake to suppose, as modern histories do, that the English Reformation in the sixteenth century was a royal caprice, a political act, viewed with indifference by the nation. The English Reformation was the result of the convictions and deliberate resolutions of the wisest and best: it sprang from the influence of Divine truth upon the consciences of men. Its opponents did not attribute

it to political causes. They found martyrs ready in numbers to seal the truth with their blood, long before Henry gave his adherence to it; and were fain to declare, that the inexplicable stubbornness of the Lollards, the Psalm-singers of old, had returned upon England with tenfold force. Dr. D'Aubigné is not one of those historians who go out of their way to seek, in the intrigues of courtiers, or the whims of royalty, the cause of that which could only have sprung from vital Christianity. He perceives that it was the restored authority of the word of God that first awoke the dormant spirit of law and liberty, that the enfranchised conscience led to the enfranchised thought, and that the religious sentiment in the nation can sufficiently account for its own development. Therefore his "History of the Reformation in England" is, in the main, a history of the obscure individuals who were instrumental in making revealed truth known to the people,—their struggles and difficulties, their progress, their human weakness and superhuman strength. "To say," observes he, "that Henry VIII. was the reformer of his people, is to betray our ignorance of history. The kingly power by turns opposed and favoured the reform in the Church; but it opposed before it favoured, and much more than it favoured. This great transformation was begun and extended by its own strength, by the Spirit from on high." Again: "There was much worldliness in the age of Henry VIII.,—passions, violence, festivities, a trial, a divorce; and some historians call that *the history of the Reformation in England*. We shall not pass by in silence these manifestations of the worldly life; opposed as they are to the Christian life, they are in history, and it is not our business to tear them out. But most assuredly they are not the Reformation." So far, indeed, was England from being the only nation that looked upon Church reforms with indifferent acquiescence, that nowhere can those reforms be proved to have met with more lively and general interest and sympathy.

This is undoubtedly true, but must be understood with limitation. The heart of the nation was with the reform movement, but could do little else than beat in sympathy. Although the numbers and influence of the middle class greatly increased during this reign, yet its existence as a power in the State must be referred to a later period. By a rare combination of circumstances, however, we are enabled, at the Reformation, to trace the history of the masses in that of the kingly power; and here we have the origin of the vulgar error of attributing solely to the latter the success of a movement which engaged the attention of all classes alike. At that time the interests of the King and the people were singularly united. The wars of the Roses, succeeded by the cautious and proscriptive policy of Henry VII., had effectually broken the power of the nobility. The age

of the King-makers, of all-powerful coalition on the part of the aristocracy, had passed away for ever; and the new element of democracy, destined one day to crush royal prerogative in England, was rising on the social world, fostered and patronized by royalty itself. Nearly all the acts of the Tudors, intentionally or not, had a tendency to develop this new power; for the suppression of the great houses, by whatever means, became a traditional policy with them. Never were English Sovereigns so absolute as from Henry VIII. down to Elizabeth; and never were they so popular. Hence it will be seen that the Court fairly represents, on the whole, the activity of the nation at the time in question. And this idea must never desert us. We may add to the Court the Universities, which were the scenes of strong reformatory agitation, and which witnessed the preaching of Latimer, the lectures of Sandford, and the disputations of Cranmer. In the history of these centres of influence may be found the history of a movement which was almost simultaneous with the revival of learning, and always enlisted in its cause the most learned men, as well as the most honest thinkers. Nothing, in fact, is more noticeable in the Reformation than this, that the Reformers were all men of learning. The history, therefore, of learning at the time, and some estimate of its results, will claim our first attention.

About fifty years before had occurred the catastrophe of the Turkish capture of Constantinople, an event which scattered the whole Greek nation over Europe, with their noble literature, which thus suddenly re-appeared, after an absence of about seven hundred years, creating every where new habits of thought, and introducing an unknown accuracy of expression. The influence of Greek was soon felt in England. Fox, the founder of Corpus-Christi College, and Wolsey, of Christ-Church, instituted lectures in it, and thus were the first to break through the system which had confined the student to scholastic philosophy, and the acquisition of a bald Latinity. Erasmus, on his first visit to England, at the close of the fifteenth century, met with a select circle of scholars devoted to the newly found language,—Grocyn, Linacre, Latimer, and, above all, Thomas More, of whose genius and acquirements he speaks in terms of friendly hyperbole. Already were the volumes of Plato unrolled; already was the cry, "*Græcum est, legi non potest!*" waxing fainter along the college cloisters, when the Reformation came on. Its first effects were not favourable to the study of the classics, which were abandoned for the time both by Romanists and Reformers.

On the Romanist side, Greek, and, we may say, the majority of Latin, authors lost the support of the higher Clergy, and, with them, of the whole body of Ecclesiastics. Greek especially, which had at first received the enthusiastic support of the

Pontiffs themselves, was soon perceived to lead to innovations in religious belief, in philosophy, and in politics, by no means consistent with the established order of things. Accordingly it encountered the most violent and universal opposition; and *Græculus iste*, originally applied as an epithet of contempt to Erasmus, soon became synonymous with "heretic." On the other hand, while the Reformers adopted, in theory, what their adversaries rejected, their immediate attention was directed to patristic theology for a solution of the various questions at issue, and little leisure was left them for admiring the turn of a sentence, or the emphasis of a particle. They were, however, fully conscious of the importance of an accurate knowledge of Greek. Erasmus corrected numberless corruptions of doctrine by restoring the right reading of texts upon the authority of codices; and Melancthon declared that "*Optimus grammaticus optimus* theologus." Innumerable institutions were founded which insured the future cultivation of the language; and the fact that many questions of religious belief were involved in a knowledge of it, rendered the revival of learning in the sixteenth century far more extensive than it would have been, had scholarship been merely a matter of taste.

There were several men—Smith, Cheke, Haddon, Ascham, Udal, Lily—who, although more or less actively engaged in the controversies of the day, achieved a simply literary reputation. These did their best to diffuse a love of philology among the students who attended their lectures; but, notwithstanding their efforts, the progress of that science and of ancient criticism, which has occupied almost exclusively the attention of modern scholars, was slow. The study of languages was seldom, in the sixteenth century, a primary object. Books were few, and, after the abolition of the monasteries, no public library of any magnitude appears to have existed. Hallam states that, before 1550, only two books instrumental to the study of Greek appeared in England. Nor were these augmented at the end of the century, save by a few trifling publications, principally on grammar. In Latin, we meet with no work more than rudimentary; the only one that has at all maintained its ground being Lily's school-famed Latin Grammar, to which Wolsey himself condescended to write a Preface. The editions of Latin classics published in the realm scarcely amounted to a dozen.

But we should arrive at a conclusion rather below the truth, were we to form our estimate of the state of classical literature from the number and quality of the books published. There were many men not unacquainted with Greek, for instance, who did not devote themselves to criticism or philology. Such were Pace, Tunstall, Gardiner, and Tyndale. The editions of Rome and Paris were eagerly sought after; much learning was acquired and perfected by foreign travel, and much was im-

ported by the learned strangers who, headed by Erasmus, made England their home in the early part of the century. In the absence of proper aids, the cultivation of Greck must have been extremely arduous. It was, however, introduced into several of the public schools, and Hallam thus describes the process: "The teacher provided himself with a lexicon, which was in common use among the pupils, and with one of the grammars published on the Continent, from which he gave oral lectures, portions of which were transcribed by each student. The books read in the lecture-room were probably copied out in the same manner, the abbreviations giving some facility to a cursive hand; and thus the deficiency of impressions was in some degree supplied, just as before the invention of printing." To this laborious process, doubtless, is owing that immense verbal memory which astonishes us in the great scholars of the sixteenth century, and in which they have never been equalled. A great amount of exact and curious information, too, was preserved in the *adversaria*, or "common-place books," which it was the fashion among scholars of that day to keep.

The Latin language, as written at this time, is far from presenting that high state of classical finish, of which the productions of modern scholars furnish such exquisite specimens. It was not then so much an accomplishment as an indispensable acquirement,—a spoken, a living language, subject to the fluctuations of colloquial use. In it were conducted the most important transactions; in it were drawn up the most minute statistics. Therefore the classic purity, which it has since cost so much to preserve, was contaminated by barbarous phraseology and foreign idiom. The Italian mania of Ciceronianism, which has since been equalled, did not *then* obtain in England. Our Latinists seem to have considered the sacred language as their own property, as a mere means by which they might express their thoughts to the greatest number of readers; and, provided they attained this object, to have cared little for Ciceronian phrase or rhythm. We need not ask, which view is the more manly,—that which manufactured its meaning according to Nizolius's Index to Cicero, and substituted tame imitations of tame poets for the lovely hymns of the Church; or that which allows free scope to originality of thought and word?—that which gives us Bembo's "*Epistolæ*," or that which gives us More's "*Utopia*?" There were, however, two or three Englishmen who paid most scholarly attention to their Latin style; among whom must be counted foremost Sir John Cheke, who, indeed, took the lead in every branch of learning. The famous Latin orations of Walter Haddon are remarkable for a certain florid redundance belonging neither to the chaste Ciceronians of Italy, nor to the more original followers of Erasmus, but rather formed on the model of the later Romans. Ascham's

Epistles—of which, as Public Orator of Cambridge, he wrote a vast number—are a more favourable specimen of easy and fluent Latinity. The Latin poetry of this period was something like that of Isaac Barrow, full of thought and force, but often heinous in prosody. It, as well as the prose, possesses that originality which is so killing to classic grace.

The course of study pursued in the Universities may be understood from a letter of Ascham's to Cranmer:—"For oratory they plied Plato and Aristotle, from whose fountains among the Greeks prudence of speaking might be fetched; and to these, among the Latins, they added Cicero. They were versed also in Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon,—the three lights of chronology, truth, and Greek eloquence; and which brought also a great lustre upon their other studies. The Greek poets which they took delight in were Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides; the one the fountain, the other two the streams, of all eloquence and learned poetry."

So much for the classical pursuits of the Universities; what of the "logicals and philosophicals" which form the other part of the education given there? We have to record the decline of the long-standing scholastic philosophy. Of this venerable fabric the foundations had been laid as early as the ninth century, in the Rationalism of John Scotus Erigena, a native of Ireland, whose bold and almost pantheistic philosophizing was strangely at variance with his devotional fervour. Its palmiest days were the thirteenth century, when it boasted an Albertus Magnus, a Thomas Aquinas, and a Duns Scotus. Its Doctors adopted the syllogistic method of Aristotle; and this is what is meant by the inaccurate phrase, "scholastic logic." The separate logical treatises written by the Schoolmen were not nearly so numerous or so elaborate as those which have appeared in modern times; and the phrase, "scholastic logic," generally means no more than the formal use, by the Schoolmen, of logical moods and figures. Scholastic philosophy is a mixture of theology with metaphysics, psychology, and other subjects, being thus distinguished from positive theology, which relies solely upon the Scriptures and the Church. As a monument of the greatness of the human intellect, the scholastic philosophy towers almost alone. It exhibits a subtlety and clearness of method well-nigh unequalled, a grandeur of speculation exceeding Plato's, inasmuch as it is always based upon the truths of revealed religion. Indeed, it bears, though not formally, a much stronger resemblance to Plato than to Aristotle, since its greatness and glory is to soar into regions where only the noetic faculty, the higher reason, can avail. The scholastic philosophy borrowed little from Aristotle except the tedious method which has caused it to be forgotten. Nothing is more to be regretted than that a system which made all philosophy a

part of theology, and for five centuries enlisted in the service of religion all the acute philosophizing intellect that appeared in Europe, should now be lost. Since its fall, philosophy has been beset by a spirit of infidelity, which has called itself "pantheistic" and "atheistic" by turns.

Oxford, during the prime of scholasticism, had been second only to Paris in the multitude of its students, and the renown of its Doctors. "What University, I pray," cries Wood, "can produce an invincible Hales, an admirable Bacon, an excellent well-grounded Middleton, a subtle Scotus, an approved Burleigh, a resolute Baconthorpe, a singular Ockham, a solid and industrious Holcot, and a profound Bradwardine?" He adds, that it is "an undeniable truth" that school divinity took its rise and had its perfection in England. This scholastic philosophy, in which Englishmen had so large a share, did not fall so immediately on the advent of the Reformation as is commonly supposed. Its champions had been divided into two bands, —scholastic and genuine Aristotelians; the former adhering to the dogmas and terminology of the Middle Ages, the latter submitting to the authority of the Stagyrte alone. The attack of the Reformation fell principally upon the former, which certainly was involved in many of the errors of Romanism, leaving the latter nearly untouched; and thus it happened, that, while what is most valuable in the Schoolmen, their profound and wonderful inquiries into the nature of ideas, the history of creation, the origin of evil, are forgotten, their logic, and its kindred sciences, which are mere logomachy, remain, and are studied with untiring assiduity to this day. The death, then, of scholasticism was slow, and its shade continued long to hover over the Universities. Disputations were still held, in which the scholastic syllogism was used; and the writings of even the Reformed Divines were often scholastic enough, both in form and subtlety. The Schoolmen found advocates among the Reformers. Melancthon obtained the establishment of the Aristotelian philosophy in the Protestant schools of Germany, and even prevailed on Luther to retract some of his vituperations against it. But a revolt from Aristotle, not as furnishing the groundwork of the scholastic edifice, but as the author of the dogmatic philosophy, was begun in the very centre of his dominions—in the Sorbonne—by the famous Frenchman, Peter Ramus. "From the writings of Plato," says Hallam, "and from his own ingenious mind, Ramus framed a scheme of dialectics, which immediately shook the citadel of the Stagyrte." His system was more popular in England than in his own country, and was introduced by Andrew Melville into the University of Glasgow. About the same time, Ludovicus Vives, tutor of the Princess Mary, produced his great work, "*De corruptis Artibus*;" in which, complaining of the inefficient

teaching of logic, grammar, rhetoric, ethics, mathematics, and civil law, he attacks the Schoolmen directly. This book also gained great influence in England.

Perhaps no philosopher, though many have appeared of equal powers, has reached the heights gained by the Schoolmen. The Schoolmen wrote without dreaming of an infidel adversary: their works, with all their errors, were for Christians; they always assumed the truths and facts of Christianity, and their wide inferences are drawn therefrom. Since then, Christian philosophers have been compelled to leave the citadel of Zion and fight in the plain; to appeal to the common religious consciousness of man, neglecting the divine purity and beauty of their own faith; while their opponents, rejecting the light of revelation, have done nothing else than re-produce, again and again, the theories of heathen philosophy. Hence arises the affecting spirit of Germanism, its tenderness, its humour, its many-phrased mysticism, its sympathy—it can do no more than sympathize—with the darkness and desolateness of much-enduring humanity, drifting ever onward through a sea of present troubles to an unknown and silent future. We would say more on this subject, but must hasten on to consider the further aspects of learning at the time in question.

The state of the Universities does not always give the true criterion of the condition of learning. In the present case, we must look for it to the Court. At that time, great attention seems to have been paid to the education of Princes. In no respect was the wisdom of Henry VII., the English Solomon, more apparent, than in the careful training bestowed upon his children. Henry VIII., when quite a boy, had written a Latin letter to Erasmus, from his own resources, and in his own handwriting. He was a diligent reader of Thomas Aquinas, and dared to enter the lists of controversy against Luther himself. And Henry took care that the benefits of education should be transmitted to his own children. Edward VI. wrote Latin exercises and letters, of such elegance as to create suspicion among modern historians, that he received tutorial aid in their composition. They argue a mind of great precocity in acquiring knowledge, and a deeply reflective disposition. His interview with the celebrated Cardan, as related by that philosopher, is the testimony of a foreigner to the learning and intelligence of the English Prince. Edward's sisters, the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth, were of nearly equal attainments with himself. The former understood five languages,—Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish: the latter was even superior to her sister, and particularly eminent as a Grecian. Ascham has left a glowing account of her quickness and understanding; and her learning must have been considerable, as we find her, when Queen, haranguing the Universities in Greek. Many other instances

occur of learning among the Court ladies. Foremost of the group stands the beautiful Lady Jane Grey, whose noble and gentle mind, rich accomplishments, and cruel fate, make her one of the sorrows of history. The Countess of Pembroke read Pindar with Ascham; Lady Cecil and Lady Russell were distinguished scholars; Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, and mother of the great Lord Bacon, translated the "Apology" of Bishop Jewel from the Latin, and the Sermons of Ochino from the Italian; and her four sisters were equally accomplished with herself.

The literary fame of Henry VIII. and his children rendered the Court at this time the audience-chamber of the learned both of England and the Continent. Numbers of learned foreigners—the distressed in circumstances, the persecuted for opinion—were attracted by it to the palace, there to be retained, or thence to be distributed over the country into situations where they might be of service to the republic of letters. Erasmus, the King of the Schools, Peter Martyr, and Martin Bucer, men of European reputation; Fagius and Tremellius, the greatest Hebraists of their time; all taught in our Universities. Ochino, Menius, Alexander, Jonas, Dryander, Lasco, and Sleidan the historian, are among the names of those who thus found a home in England. The famous Italian, Polydore Virgil, spent the greater part of a long life in the country which his history so unfairly traduces. Cranmer appears to have been the leading patron of these learned strangers. At his invitation they came, and he provided for them on their arrival. At one time he entertained seven of them together in his house.

It is, indeed, scarcely possible to overrate the influence of the Court upon both learning and literature. We must bear in mind what we already have stated of the *popularity* of the Tudors. The Court was, in fact, the reading public of the sixteenth century. Despotic in act, our Sovereigns were always ready to listen to the most liberal sentiments and theories. Erasmus, author of the "Adages," a work unsurpassed in the bitterness of its strictures upon Kings by any seditious modern print, was honourably received by the tyrannical Henry VIII. Sir Thomas More, notwithstanding his bold censures in "Utopia" of the vices of power, was long one of the most favoured courtiers of his day. It was the delight of Edward VI. to sit for hours listening to the long sermons of the Reformed Divines, who by no means confined their admonitions to spiritual subjects, but, like the Prophets of old, took every occasion of inveighing against the political and social abuses of the age. To the King, not to Parliament, did the people look for the redress of their wrongs, and before the King did they lay their memorials. This reciprocal action of the Court and the people is most interesting and important. The Reformation appealed to the people, and the people made

the Court become the means of verifying the enthusiastic aspirations kindled by the Reformation. The example of royalty infused into the nobility a love for literary pursuits which has seldom been equalled, and thus made them the organs of the united will of both King and people. It would be impossible to mention all, having places in the royal household or holding Government offices, who distinguished themselves by literary performances. Suffice it to say, that the continuous succession of English poets begins from Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, and Lord Vaux, that "company of courtly makers," and that the fathers of English prose are Sir Thomas More and Sir Thomas Elyot. And thus arose the majestic form of English literature, instinct with the life of the people, adorned and robed by the hands of nobles, as to meet the eyes of Kings.

An important event in the history of learning in this country was the abolition of monasteries. We shall not inquire whether this was an act of political wisdom or arbitrary folly, but shall merely observe that there is indubitable evidence that, long before this time, the various orders had lost their hold on the minds of the people, and that the measure was acquiesced in. Opinions, again, have been divided as to its effects on classical learning. We cannot think, with Warton, that it was unfavourable; nor do we anticipate that the more consistent opposers of the abolition of monasteries will dispute our position. Monkish learning is not classical learning; and the presence of the one, so far from promoting, is a hindrance to the other. Whatever classical learning might lose by the destruction of the monastic schools, has been well compensated by the numerous foundations, in the reign of Edward VI., of free grammar-schools, which may rank among the most beneficial institutions of any age or country, and have been indicated by Coleridge as the great preservatives of "sound book-learnedness" and sober philosophy.

The abolition of monasteries did, however, in an indirect manner, retard the advance of learning. At the time of Edward's succession, the rapacious laity, who had glutted themselves at the sack of the monasteries, and effected a partial spoliation of other Church property, endeavoured to reduce the endowments and privileges of the Universities. The attempt, though not absolutely successful, occasioned a great amount of confusion. Ignorant laymen were appointed to some of the chief offices of the Colleges, intended for the maintenance of the Clergy; and other annoyances were endured. But these grievances were redressed by the prompt interference of Cranmer, through whose urgent representations Parliament, in 1554, secured the rights of the Universities against all encroachment.

A far more serious evil was the almost total destruction of the conventual libraries. This is lamented by contemporary

writers as altogether irreparable. Treasures were then ruthlessly wasted, which far exceeded the Alexandrian Library in number, and the Vatican in rarity. We certainly share in these laments, though not for classical reasons. How many a gloriously illuminated missal,—how many of those sweet Latin hymns, which as far exceed the Odes of Horace as Christianity exceeds Paganism,—must have utterly perished! About the year 1550, the Council Book mentions the “purging” of the King’s Library at Westminster from all superstitious books. A similar fate overtook the Oxford libraries the same year, from the King’s Visitors. Merton College suffered severely, a whole cartload of manuscripts being carried off and thrown away. Baliol, Exeter, Queen’s, and Lincoln were almost equal sharers in calamity. The barbarous process is thus described by Jeremy Collier: “The books marked with red, or with a cross, were generally condemned, at a venture, for Popery; and where circles and other mathematical figures were found, they were looked upon as compositions of magic, and either torn or burnt. And thus an almost inestimable collection, both for number and value, were either seized by the Visitors and turned into bonfires, or given to binders and tailors for the use of their trade.”

We have now to record what was at once infinitely the most valuable fruit of the revival of learning, and the first step of Church Reformation. We mean the publication of the New Testament in the original, by Erasmus. This act alone is sufficient to place him, who, in taste, wit, and learning, stood high above his contemporaries, in the foremost rank of the Reformers. Already had he, in his “*Encomium Morie*,”—a book which had an unparalleled circulation,—signally exposed the ignorance and pretensions of the mendicant orders of monks; but in this his greatest work he did far more to shake the gates of darkness. In controversy, his name has been eclipsed by his bolder successors; but the results of that mode of scriptural study and interpretation which he inaugurated, have been more lasting than even those of controversy. “Never before,” says D’Aubigné, “had Erasmus worked so carefully. ‘If I told what sweat it cost me, no one would believe me.’” He had collated many Greek MSS. of the New Testament, and was surrounded by all the commentaries and translations, by the writings of Origen, Cyprian, Ambrose, Basil, Chrysostom, Cyril, Jerome, and Augustine. “*Hic sum in campo meo!*” he exclaimed, as he sat in the midst of his books. He had investigated the texts according to the principles of sacred criticism. When a knowledge of Hebrew was necessary, he had consulted Capito, and more particularly Ecolampadius. “Nothing without Theseus,” said he of the latter, making use of a Greek proverb. He had corrected the amphibologies,

obseurities, Hebraisms, and barbarisms of the Vulgate, and caused a list to be printed of the errors of that version. The New Testament of Erasmus crossed the Channel from Basle in 1516. It is not probable that the timid scholar foresaw at all the incalculable consequences of his work. He had seized, as he thought, a favourable opportunity for quietly introducing an acceptable offering to the learned world. But immediately the life-giving word was in every hand. "Men struggled to procure it, read it eagerly, and would even kiss it." Never had any book produced so wide an agitation. Erasmus, seeing that a great work was to be done, had looked for the support of all who loved the Church, and professed to be followers of its Author. Not so; Romanism and traditionalism were stirred up from their lowest depths. Regular and secular, in terror for their ancient common, vied in their attempts to arouse the populace against the Book: the Priests thundered from their pulpits; the monks went about among "susceptible women and credulous men." "Here are horrible heresies," they cried; "here are frightful antichrists. If this Book be tolerated, it will be the death of the Papacy." "We must drive this man from the University," said one; "We must turn him out of the Church," said another. Erasmus stood aghast. "Who," cried he in despair, "could have foreseen this horrible tempest?"

His opponents did not content themselves with clamour. A champion must be sought for against the mighty adversary of human traditions. He was found at length in Edward Lee,— "the Doctor Eck of England,"—a man of talent, but vain, jealous, passionate, and revengeful; who was successively King's Almoner, Dean of Colechester, and Archbishop of York. This worthy, who had been a friend of Erasmus, formed with the monks, the Priests, and the other partisans of the Papacy, a systematized league to prevent the circulation of Erasmus's book. He talked against it at table amongst his numerous guests; he wrote scores of letters against it; and he prepared to reply to it in form. All the Popery of England was engaged in rehearsing what Erasmus called "Lee's Tragedy." At length, when all was ripe, Lee put forth his reply in the form of some *Annotations* on Erasmus's book. He was a poor Greek scholar, and his performance, which, according to Erasmus, was a mere tissue of abuse and blasphemy, was not published, but secretly handed about, sheet by sheet. Through the influence of *the League*, it found its way all over England, and was largely read. "Why don't you publish your work?" asked Erasmus, with cutting irony. "Who knows whether the holy Father, appointing you the Aristarchus of letters, might not have sent you a birch to keep the whole world in order?"

Through the machinations of *the League*, it is doubtful

whether in any other country of Europe the Reformation was so hostilely received as in England. All, however, was in vain. As well might the sun be expected to rise without heat and light, as the Gospel of truth without power. Even greater innovations, or rather restorations, were about to take place. The edition of Erasmus had spoken to the learned world,—it contained nothing but Greek and Latin; the Scriptures were now to be unfolded to the people in their own tongue. Great was the sensation produced by Erasmus in the Universities. “In private chambers, in the lecture-rooms and refectories, students, and even Masters of Arts, were to be seen reading the Greek and Latin Testament. Animated groups were discussing the principles of the Reformation.” Soon were to be found, among the youth of Oxford and Cambridge, true possessors of the spirit and power of holiness,—followers of the great Example of Christian life,—men afterwards found willing to seal the word of the Testimony with their blood. Amongst others, we find at Oxford William Tyndale, a young man of blameless life, and of high reputation as a scholar. Himself a true believer, he became anxious that others should experience the blessings which he enjoyed; and what means could be found more efficacious than to give to the people in their own language that wonderful book to which he owed his own happiness? Erasmus himself had boldly avowed that the Scriptures ought to be translated into all languages, and read, not only by the Scotch and Irish, but by Turks and Saracens. Nothing in the history of England is more affecting than the struggles and difficulties of William Tyndale, the poor scholar, during the prosecution of his great design. For some time he laboured in peace and quietness at Sodbury Hall, on the Severn, the seat of his noble patron, Sir John Walsh. At length his design was discovered, and he was compelled to fly. Proceeding to London, he endeavoured, by the graceful gift of a Latin translation of Isocrates, to gain the post of Chaplain to Bishop Tunstall, who, as his favourite Erasmus told him, was “the first of Englishmen in Greek and Latin.” Repulsed in that quarter, he was kept from starving by the generosity of Humphrey Monmouth, a princely merchant, in whose house he laboured night and day for some time at his translation. But he was soon again compelled to fly; and, finding no place in England where he could rest in safety, he resolved to seek one on the Continent. A vessel was in the river, about to sail for Hamburg. The same noble hand which before had ministered to his necessities, supplied him with ten pounds for the journey, and with that and his New Testament he departed. In three years he completed the first two Gospels. “The Wartburg, in which Luther had translated the New Testament, was a palace in comparison with the lodging in which the Reformer of wealthy England

endured hunger and cold, while toiling day and night to give the Gospel to the English people." From the Elbe he proceeded to the Rhine, to Cologne, to have the benefit of the famous printers there, Quentel and the Byrckmans. As the work went on, and sheet followed sheet, Tyndale could not contain himself for joy. From his obscure lodging and close seclusion the Gospel was to go forth to the English multitudes. "Whether the King wills it or not, ere long all the people of England, enlightened by the New Testament, will obey the Gospel." Such was his exclamation; but a sudden interruption occurred. One of the printers, whilst intoxicated, betrayed him partially to a zealous agent of Popery, by name Cochläus; and Tyndale only escaped apprehension by catching up his manuscript, springing into a boat, and rapidly ascending the river towards Worms. "The mountains, gleus, and rocks, the dark forests, the ruined fortresses, the Gothic churches, the boats that passed and repassed each other, the birds of prey that soared above his head, as if they bore a message from Cochläus,—nothing could turn away his eyes from the treasure he was carrying with him." At last he reached Worms, where Luther four years before had said, "Here I stand; I can do no other; may God help me!" To elude the vigilance of his enemies, he began a fresh octavo edition, instead of the original quarto; and before long the two editions were quietly finished, and on their way to England. They were carried across the Channel by five pious Hanseatic merchants, received and stowed by a poor London Curate, named Garret, by whom they were introduced into the Universities. Almost immediately afterwards comes the history of search-warrants and persecution. The struggle of Rome and England began with Tyndale's translation. A third and fourth edition appeared from Antwerp within the next two years. The effects of this were such as always mark the presence of the Gospel of truth, the source of light and life. Tyndale had added the last touch to their popularity, by brief and plain explanations of whatever might be strange in scriptural phraseology to the unaccustomed multitude.

It was to the labours of Tyndale that the Reformation in England owed its universality and living faith. Even if we admitted the hypothesis of the political conversion of a kingdom, it would prove nothing, except the slight hold of Romanism upon the affections of the people that could desert it, *en masse*, at the call of the Sovereign. But it was not so. The alarm of Wolsey and of the supporters of the Papacy was greater at Tyndale's labours, than at any thing else. Sir Thomas More employed his fine genius in vain against the Reformer, to whom he attributed an influence as wide and pestilent as that of Luther. And the hunted and mysterious man, who evaded, as

by miracle, all the efforts of his persecutors, sent forth from his retreat in Germany a reply, which fell into the hands of Anne Boleyn, and through her reached the King. The establishment of the Reformation on royal authority soon followed.

Tyndale, during his labours upon the New Testament, had the occasional assistance of Fryth, Bilney, and others eminent in the history of the times, and deserving honourable mention here. His first edition appeared in 1525; and it was not till 1529, after he had already, with the aid of Luther's German version and the Vulgate, commenced upon the Old Testament, that he met with Coverdale at Hamburg. The latter was a man of like spirit,—ardent, faithful, and courageous. He had already been engaged in the same undertaking in England, under the patronage of Cromwell, who had a precious collection of the necessary books. The two Reformers agreed, after many conferences, to work separately, but to unite the result of their labours. In 1535 appeared Tyndale and Coverdale's Bible; the first complete version of the Scriptures into English, except the now obsolete one of Wycliffe. It is admirable for propriety, perspicuity, and accuracy, and has been closely followed in the present authorized version. Its literary effects were as great as its spiritual. Like its successor, like every book that has obtained a universal circulation, it arrested and stamped into permanence the fleeting forms of spoken language.

Here we may pause to consider the strictures of Mr. Hallam on the literary influence of the Reformation, and the literary character of some of the Reformers,—Luther and Carlostadt in particular. After stating that the great religious schism absorbed all the learning of the day in theological controversy, so that classical studies were no longer pursued for their own sakes, but chiefly with reference to the grammatical interpretation of Scripture, he adds, “In those parts which embraced the Reformation, a still more threatening danger arose from the distempered fanaticism of its adherents. Men who interpreted the Scripture by the Spirit, could not think human learning of much value in religion; and they were as little likely to perceive any other advantage it could possess. There seemed, indeed, a considerable peril that, through the authority of Carlostadt, or even of Luther, the lessons of Crocus and Mosellanus would be totally forgotten.” This sentence means, that the men who, by aid of the revived literature of antiquity, had attained to the light and liberty of the Gospel, and who saw the advocates of darkness, with whom they were in mortal struggle, denounce and repudiate that literature, were willing to abandon the means by which their advantage had been gained, and to let the world sink back into ignorance,—which does not seem likely. The fact that they did not do so, Mr. Hallam imputes entirely

to Melancthon. We think that the common sense of the impugned Reformers might have some share in it. But Mr. Hallam's idea of the legitimate functions of learning is very different from that of the Reformers. He judges the education and the genius of each century, in a great degree, by the classicism of its Latin prose, and the prosody of its Latin verse. He measures the poetry of modern nations by the exploded standard of Virgil and Ovid. He can find no other offset against the poverty of letters in the dark ages,—the grand ages of Gothic architecture,—than military skill and civil prudence. Consequently, while his decisions on the comparative styles of a Sealiger and a Casaubon, an Erasmus and a Budæus, are *ex cathedra*, his critiques upon the great word-painters of the periods he reviews are confessedly dry and imperfect. With unquestionable erudition and untiring industry, he has yet failed to appreciate the spirit of modern art. Historically speaking, Mr. Hallam is justified in devoting so many pages to the ancient literature of Greece and Rome. The mania of Ciceronianism has not been confined to Italy, nor was it extinguished by the sarcasm of Erasmus. That the classic models have been worn away by the hands of students; that their interpretation and emendation have consumed the lives of numberless scholars; that they, instead of nature, have been the inspiration of generations of artists; is matter of history,—a seventeenth century of poetry, painting, and architecture proves it: but the fact is not to be complacently regarded; it is the longest and dreariest chapter of the history of human error. Far different was the view of the Reformers. We are as willing to admit, as Mr. Hallam can be to enforce, this charge. They did consider that the chief value of the great language of antiquity was, that it contained the New Testament of Jesus Christ; and that the most important office of criticism was to elucidate the sacred text. They admired, without worshipping, the great authors of antiquity, and made ample provision for the study of them. Little did they dream that the time was coming when the acquisition of structural skill in the languages of the *Æneid* and the *Agamemnon* should be thought worth years of toil, and, as a necessary process, be undergone by all who would claim to be considered educated; when the productions of the classic Muses, chiefly valuable as exhibiting the workings of minds somewhat akin to the mind of modern Europe, and affording a starting-point to the course of modern literature, should be looked upon as examples of excellence unattainable by men of modern mould. The blame of all this, we freely grant, rests not with the Reformation. Nay; to the vigorous elements of thought and freedom which the Reformation introduced, we owe it, that the flood of classicism did not submerge our literature a century sooner than it did. What, for instance, prevented the

learning of Milton from utterly warping his genius, and rendering him no more than a second Virgilian moon to the Homeric sun, but the strong Hebrew element which is fused with his poetry? The Reformers, including Luther, were men learned in their day; but they were men of original spiritual life; they looked down from a rock higher than Olympus, and gushing with springs of poetry purer and more copious than those of Parnassus.

The great work of the first period of the Reformation, before the reformed tenets were established as the State religion of England, was, as we have seen, the translation of the Scriptures. When persecution is over, and inquisitors have ceased to hunt out and burn the sacred volumes, a new phase in reformatory proceedings appears for our notice. Works of controversy are multiplied; endless and fruitless discussions are carried on, both between the Reformed and Romish Churches, and among the Reformers themselves, on the Eucharist, the nature of justification, the extent of salvation. Lutheranism and Calvinism hold an unrelenting internecine war. In the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., and in the reign of Edward VI., may be marked the origin of Sectarianism. It is to be regretted that the quarrels of the Reformers, carried often to intemperate lengths, did infinite injury to their cause. Nothing has been so clearly established by the history of the Church, as the uselessness of polemics as a means of producing religious conviction. What is matter of religious belief, cannot be made amenable to reason; it belongs to a higher region,—that of the understanding; it falls under the jurisdiction of a higher faculty,—that of intuition; and argument, proof, logic, rhetoric, sarcasm, have invariably failed in expelling what the mind has in this way perceived. The absurdity of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, it has been well remarked, struck the minds of the Reformers of the sixteenth century as forcibly as it has struck any Protestant since; yet all the tomes which the sixteenth century produced upon the subject, all its canons of scriptural interpretation, all its authorities, all the weapons of its logic, left unmoved the belief of Sir Thomas More, the acutest thinker of his age; and Transubstantiation found in him an unreluctant martyr. In effect, your polemic always starts with begging the question. He frames his logic, constructs his categories, and assumes the falsity of whatever does not fall within these self-invented conditions.

When the star of Wolsey set, and, with it, the ecclesiastical domination of Rome in England, that of Cranmer arose, inaugurating the establishment, on the basis of the State, of the Reformed religion. The career of this man is commensurate, as far as our scope extends, with the war of opinions which prevailed during and after the adjustment of Church and State.

No historical character has been more decried, none more lauded, than Cranmer. By some, he has been denied all talent; by others, all principle. He has been alternately represented as a fool, the puppet of circumstances, the fortuitously great, and as a hypocritical time-server, without either courage or honesty. On the other hand, this greatest name in the English Reformation has been almost deified by his admirers. No spot, no fault, no inconsistency, is allowed to have had existence in his character, conduct, or writings. As usual, the truth lies in the mean. Cranmer was neither fool, knave, nor demi-god. He lived in an age when men had need of all the tact they could muster; and he proved himself prudent and learned. He was one of those useful persons who sometimes acquire influence by the very absence of striking and ardent qualities,—the Melancthon of our English Reformation. The greatest defect of his character, want of firmness, which has ruined many a man of genius and learning, by a peculiar combination of circumstances secured his advancement, and guided him to fortune. His mind possessed great acuteness; he could generally perceive what was best, although, had vigorous action been required of him, he would have failed to do justice to the clearness of his views. Such a mind is common enough. Fortunately for the usefulness of Cranmer, the time required of him little more than to follow his bent and be moderate. He was surrounded by vehement and excited spirits, who required all the restraint of his temperate and quiet character. And these very traits of his have impressed upon the Church which he moulded, and upon the public office which he, as Primate, had the chief share in drawing up, a noble and dignified moderation, a just and wise tolerance, which has never been lost. It is through Cranmer's influence that the Church of England at the present day is capable of sheltering, at once, the High and Low Churchman, the Universalist and the Calvinist.

The literary character of Cranmer was of great merit, for the time in which he lived. His writings show him to have been a man of extensive research, and of prompt judgment in applying his learning. Disputations and controversial treatises on the Eucharist comprise the greater part of his remains, and these exhibit much acuteness and ingenuity of thought, clearness of distinction, and aptitude in exposing the weak points of his adversary's argument. They may be taken as a fair sample of all the polemic works of this age. In all are to be found the same nicety of distinction and arrangement, the same scholastic subtlety of argument, the same reliance upon patristic authority, the same redundancy of quotation.

The greatest theologian, and probably, next to Cranmer, the most influential character, of the English Reformation, was

Bishop Ridley. His merit, relatively to Cranmer and Latimer, is thus determined by one of his most eminent adversaries: "Latimer leaneth to Cranmer, Cranmer leaneth to Latimer, and Ridley leaneth to his own singular wit." This is so far true, that Ridley, while in learning he is superior to the other two, is free from the harshness of the one, and the indecision of the other. He is not what the controversialists of his day too often became, a mere intellectual machine, colligating, dividing, inferring, and only giving evidence of human sensations by occasional sarcasm and invective. There breathes through his writings a pathos and tenderness which could only have accompanied profound feeling. His mind was a rare union of several high qualities; his thoughts are remarkable both for force and acuteness: but what most distinguishes him from his contemporaries, is his fulness of sympathy, gentleness, and sensibility. The truly great must be great in heart as well as in mind. In Ridley severity, manly seriousness, and depth of thought, are tempered by the noblest love for humanity, the softest compassion for human sorrows and weaknesses. His are almost the only theological works of the time in question, which have, in any considerable degree, taken hold on the public mind. Had his sermons survived, they would have been the most valuable and interesting of the age.

By far the most able and active of the adversaries of the Reformation, after the death of Sir Thomas More, was Stephen Gardiner. A system may be often typified by the qualities and proceedings of a single man; and Gardiner seems to be no unfit representative of the workings of Popery in England during the sixteenth century. He lived under three reigns, in which Popery underwent the three greatest changes that can befall any system,—subversion, degradation, triumph. It was prohibited, it was put under the ban of the State, and, finally, it regained its ascendancy. In each of these stages, Gardiner exhibits in his conduct the general features of his system,—obsequiousness, hostility, violence. In the first, while any advantage could be gained by submitting to the caprice of Henry VIII., he veiled his haughty spirit in the garb of obedience, and became the most active instrument of that Monarch in procuring a divorce. No sooner, however, are the doctrines, of which his conscience does not approve, fully introduced, and sanctioned by the State, than we find him offering to them an open, manly, and befitting resistance. In the third stage, under Mary, the active part he took in the persecution of Protestantism is well known. We approach him during the second stage, at the time of his greatest prominence. He then appeared as the great champion of the Papacy. His activity, boldness, and vigilance earned for him

the *sobriquet* of "the busy Bishop." He appears, indeed, to have been the very impersonation of restless and feverish energy; leaving nothing untried in writing, intrigue, disputation, preaching, or even suffering, that might conduce to the furtherance of his cause. He wrote, in answer to Cranmer, "An Explication of the Catholic Faith, touching the most blessed Sacrament of the Altar, with the Confutation of a Book written against the same." The "Confutation" lies in the alleged discrepancey between Cranmer's denying the Eucharist to be a mere "bare token," and, at the same time, refusing to admit of Transubstantiation. Gardiner displays great dexterity in taking advantage of any seeming ambiguity in his antagonist's expressions; he supports his position by dint of skilful logic, but runs too much into groundless verbal distinctions, and, like the rest, is too liberal of his sarcasm.

Of the controversies waged at this time among the Reformers themselves, the most remarkable was that "concerning things indifferent," commonly called "the Interim." The question at issue was, whether the sacerdotal garments employed in the Church of Rome ought to be continued. The moderate party urged that, as the garments were indifferent in themselves, and were by law established, they ought to be preserved for the sake of order. On the other hand, it was objected that the Interim was a form of worship contrived to keep up the semblance of Popery, and that it was time to disabuse the ignorant, who attached peculiar and superstitious value to the priestly vestments. The question was first raised in England by Hooper, a man of zeal, learning, and ability, who imported from Zurich, the stronghold of the Recusants, extreme and rigorous opinions. He was strenuously opposed by Ridley; and, in the course of the dispute, published his "Declaration of Christ and His Office." This controversy is the more important, because in it may be discerned the germ of the great question of Nonconformity.

We have traversed as quickly as possible the region haunted by the grim and saturnine spirit of controversy. The writings of those elder champions of a long war, both in England and on the Continent, have lost, ages ago, whatever attraction they might once have possessed. We must not seek to measure the Reformation of the sixteenth century by its treatises, but by its actions and institutions. The glory of the Reformers lies in the systems which they established, and the truths they perceived so well. The names of those worthies are in every man's mouth; their practical influence will be felt whilst the world stands; but who reads their books?

"These are they, and many more there were, down to the middle of the sixteenth century, at whom, along the shelves of an ancient library, we look and pass by. They belong no more to man, but

to the worm, the moth, and the spider. Their dark and ribbed backs, their yellow leaves, their thousand folio pages, do not more repel us than the unprofitableness of their substance. Their prolixity, their barbarous style, the perpetual recurrence, in many, of syllogistic forms, the reliance, by way of proof, on authorities that have been abjured, the temporary and partial disputes, which can be neither interesting nor always intelligible at present, must soon put an end to the activity of the most industrious scholar.”*—*Hallam's History of Literature*, part i., chap. vi.

Calvin's "Institutes" is the only treatise of divinity of that date which has at all retained general interest. In other theologians, that is, controversialists, we meet with a subtlety of discrimination and finish of detail which are common to the tribe, but little more. Their truths are narrowed to the occasions of their own time, and are often rather implied than stated distinctly. Great principles are left to develop themselves from the explication of their parts, not asserted by any directly pointed observation. As far as we know, they are all pretty much alike in these respects; and little individuality, either of style or thought, can be traced among them.

But, though we regret that the leading intellects of this early part of the Reformation should have been thus swallowed up in the vortex of controversy, the fact remains unaltered, and the major part of the remaining monuments of the period under review consists of polemic treatises; and, therefore, these deserve the attention which we have given them. Notwithstanding their deficiencies, there are many qualities in these writings which may mark the embryo of a great literature. The thoughts are generally sound, equal, and laboriously worked out; there is no glancing at a topic, but every thing is minutely investigated. There is no dishonour about them, no false graces, no feeble expression, no artificial conceits. In their massive sentences there is a fulness of meaning, resulting from stern truth of intellect, which rarely fails of satisfying the mind; often, that sort of pathos which lies in sincerity and earnest conviction. The excitement of controversy imparts to some of them great spirit, which is heightened by the continual recurrence of forms of interrogation, and the close grappling, paragraph by paragraph, almost dialogistically, with an adversary's arguments. Certainly, no one of our polemic authors succeeded in creating for himself a distinct style. They express similar views upon similar subjects in a manner similar to one another. Each sentence is a slow, solemn, encumbered march, the meaning weighing down the words, much as heavy baggage and equipment exhaust an army in motion. Much

* To these general statements there is a considerable drawback, in the fact of a revived interest in the writings of the Reformers, as proved by an extensive republication of their writings by the "Parker Society."—EDIT.

of this may be accounted for by the youth and poverty of the language. Those turns of expression, those delicate shades of meaning, on which mainly depends the charm of a modern style, could then have no existence. Words had not acquired fixed and definite significations, had not come to symbolize complex conceptions, and to call up associative trains of thought; technical terms were few, and much had to be expressed by periphrasis, which is now contained in a single word. On the other hand, we are guaranteed, in these writers, from what, for want of a better word, we call *slang*,—the bane of modern literature. We mean, the carrying to excess of the facilities afforded by the associative power of words; the strained, yet slovenly, efforts to produce effect by a certain selection or a certain sequence, which disgusts us in so many writers at the present day. These, for the most part, are but desperate attempts to appear easy and graceful in borrowed attire. Of course, the only way to write well is to think clearly and vigorously; yet how often do we find, now-a-days, the poorest artifices of verbiage put in place of clear and consecutive thought! It is better that men should express themselves unskilfully and strongly, than that pathos and seriousness should be sacrificed to flippant, self-conscious adornment. The men of the sixteenth century were not *literati*: they wrote for their own generation, not for all time; they aimed at expressing their meaning tersely and simply; and their attraction lies in this undivided purpose.

If, however, the majority of theologians, absorbed in discussion, confined their attention to subjects, the abstruseness of which prevented their popularity, and addressed themselves exclusively to the learned, there were some religious authors who were not so neglectful of the wants of the people. Cranmer's Chaplain, Thomas Becon, produced, during the reign of Edward VI., a long series of devotional tracts, which gave him an influence over the public mind superior to that of any other author of the same age. The titles he gives to his books are rather fantastic, though to the people they would express much, and are supposed afterwards to have moved the ridicule of Ben Jonson. Becon's style is remarkably pure, homely, and perspicuous; his works breathe a spirit of unfeigned and ardent piety, and are often very beautiful in sentiment.

Bishop Coverdale is another of the same stamp. His "Exhortation to the Carrying of Christ's Cross," and his "Fruitful Lessons," are among the most valuable remains of that age. They argue an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, and much sacred learning; and possess more copiousness, animation, and fluency than perhaps any other writings belonging to the same period. As an author, Coverdale is, with one or two exceptions, the most pleasing of his

day. From his habits as a translator he had acquired large command of diction, and enriched his style with the idioms of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. In him we find the first indications of that exuberance of metaphor, which was soon afterwards to swell the periods of Milton and Taylor.

In the same category may be placed the great Preachers of the Reformation. The pulpit was then a very different thing from what it is now. It was not exclusively confined to religion and theology; in the hands of the Reformers, it became a powerful engine against political and social abuses. The sermons of the Reformers are a running commentary on the times. In England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, appeared a crowd of unsparing and fearless Evangelists, whose denunciations and exhortations wrought miracles with the multitude. And, at the time, such a union of the Censor with the Divine was very necessary. No other means existed of bringing abuses to the touchstone of public opinion. The Court used to listen to the voice of the Preacher, as to the voice of the nation. Since then, however, the pulpit has been succeeded by the press, as the organ of national remonstrance, and has become simply a means of religious instruction. This is as it should be. No nation, no Church, can boast of so magnificent a collection of sermons as the English,—a collection equally rich in learning, eloquence, and lofty contemplations of Christian truth. The genius of Howe, Barrow, and Horsley has done much to replace the old school divinity. The most distinguished of the Preachers of the Reformation were,—Latimer, who is admirable for honest warmth, picturesque delineation, and lively metaphor, but not free from invective and rough satire; Ridley, whose sermons have perished, but who, to judge from his other works, must have possessed powers of the highest order as a preacher; Hooper, famed for extraordinary influence over the public mind; Knox, the Scotchman, who resided in England during the reign of Edward VI.; and Hutchinson, remarkable for calm argumentation and great learning. This fashion of political preaching had been set long before by the Romish Priests,—those Priests who blattered from their pulpits against Erasmus and Tyndale,—but latterly their appeals had failed of effect. No sooner, however, did a Wycliffe, and after him a Latimer, go forth, Bible in hand, against the foolish traditions of Romanism, than the mass of the nation rose up to cast aside current errors, and respond to the truth. “The common people heard” the Gospel “gladly,” as of old.

About the middle of the reign of Edward VI. were published the Homilies of the Church of England, which, together with the Liturgies now known as the “Book of Common Prayer,” including the Communion Book and the “Short Catechism,” must be regarded as necessary, though not complete, attempts

to define the doctrines of the Church. We say necessary, for even at that early date is found mention of many strange sects of Anabaptists and the like. The Reformation certainly did not improve the Church of Rome. Had the representations of Luther met with a less haughty reception, had reforms taken place *in* the Church, instead of resulting in a complete schism, the aspect of religion at the present day would have been very different. The attack of the Reformation naturally fell upon the more glaring absurdities of the criminal, yet arrogant, Church,—foolish traditions, invented by monks, and unaeknowledged as Church doctrine; administrative abuses, unsanctioned by the theory of Church government. These the overbearing Hierarchy felt it incumbent upon her to uphold; and the miserable sophistries and perversions she was reduced to employ, awakened a spirit of infidelity which has not since been laid, among those who understood the conduct, and watched the rancour, of the contest. The very fact of a feud, open, and on one side malignant and shameless, among those who called themselves Christians, was sufficient to raise terrible doubts in minds which otherwise would have implicitly believed. Nothing is so prompt to suspicion as outraged confidence. Hitherto men had believed, where they could not exercise understanding: henceforth ignorance itself was to reject the authority of Christianity, and broach “perilous stuff” in the shape of philosophic infidelity. Better, far better, the spirit of credulity than of unbelief. “Multitudes of minds,” says the most eloquent of writers, discussing this subject, “which in other ages might have brought honour and strength to the Church, preaching the more vital truths which it still retained, were now occupied in pleading for arraigned falsehoods, or magnifying disused frivolities; and it can hardly be doubted by any candid observer, that the nascent or latent errors, which God pardoned in times of ignorance, became unpardonable when they were formally defined and defended; that fallacies which were forgiven to the enthusiasm of a multitude, were avenged upon the stubbornness of a Council; that, above all, the great invention of the age, which rendered God’s word accessible to every man, left all sins against its light incapable of excuse or expiation; and that from the moment when Rome set herself in direct opposition to the Bible, the judgment was pronounced upon her, which made her the scorn and prey of her own children, and cast her down from the throne where she had magnified herself against Heaven, so low, that at last the unimaginable scene of the Bethlehem humiliation was mocked in the temples of Christianity.”

The few books belonging to the first part of the sixteenth century, unconnected with Theology, which have come down to us, may be dispatched in brief. In 1509 appeared Sir Thomas More’s “History of Edward V.,” a work worthy of the noble

genius of its author, and which may still be regarded as a model of perspicuous and effective narration. It has been praised for its English, "well-chosen, and without vulgarisms or pedantry;" and is about the first prose work which can lay claim to such praise. Sir Thomas Elyot's "Governor" (1531) is the production of a man of sagacity and learning, and a courtier. It professes to be a treatise describing "the form of a just public weal," after the fashion of "Utopia;" but is in reality a theory of education. Elyot complains, not without reason, of "cruel and *yrous* schoolmasters, by whom the wits of children be dulled," and of the practice of setting boys of fifteen to study the law. In his scheme of education he insists very wisely on the importance of the elegant arts, such as painting, music, sculpture. The works of Ascham, especially his "Toxophilus," or Dialogue on Archery, are better known to modern readers than most of the writings of this age, and have been frequently reprinted. Ascham was one of the most meritorious of the learned men of his time; no one knew more, or turned his knowledge to better account. His style, as Dr. Johnson says, "to the ears of that age was undoubtedly mellifluous." In 1553 appeared Wilson's "Art of Rhetorique," the first work that laid down any definite rules for English composition, except a small pamphlet of the same name by Cox, a schoolmaster. Wilson writes with considerable ability and judgment. He blames the fashionable rejection of familiar and natural expressions for others more *recherchées*. "Him," he exclaims, "that can catch an inkhorn term by the tail, they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician." He also blames the conceit of alliteration, as compelling a forced and inadequate style. The book is fraught with good sense, and was deemed important enough to procure the author an imprisonment when he visited Rome. These few pretty nearly exhaust the list of noticeable non-theological books before the accession of Elizabeth. Literature was still subordinate to the mighty influence to which above all things it owed its existence. The great distinction between the literature of reason and the literature of taste was vague, and not yet strictly recognised.

History may be viewed in two ways: either as a casual and disjointed succession of facts; or as the evolvment, under a series of distinct phases, of the intellectual and moral character of mankind. The former view induces doubt and scepticism: the latter manifests the superintendence of a Divine Being, and the moral law of the universe. The former exhibits nothing more than local catastrophe, and national or personal fortune; it is but a register of dates, giving account of a set of naked facts: the latter shadows forth the progress of the human kindred, moving onward by the fulfilment of events and the development of ideas towards its great hidden destiny. Yet it is

to be observed, that this former aspect of history, which would surely above all things show the nothingness, the chance-birth, of man, which would be a memorial of our race sadder than many cemeteries of grave-stones, has seldom, if ever, been absolutely set forth, even by those who have advocated it. Infidelity itself has been compelled to systematize in declaring the absence of all system. Few otherwise would have been found to look without repugnance upon its hideous doctrines. The danger, in fact, to him who looks for the truth in history, lies in the other extreme. No one should attempt to systematize too rigidly, otherwise he will do away with the free agency of man. True, there is movement in the world; for there is destiny, and every individual is enshrined in the mass of mankind. But events are strong enough to testify this of themselves, and we must not force and dovetail into our system every cause or action that may be found. A growth, putting forth free and wild life,—not a smooth tessellated pavement,—such is history.

We are now to consider the influence of the Reformation upon art,—the art poetic: and it must be acknowledged to have been, for better and for worse, almost incalculable. But we are not therefore to overlook other great independent causes of what is now beheld in English poetry; and still less are we to connect them with the Reformation, as subservient, in any attempt to make the latter a cause of causes. Perhaps some surprise may be excited by our affirming, that the great religious schism of the sixteenth century had any influence at all upon the formation and progress of an art. Nevertheless, we believe that it has been most powerful, both in bad and good results. The *hidden* influences of the Reformation—that promulgation of law and liberty—have been of infinite value in the history of English poetry; but, whenever it has visibly encroached, so as to alter form and method, it has been marked by narrowing and degrading consequences. We see this especially in the ante-Elizabethan period under our notice. Literature, which is always more or less the reflex of society, is never so much so as in times of great political change, when one spirit agitates the mass of mankind, and seizes upon the most prominent and cultivated intellects as the organs of its inspirations. We have already remarked the disproportion between theological and other books during the former part of the sixteenth century, in proof of the extent to which the Reformation occupied the thoughts of men; and in an age when the domains of art were ill defined, we must expect many strange effects of the irruption of a sectarian and bigoted spirit upon the land of ideal liberty and beauty. Eventually, the rays of light and truth, emanating from the Reformation, did not prove convergent. They diverged, and became all-pervading as the sunbeams, giving

its own proper colour to every thing :—but it was not so yet. The Reformation, at first, was like the red lightning, bathing every thing in its own hue.

The poetry of modern Europe is the fusion of two elements,—the classical and the mediæval. By the revival of learning, that enthusiastic veneration for antiquity which had always existed in Italy, and more or less prevented the imagination of the most original Italians, was introduced into Cisalpine Europe. Before this time, the legends of Greece and Rome had, in England, France, and Germany, been moulded afresh by the spirit of chivalry. The element of real classicalism did not enter into the composition of the knightly roundelay or the mazy romaunt. It is true that there were stories of the Knight Theseus, the Knight Proteus, or the Knight Hercules, as of Sir Launcelot or Sir Bevy's; but they were told by Dan Ovid or the wizard Virgil; and their spirit, their symbolism, their meaning, was totally different from that of the antique. The romantic or mediæval element was very foreign from the classical element. The difference between them may be succinctly stated. The one primarily regarded man, the other nature. In the one every thing is humanized; nature is only brought within that scope; the truth that God has revealed Himself to man is taught, not from nature, but in an elaborate anthropomorphism; and the essence of ancient poetry is a solemn high-voiced sadness, arising from the uncertainty of human destiny, and the waywardness of human passions. Homer and his successors sing the gradual purging of the soul of Achilles from earthly blindness and prejudice, until the mighty form of the hero was seen a demi-god amid the stormy clouds of the Euxine; Æschylus is full of the workings of a dreadful Nemesis upon the children of men; while the pious hero of the Æneid is virtuous and great, in a social sense, as the founder of a grand empire. To the poetry of the Middle Ages Christianity, which was always felt as a presence, imparted a happiness and serenity, a confidence in the future and an enjoyment of the present, which were productive of the best results. We find there a paramount sense of beauty, a grotesquerie,—a symbolism,—less ornamental, but therefore more impressive, than the mere anthropomorphism of antiquity, and an ennobling conception of the nature of love, such as is never to be found in any Heathen. In Christianity alone can the imagination and fancy find their highest and purest range.

We easily perceive that the mediæval element, with its chivalry, its pure homage to woman, its quick sense of honour, its constant devotion to the glory of religion, its infinite world of grotesque, its deep watchfulness of nature, is by far the more essentially poetic. What, then, has the classical element supplied to modern poetry? Method, perhaps, and an appreciation

of the more unessential rules of art. With all their beauty, all their lavish fancy, the old romances are often very deficient in æsthetics, as at present understood. They often seem mere agglomerations and superventions of incident, without plot, or connexion, or ending. The master-pieces of antiquity afforded unequalled examples of connected incident and sequential development. They are like the ancient sculpture, clear, precise, beautifully modelled; while mediæval romances are equally like mediæval pictures, which often set at nought the rules of perspective, but are full of thought, truth, and beauty. Such a contrast would immediately strike the mind of the sixteenth century; and to the unity of design exhibited by the ancients must be attributed the hopeless admiration with which they were so long regarded. Herein lies the value of the antique models: they show perfect moulds in which poetry may be cast,—the epic, the lyric, and, above all, the dramatic.

It was well for England that the mediæval ballads and romances had taken deep root in her soil; otherwise, there would have been danger that the study of the classics might have exhausted the sap of all that was native and true in her. The remark has been made, that those nations which are most gifted with imagination, are most apt to be imitative. So it was with susceptible Italy. The Italians dwelt upon the memory of ancient Rome, and worshipped the literature of their mighty ancestors, as if they thought that with Virgil and Horace the count of poets had been made up, and that nothing remained to be done except to admire and tremblingly imitate. Petrarch valued the name of “restorer of learning,” more than that of “first of modern poets,” and relied for fame upon his Latin hexameters more than upon his Italian sonnets. Boiardo, Pulci, Ariosto, threw off their great poems at leisure moments, laughing at themselves, their readers, and their work. But in England, the quarrel with Rome, the magnificent and ostentatious character of Henry VIII., who loved the Middle Ages, and caused careful collections and revisions to be made of the old ballads, together with a certain happy indocility in receiving impressions, which is characteristic of the people, put off for a century the evil day when the classics took the place of nature, and that degradation of all art ensued over which every Englishman must mourn.

But the general fact remains unaltered, that, as modern English is formed from the infusion of the Latin into Saxon, so modern English poetry arose when “plain spake fair Ausonia.” And we shall find, in the poets prior to Elizabeth, innumerable instances of tame and faltering imitation, to which truth and beauty are alike sacrificed; and which is the more important, as the greatest and the most original of our poets have been, more or less, compelled to follow the track of their imitative predeces-

sors. The poets of the first part of the sixteenth century may be nearly divided into those who imitated antiquity, and those who degraded their art into becoming the handmaid of religious partizanship.

We shall now select from the ante-Elizabethan poetry enough to exhibit the workings of these principles. The first names that occur are those of Wyatt and Surrey. Both these men were courtiers in the splendid household of Henry VIII.; both were well versed in the literature of romance, and skilled in the knightly exercises in which the Monarch took delight; both had travelled into Italy, where, having "tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the school of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie, from that it had been before, and for that cause may be justly sayd the first reformers of our English meeter and stile."* Great part of the works of these "first reformers" are translations from the Italian or Latin; each of them rendered or imitated much, especially, of Petrarch; and Surrey gave a version of the second book of the *Æneid*, which is the first blank verse in our language. It is, as might be expected, somewhat inharmonious, and the sense is rarely carried beyond the line. He also lays claim, though with disputed title, to the establishment of metrical or syllabic versification, as distinguished from the rhythmical or accentual versification of Chaucer and his successors. The poems of Wyatt and Surrey were printed together in 1557, and their names are inseparable. They cannot be better compared than in the words of their editor, Dr. Nott: "Wyatt had a deeper and more accurate penetration into the characters of men than Surrey had; hence arises the difference in their satires. Surrey, in his satire against the citizens of London, deals only in reproach; Wyatt, in his, abounds with irony and those nice touches of ridicule, which make us ashamed of our faults, and therefore often silently effect amendment. Surrey's observation of nature was minute; but he directed it towards the works of nature in general, and the movements of the passions, rather than to the foibles and characters of men: hence it is that he excels in the description of rural objects, and is always tender and pathetic. In Wyatt's complaint we hear a strain of manly grief which commands attention, and we listen to it with respect, for the sake of him that suffers. Surrey's distress is painted in such natural terms, that we make it our own, and recognise in his sorrows emotions which we are conscious of having felt ourselves. In point of taste and perception of propriety in composition, Surrey is more accurate than Wyatt; he therefore seldom either offends with conceits, or wearies with repetition, and,

* Pultenham's "Art of Poesie."

when he imitates other poets, he is original, as well as pleasing." So much for the minute differences of their character: in taste and perceptions, as well as in personal career, they were very similar, and are identified in history as the founders of what is called "the amatory school of poetry," which was continued in the "Paradise of dainty Devices," 1576, a collection of short pieces, contributed by Richard Edwards, Lord Vaux, William Hunnis, and others. It contains several love-songs, among the most beautiful in the language.

The most remarkable feature of poets of this class is the entire absence of any thing like light and sportive gaiety, such as that of Herrick or Suckling. All is sad, plaintive, and lugubrious. "It seemed," Hallam says, "as if the confluence of the poetic melancholy of the Petrarchists, with the reflective seriousness of the Reformation, overpowered all the lighter sentiments of the soul." The "Paradise of dainty Devices" abounds in quaintness, antithetical conceits, and alliteration. It displays much of that exaggerated expression of the passion of love, which is seen in the sonnets of Spenser and Shakspeare. We must not omit to mention Nicholas Grimoald, the second writer of blank verse in our language, who added new strength and modulation to the style exhibited by Surrey. His works only exist in fragments; but what is left possesses some poetical power, descriptive and pathetic. He is also remarkable for an amount of the sententious compactness of the didactic poetry of the seventeenth century.

But the greatest of the ante-Elizabethans, that is, those who wrote before the accession of the Queen, or during the first moiety of her reign, is Thomas Sackville, afterwards Lord Bathurst. In 1559 was published the "Mirrour of Magistrates," a series of dramatic soliloquies, with a Prologue, recounting the misfortunes of eminent Englishmen, on the plan of Boccacio's "*De Casibus Virorum illustrium*." It seems to have been planned by Sackville, who wrote the Induction, or Prologue, and one of the stories, that of the first Duke of Buckingham. Sackville's Induction, that "landscape without sun," is truly said by Hallam to form a connecting link between the school of Chaucer and Lydgate and that of Spenser. It is a sort of allegory, vigorously sustained, full of imagination, and so far above the elegant coldness of Surrey, that it may be compared, without disadvantage, to some of the best passages in the "Faery Queen." Yet the unbrightened cloud which possesses most of the poetry of the age, the sadness of faith shaken by the spectacle of Church schism, and of imagination somewhat shackled by the contemplation of models deemed unapproachable, rests also upon it. Short as it is, its gloom and grief make it monotonous. The rest of the contributions to the "Mirrour of Magistrates" are flat and prosaic in the extreme.

Observe here the effect of the finished models of antiquity. They quickened the growth of English poetry very rapidly, but they did not prevent it from having a growth. The plant does not look particularly sightly during the process of forcing, though the world is overshadowed by the boughs and green twilights of its maturity. Sometimes our poets sink well nigh into elegantly frigid imitators or translators, as Wyatt and Surrey; sometimes they seem utterly to distrust their own powers of imagination, dreading to use other than the baldest and most usual forms of speech, as in the contributors, except Sackville, to the "*Mirroure of Magistrates*;" anon comes a stuffed and stilted style, full of affectation and tricks of language, but meagre in sense, exemplified best in the "*Euphuës*" of Lilly,—a book which supplied the place, in Elizabeth's Court, of the old romances, and was so popular, that to talk Euphuism was as necessary then to a Court lady, as to talk French is now. Those poets saw but dimly the glories of the ideal world; they accustomed themselves too much to look thereon through the medium of other minds and another age; they fell into strange and opposite errors of manner, not having greatness enough to be natural. It required the genius of a Sackville, and afterwards of a Spenser, to reciprocate the influences to which they were subjected; to weave into real dreams the gorgeous material supplied to them by the past and present.

We may now gather a few of the flowers, or rather the weeds, of metre, which flourished along the margin of the lava-stream issuing from the burning crater of religious controversy. We shall see poetry made a means of disseminating religious opinion. First appear the metrical translations of Scripture; and foremost among them the well-meaning and well-known version of the Psalter by Sternhold and Hopkins. Of this we need say nothing more than that it is a fair specimen of its class, and that Whittingham, Dean of Durham, who contributed to it, also versified the Decalogue, the three Creeds, the Lord's Prayer, and other parts of the public service. The cause of this will account for very many similar undertakings in this age. Whittingham was a zealous Calvinist, and wished to reduce the Church service to the standard of Calvin's Church at Geneva, where nothing was allowed but preaching, prayer, and singing. We find in the ranks of these metrists the names of Coverdale, Baldwyn, Hall, Pullain, and Parker, with others also famous in history. Perhaps the most notable of them all, in the difficulty of his undertaking, was William Hunnis, who actually turned into verse the whole of Genesis, and called it a "*Hive full of Honey*." As "*Sternhold and Hopkins*" has been read and despised by most people, and is neither better nor worse than the rest, we need say no more upon the matter: but it is not wonderful that men of that age should have fallen even

below themselves in an attempt which has quelled the strength of Milton.

From the Scripture versifiers we descend to the religious satirists, who abound chiefly in the reign of Edward VI. The most conspicuous of them are—Robert Crowley, a stationer, and Dr. Turner, a herbalist. The nature of their works may be judged of from their titles: by the one, “The Voice of the last Trumpet blown by the Seventh Angel,” and “A Dialogue between Lent and Liberty;” by the other, “The Examination of the Mass,” a dialogue. Some epigrams by Crowley are preserved in Strype. They are wretched. A vast number of sectarian ballads was circulated by the partisans both of the Reformation and of Rome. One beginning, “Sing up, heart, and sing no more down,” written on the coronation of Edward VI., created great excitement in London. Another, entitled, “Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman,” is characterized by Warton as “having some spirit, and supporting a degree of character in the speakers.” Such is, in outline, the history of poetry in England during the struggle of the Reformation. We have been able to mention only one really great name. The rest of the cultivators of the art may be divided into two great bands,—those who want spirit, and those who want refinement: the one party sedulously cultivating the adventitious graces of poetry, believing that the secret of pleasing lies, now in frigid simplicity, now in hollow bombast; the other party possessing no poetical attributes at all, except vigour and verse. The first party breaks into the sepulchres of antiquity, to carry out little from thence but dust and ashes; while, in the other, the spirit of poetry, which is creation viewed through the lens of the human soul,—the beauty, the glory, the concord of the outer world translated to the ideal world, imbued with the associations, and inspired by the spirit, of mankind,—loses its highest office of conferring pleasure, and is banished from its proper sphere, in order to become the medium of sectarian prejudice. We do not, of course, mean to be exact in such a statement, but in general it is true: although many minor poems of beauty and delicacy were produced in this age, yet they are not sufficient to stamp the character of its poetry, which is as we have described it, now unduly timid, now rough and coarse. But that such a melancholy tuning of instruments should prelude “those melodious bursts that fill the spacious times of great Elizabeth,” was, as the case stood, unavoidable. That it did not last long, may be subject of rejoicing.

We may see the same causes at work on art, and with the same results, perhaps, even more clearly in the case of the drama. Although the history of the poetry of modern Europe by no means corresponds so closely to that of the poetry of Greece, as is often imagined; although we find in it little

to resemble the simultaneous passing of the strength and honour of a nation from one form of poetry into another,—that progress from the epic to the lyric, and from that to the dramatic, spoken of by the literary historians of Greece; yet in the drama it must be confessed that some analogy may be traced. The drama may be regarded as the genuine offspring of the sixteenth century. It superseded what were the vital epic of Europe,—the romaunt and the ballad,—which had poured forth its fulness in Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, the poets respectively of mediæval Christianity, of chivalric sport, and chivalric heroism. The epic is a delineation of the deeds of men primarily, not an analysis of their passions; it therefore flourishes in the most *picturesque* (taking the word literally) and simple ages. But in the drama the passions themselves—those complicate sources of action—are laid open, and their varied character disclosed. Therefore the drama, which contains some non-poetical elements, and is more subjective and philosophical than its swift and graceful predecessor, is likely to flourish in an age when the passions and natural dispositions of men still have full play, and are not hidden by the veil of custom and politeness, while at the same time the agencies of civilization in society give birth to minuter shades of character, more numerous occupations, and more diversified interests, than exist when all men are Priests or warriors. The drama is, in truth, the most delicate of all the forms of poetical composition, and has only flourished in real energy once in a nation's lifetime. In England its maturity and vigour naturally fell into the sixteenth century. At that time the wide European epic had ceased to exist; the step from mediæval *picturesqueness* into modern science and civilization was in the course of being made, and would never be repeated; and we are no more to infer from the subsequent appearance of Milton or Klopstock, that the age of epic poetry afterwards existed in Europe, than from the writings of Virgil, that Rome, under the Emperors, was actuated by the simplicity of the Homeric ages. In the sixteenth century England was emergent from what has been rashly called "the barbarism of the Middle Ages;" society was casting off its ancient spirit, and losing the distinctive features which it had worn; but at the same time it was remodelling itself, and putting on a new appearance. A great strife was raging between the mediæval and the modern element. Of such a state of things the drama is the result and representative. In its great master we find the omnipotent artistic spirit of the Middle Ages, their receptive capacity, their deep studiousness of nature, their quaint and ever-present sense of religion, united with the restless thinking, the eager, yet often unhappy, philosophical inquisitiveness of modern days.

The modern drama of Europe, like its poetry, is derived from

two sources, mediæval and classical: and, as in poetry, we are to investigate its approaches to perfection under the quickening influence of the Reformation period. It is to be observed, that comedy is generally rather more ancient than tragedy; and we shall discover no mention of the latter during the first part of the sixteenth century, and are therefore solely occupied in tracing the progress of the former. But the two species may be said to co-exist at first: some other designation than "comedy" should be applied to what we find before their separation; since the oldest comedy is not a mere heartless farce, but possesses deep earnestness, often exhibits situations of tragic suspense, and deals not in wit, but in humour, and the pathos upon which humour ever borders.

The old mysteries, or miracle plays, the Christian descendants of the antique drama, which, in connexion with the processions of the Church, had represented simply and rudely scriptural and legendary stories, about the reign of Henry VI., were turned into allegories, and called "Moralities." The Moralities continued long to be the only dramatic form existent, and were in high favour with the Clergy. But the Reformation period urged them into a nearer approach to regular comedy, by the substitution of individual satire and caricature for their allegorical and abstract personification. The advance was made in the reign of Edward VI., one of the earliest acts of whose Council was to prohibit the Roman Catholic Clergy from preaching. Silenced in the pulpit, they had recourse to the stage, whence they poured a flood of invective against the leaders of the Reformation. To repay in kind was no hard task for the latter; and many Moralities were written on both sides, which display an odd mixture of heavy buffoonery and real comic force. It is evident that from the caricature of individuals the gradation was natural to the representation of real life and manners, which is the business of comedy and tragedy. Besides their theological lampooning, a remarkable feature of the Moralities of this age was the introduction of certain fixed characters, as in the early Italian comedy and our own pantomime. The most usual of these were the devil, and a witty, mischievous creation, called the "Vice." "This," says Mr. Hallam, "seems originally to have been an allegorical representation of what the name denotes; but the Vice gradually acquired a human individuality, in which he came very near to our well-known Punch. The devil was generally introduced in company with the Vice, and had to endure many blows from him."

The longest of the Moralities preserved, belonging to the time in question, and which were rightly termed "interludes," as oscillating between religious satire and comedy proper, is the "Enterlude called 'Lusty Juventus;,' lively describing the

Frailtie of Youth, by Nature prone to Vyce, by Grace and Good-Councell traynable to Vertue." This piece is on the side of the Reformation, and throughout it, Collier says, "there is much abuse of the superstitions of Popery, and the devil is made to lament its downfall, as the loss of the chief instrument by which he obtained possession of the souls of men." There is little peculiar in the dialogue, so far as we have seen, except its heaviness; and "Good-Councell quotes the Scriptures, chapter and verse, in a manner truly edifying, but not very dramatic." Another of these interludes, quaintly entitled "Jack Juggler," is one of the oldest pieces in our language which professes to follow a classic original; the author stating in his preface, that he was indebted to "Plautus' first Comedy." It is far less involved in religious controversy than most of the Moralities, and might almost merit the name of comedy. The plot turns upon the blunders and confusion of a simple fellow, who has been persuaded out of his own identity, believing "that he is not himself, but another man." Besides the liveliness of some parts of the dialogue, there is a decided attempt at character in the piece.

These examples are sufficient to show how the Moralities were brought to the threshold of comedy. It was first crossed by Nicholas Udal, who, somewhere about the middle of the century, wrote the first English comedy, under the title of "Ralph Royster Doyster." This piece is by no means the barbarous farce which its name might lead us to expect; it is far superior to "Gammer Gurtin's Needle," to which it is also prior in time. Its character is admirably drawn by Collier: "The plot of 'Ralph Royster Doyster' is amusing and well conducted, with an agreeable mixture of serious and comic dialogue, and a variety of character, to which no other piece of a similar date can make any pretension. When we recollect that it was, perhaps, written in the reign of Henry VIII., we ought to look upon it as a masterly production. Had it followed 'Gammer Gurtin's Needle' by as many years as it preceded it, it would have been entitled to our admiration by its separate merits, independent of any comparison with other pieces. The character of Matthew Merrygreeke here and there savours a little of the Vice of the Moralities; but its humour never depends upon the accidents of dress and accoutrements." The mention of Udal, one of the first scholars of his day, as our earliest playwright, is sufficient to prove that the English drama owed its independent existence to the Latin comedians. Great attention, indeed, seems to have been lavished at this time upon the representation of Plautus and Terence, both in the Universities and the public schools. At Cambridge there was an officer called "*Præfectus Ludorum*;" and Udal himself, the

poet Grimoald, and many others, were authors of Latin comedies. "Gammer Gurtin's Needle" (1575) is a meagre farce, by John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells; but the author, "writing neither for fame nor money, but to make light-hearted boys laugh, and to laugh with them," must not be severely judged.

The first English tragedy was equally the result of ancient literature. Sackville's "Gorboduc" was first represented in 1562. It is written in the classical style of the Italian tragedy of the same age; the action passes in narrative; and a chorus, but in the blank-measure of the dialogue, divides the acts. "The story of 'Gorboduc,'" says Hallam, "which is borrowed from our fabulous British legends, is as full of slaughter as was then required for dramatic purposes; but the characters are clearly drawn, and consistently sustained; the political maxims grave and profound; the language not glowing or passionate, but vigorous; and, upon the whole, it is evidently the work of a powerful mind, though in a less poetical mood than was displayed in the 'Induction to the Mirrour of Magistrates.'" The succeeding tragedies, even before Shakspeare, departed widely from the classicalism of "Gorboduc," by the admission of more action to the stage, and the addition of comic humour to the gravest story.

Scenic representation received great encouragement from the sumptuous taste of the Tudors throughout this period. The florid pages of Sharon Turner are filled with royal revels, processions, masques, and pageants; and Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" has rendered these scenes of magnificence familiar to every one. The revels in vogue were probably a mixture of the old Moralities with jousts and other warlike shows, and those ancient mysteries consecrated to jollity,—the Misrules. As further evidence of the influence of the Court upon the drama, we may mention that at this time the stage first became a distinct profession, when it began to be customary for the great nobility to maintain companies of actors.*

Here we must pause. We have seen the human intellect, in that great "shaking of the nations" which took place during the sixteenth century, enkindled at the torch of divine truth,

* "The office of Master of the Revels, in whose province it lay to regulate, among other amusements of the Court, the dramatic shows of various kinds, was established in 1546. The Inns of Court vied with the royal palace in these representations, and Elizabeth sometimes honoured the former with her presence. On her visit to the Universities, a play was a constant part of the entertainment. Fifty-two names, though nothing more, of dramas acted at Court, under the superintendence of the Master of the Revels, between 1568 and 1580, are preserved. In 1574 a patent was granted to the Earl of Leicester's servants to act plays in any part of England, and in 1576 they erected the first public theatre in Blackfriars. It will be understood that the Earl of Leicester's servants were a company under his protection, as we apply the words, 'her Majesty's servants,' at this day, to the performers at Drury Lane."—*Hallam*, vol. ii., p. 168.

arousing itself, and asserting its immortal puissance, so as, with exulting fierceness, to break through the incrustations of error and decay which had formed upon the Church. We have seen much good perish along with the evil, and many pernicious tendencies receive a dangerous development. Along with the light and liberty of the Gospel were sown the seeds of modern infidelity, to grow up like tares among the wheat. Philosophy was severed from Christianity, and the dreary polemical war commenced, which, for ages, was to exhaust the vigour of the Church, and afford occasion to her enemies. We have also seen the mighty tide that swept away good and evil, spread over the fields of literature and art: so that the imaginative faculties, denied their proper medium, were compelled to take refuge in the idealities of More, Lilly, and Elyot, those founders of the romance school of Rabelais and Cervantes. All this is disruption in social institutions, and anarchy in art. But we have not seen the blending and organization of this tossing chaos, which was soon to follow. Imagination was soon to return to its former channel. Spenser was to draw from the deeply tinged mournfulness of Sackville and his fellows that noble gravity, and from the fancy of the Middle Ages that rich and solemn grotesque, which make him the great exponent of the highest spirit of romance. And Shakspeare was to be the "wreathen chain of pure gold" connecting the beauty and glory of the mediæval and modern world. Upon the clear surface of religious light, law, and liberty, art was to write her fairest characters.

ART. II.—*The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D.* By THOMAS JACKSON. Post 8vo. London: John Mason. 1855.

IF it be any sufficient evidence of true greatness for an individual, by the exercise of his own unaided powers, to win and maintain, through a long series of years, an elevated and distinguished position, which, on his leaving this world, there is no other person competent to occupy, then Robert Newton was, beyond all question, a great man.

Born in a remote and secluded part of Yorkshire, and brought up to the plough, he had no means of education beyond those afforded by a village school; nor did there appear to be any external circumstances by which he was affected, likely to give any particular direction to his mind, or to effect much improvement in his position, beyond those which arose out of the religious advantages which were supplied in his paternal home.

Robert Newton was born in the year 1780, the sixth child

of his parents, who resided on a farm near Whitby. His father, having heard a Methodist Preacher, the Rev. James Rogers, was so impressed under the sermon, that he soon afterwards invited the Wesleyan Ministers to his house, offering them hospitable accommodation, and his largest room for a preaching place. Under these influences, the elder branches of the family became decidedly pious; and just when the subject of this biography attained his tenth year, his eldest brother, Booth Newton, became a Methodist Preacher.

At this time, (1790,) John Wesley had succeeded in diffusing the evangelical agency of Methodism throughout a great part of the British Islands, and in extending it even to the West Indies and America. Great Britain and Ireland were divided into one hundred and eight Circuits, each being supplied with one, two, or more Ministers; whilst eleven Mission Stations had been established in the West Indies, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland; the aggregate number of members, in all these places, being above one hundred and twenty thousand.

Among the remarkable circumstances which we find in connexion with this extraordinary revival of scriptural religion, there is nothing more truly wonderful than the mental calibre of the men employed by the Founder of Methodism as his coadjutors in the proclamation of divine truth. Neither the history nor the literature of our land has rendered common justice to this race of Methodist Preachers. Taken, almost without exception, from the ordinary avocations of life, without scholastic education or theological training, these men, by the persevering declaration of Gospel truth, produced such an effect on the religious condition of the people to whom they ministered, as has not often been paralleled in the history of the Church. The causes of this extensive success are worthy of serious inquiry and thankful recognition. The Ministers of Wesley were, in the true and proper sense of the terms, "converted men." With them, religion was not merely a science, it was a mighty principle of life and action. They had discerned in the light of the divine word, and by the illumination of the Holy Spirit, their state of guilt, condemnation, and danger through sin; and had individually realized, by faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, the forgiveness of their iniquities, and a measure of sanctifying grace. The far greater portion, indeed, of the Methodists of that day lived in the habitual experience of this great salvation. It was from the most devoted, earnest, zealous, and useful of these, that Mr. Wesley obtained his Ministers. And these men were not only truly pious, and eminently zealous. They were, regarded as a body, men remarkable for intellectual ability, strong sense, and great power of expression. Some of them, indeed, notwithstanding their incessant labours in what may appear to us very ungenial

spheres of action, rose to eminence as scholars, divines, and orators.

These men went through the land—which seemed, at that period, to be covered with moral darkness, and to lie in the shadow of death—as burning and shining lights. It is true that they met with such a reception as might be expected from the unsanctified character of human nature. They were ridiculed and lampooned by learned men and wits, treated with haughty opposition or contempt by bigoted sectaries and formal religionists, and persecuted with brutal ferocity by the violent and the vulgar of all classes. Yet, submitting to all this injustice with Christian meekness and constancy, they pursued their way with unconquerable firmness, and with great success. Wherever they preached the word of life, sinners were brought to the acknowledgment of the truth, and to the experience of salvation. Nor did they neglect the spiritual culture of the souls thus converted to God. An organization, purely religious in its character, was introduced, by which “classes” were raised, societies formed, chapels built, and a complete system of evangelical agency and means brought into operation, for the purpose of preserving those who had been thus brought under the influence of Divine Grace from the evils to which they were exposed, of building them up in holiness, and, at the same time, holding forth an efficient proclamation of saving truth to the whole population of the land. And in the prosecution of these benevolent purposes, these laborious heralds of the Cross took frequent, long, and wearisome journeys; often preaching in the highways and obscure villages, when no more suitable opportunities offered for the dissemination of the truth.

It was through these pious and devoted men that Robert Newton was made acquainted with the Gospel, and with Methodism. We have already said that they periodically visited and preached in his father’s house. Robert, therefore, with his brothers and sisters, grew up in intimate intercourse with these Preachers, and in constant attendance on their ministry. Nor was he, even in his youthful years, a careless hearer. Long before his conversion, he seems to have had a persuasion on his mind that he should become pious, and be a Methodist Preacher. So early as the age of twelve years, he composed the outline of a sermon, which he carefully preserved.

It was not, however, until he was about seventeen that he became decidedly religious. And it is a matter of some interest, that this great man was led to a saving experience of Divine Grace under the influence of one of those glorious effusions of the Holy Spirit, which have so frequently marked the history of Methodism, and are known as “Revivals.” In one of these, with which the Whitby Circuit was favoured in

1797, when four hundred persons were added to the Society, Robert Newton was among the number. His penitential sorrow was deep and long-continued, and his experience of mercy clear and scriptural.

A mind so full of ardour as his, so entirely free from all affectation of humility and false shame, and so richly imbued with gracious energy, when fully brought under the influence of Gospel truth, with all its terrible revelations respecting the sinner's danger, and all its mighty incentives to that intense love for souls, and that deep concern for the glory of Christ and the extension of His kingdom, which it brings to the enlightened mind, was not likely to remain long an inactive member of the Church. Fired with a godly zeal, young Newton, almost immediately on his conversion, began to assist in prayer-meetings, and soon afterward to exhort and preach.

We cannot help feeling some curiosity as to the impression made by the early efforts of a man, who afterward became so eminent as a Preacher. On this point a distinguished Minister, who was then his friend and companion, says :—

“He had not been long on the Preachers' Plan, before he was called to occupy the principal pulpits of the Circuit; and in all cases his labours were highly acceptable.”

And his biographer justly observes :—

“Some men are so evidently designed by the providence of God to accomplish great purposes, that it is hardly possible, even in the early part of their lives, to mistake their destination. Such was Robert Newton, who was no sooner made a partaker of the Gospel salvation, than he began to recommend to others the mercy which he had received; and he had hardly entered on this new and sacred employment, before a general impression was made upon the minds of his hearers, that he would occupy an elevated position among the Ministers of Christ.”—Pp. 17, 18.

This “general impression” accounts for the rapidity of Mr. Newton's progress. He was converted in February, 1798. In July of the same year he was recommended to the Conference as a candidate for the Ministry; and by that Conference he was accepted, and appointed to a Circuit, before he had fully completed the nineteenth year of his age.

We can easily conceive of a young man like Robert Newton, after having been thus brought to the experience of salvation, proceeding under the influence of a holy zeal to the work of the Christian Ministry, without once considering the effect of such a step on his worldly prospects. But this was a subject not altogether overlooked by some of his friends. We are told that, when he was proceeding from his home to his first Circuit, he was met by a physician, who, being well acquainted with the family, knew young Newton's character and ability. On learn-

ing his destination, the gentleman addressed him thus: "You have mistaken your calling; a young man of your abilities should get into the medical or some other profession. You will never get any thing among the Methodists." However sound and weighty this counsel might have appeared to his sage adviser, it made no impression on the mind of the young evangelist. Intent on "winning souls," he pursued his way.

An enlightened mind can scarcely contemplate the introduction of a young man of nineteen, possessing the talents and energy of Robert Newton, into the Christian ministry, without feelings of deep solicitude. "Will he steadily pursue a course of fervent piety and labouring zeal, or fall a prey to the numerous temptations by which he is sure to be assailed? Will he continue to labour for souls, or learn to love the praise of men more than the honour which cometh from God?" These are questions which, in such a case, will arise, and cause painful emotion in a pious and considerate mind. We need not wonder, then, at the verdict pronounced by some of the devout villagers in Mr. Newton's first Circuit. Having walked two miles to hear him preach on a Sabbath afternoon, whilst returning full of admiration that a man so young should preach so well, one of his hearers said most emphatically, "He will be a great man, if he keep humble." He did, however, pursue a course which proved all this fear to be groundless.

"The generous hospitality of the wealthy friends in the Circuit was no snare to him. His moderation was known unto all men; he grew in grace; his pious zeal knew no languor; and, perhaps, no man ever made a more marked and sensible improvement in theological knowledge, and in the power of expressing the great principles of revealed truth, than he did at this period of life. His preaching retained an undiminished freshness and popularity. He proposed to himself a high standard of Christian and ministerial excellence, and spared no pains to realize what his heart desired. As if he had foreknown that the time was hastening on, when almost every day would be occupied with public service, he was, in these earlier years of his ministry, indefatigable in his application to study, especially in direct reference to the duties of the pulpit, in which he was most anxious to excel. He was 'diligent in prayers, and in reading the Holy Scriptures, and in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same, laying aside the study of the world and the flesh.'"—Pp. 26, 27.

The result of this steady and consistent line of conduct was uniform acceptance, improvement, and usefulness in the several Circuits to which he was successively appointed. At Pocklington he laboured with great benefit to the people. Appointed to Howden at the succeeding Conference, he continued his ministry with great advantage to the Societies, and manifest improvement in himself. Some of his letters from this scene of labour speak in grateful and glowing terms of the glorious out-

pourings of the Holy Spirit in different parts of this Circuit at that time. At the Conference of 1803, Mr. Newton was appointed to Glasgow. In this city, favoured as it was with the ministry of Dr. Balfour and Dr. Wardlaw, Mr. Newton's preaching was very highly appreciated; but in the neighbouring town of Stirling his fame was exceedingly great. As no room which the Society could procure in this place, would contain the crowds who flocked to hear the young divine, they accepted the offer, spontaneously made by the magistrates, of the Town Hall, as a place for preaching. Here multitudes hung upon his lips, and the cause of spiritual religion was greatly promoted by his instrumentality. But whilst intent on doing good, Mr. Newton was by no means unmindful of the great means of intellectual improvement which his residence in the city of Glasgow placed within his reach. Of these he diligently availed himself; and this was done in a manner and spirit which evidenced the godly jealousy he felt over the state of his own heart, and will serve for a model of correct feeling for every young Minister placed in similar circumstances. In a letter to his sister, written at this period, Mr. Newton speaks thus:—

“We have many privileges here which we cannot have in England. I hear all the divines in the city belonging to the Established Kirk, who preach alternately every Thursday. I hear theological lectures in the Temple on Monday evenings, and attend a course of philosophical lectures during the whole term. I desire and pray that my improvement may correspond with my advantages, and trust that my desire for intellectual improvement does not diminish my desire for more of the mind that was in Christ Jesus. I daily feel that nothing can give real comfort without Christ *in me* the hope of glory. I long for a greater conformity to the image of my Lord.”—Page 48.

Mr. Newton left Glasgow at the end of his first year there; and the Conference of 1804 appointed him to Rotherham, where he laboured with much acceptance and success for two years, and was instrumentally the means of giving a new impulse to the cause of Methodism in that locality. In 1806 he was stationed at Sheffield, and during the second year of his ministry in that Circuit Jabez Bunting was his colleague. Thus early, in their ministerial career, were these two eminent men brought into a friendly contact; from which issued a pure and fervent Christian friendship, dissolved only by death. The Conference of 1808 appointed Mr. Newton to Huddersfield, as Superintendent. Whilst labouring in this Circuit, he was strongly urged, by an uncle of his wife, to leave the Wesleyan Connexion, and enter the Established Church; but the effort was vain. Mrs. Newton, who well knew her husband's mind, replied, that “his attachment to the Methodists was so strong and conscientious, that he never could be

happy in any other religious community.” In 1810, Mr. Newton was appointed to the Holmfirth Circuit. Being now in the prime of his manhood, he laboured diligently and studied closely, especially in divinity. His fame, as a Preacher, was established; and he was not only frequently solicited to preach on behalf of public charities, but was one of the Ministers chosen by the President of the Conference, to preach one of a course of sermons on the prominent elements of evangelical truth, which were appointed to be delivered before that body of Ministers at their annual meeting, in 1812, held at Leeds. Nor was his regular ministry in his Circuit less acceptable than formerly. His popularity, indeed, from the beginning, seems to have maintained a steady progression, and to have arisen, at least in a great degree, from the peculiar power which he possessed, of rendering every subject on which he discoursed level to the comprehension of his hearers.

The Conference of 1812 stationed Mr. Newton to the London West Circuit, where he laboured with great effect for two years. In one respect, this metropolitan theatre of action was far from being agreeable to this devoted Minister. He had little relish for the business-like operations of the several Connexional Committees, which were necessarily held in the capital; nor, indeed, did he possess much aptitude for this kind of very important, but very harassing, labour; while, on the whole, he could scarcely reconcile his mind to the abstraction of so much time from directly spiritual duties, and especially preparation for the pulpit, as the work of these Committees required. But although, on this account, his engagements in the metropolis were not quite congenial to his mind, there seems good reason for believing, that his residence these two years in London did very much to prepare him for that pre-eminent position which he was soon afterward called to occupy, and which he so long and so nobly sustained.

In this city, through the instrumentality of Mr. Joseph Butterworth, Mr. Newton was induced frequently to advocate the cause of the Bible Society in public meetings. As yet, the claims of the Heathen, and the Christian duty of attempting their conversion, were only urged on the Churches from the pulpit; but public meetings were held on behalf of the Bible Society, and Mr. Newton appeared, on these occasions, as an able and eloquent advocate in favour of the abundant circulation of the word of God. Another fact of equal consequence to the future career of Mr. Newton, which took place at this time, must be noticed. In London this able and zealous Minister was brought into frequent intercourse with Dr. Coke, just before he left England on his Mission to the East. The Doctor was then busily engaged in obtaining the necessary financial provision for his last and greatest missionary enter-

prise. In order to secure this, Dr. Coke was accustomed to wait personally on those persons of wealth and station, whom he thought likely to afford assistance to the cause which lay so near his heart. Mr. Newton frequently accompanied the pious Doctor in these begging excursions; and thus had the missionary fire which glowed in his heart fanned into flame by the labouring zeal and fervent spirit of that man of God, just as he stood on the threshold of his reward.

The next seat of Robert Newton's ministerial labour was Wakefield. Before he removed from London, the Ministers and friends in Leeds, believing the time had come for affording more systematic and efficient aid to the support of Christian Missions to the Heathen than Methodism had hitherto rendered, united in consultation, held a public meeting, and organized a Society for this purpose. The Districts of Halifax, York, Sheffield, Cornwall, and Newcastle soon followed this good example. On the meeting of the ensuing Conference, this important movement on behalf of Missions was carefully considered, and the measures which had been taken by these Districts were approved, and the whole Connexion strongly urged to pursue a similar course. When, therefore, Mr. Newton began his ministry at Wakefield, the Methodist body was just preparing to enter on that widely spread and energetic course of evangelical action on behalf of Missions to the Heathen, which has since diffused the knowledge of Christ to "the regions beyond," with a rapidity and power without a parallel since the apostolic age.

It is a singular circumstance that, at this time, Yorkshire contained three Ministers who were destined to do more than any others in the origination and advancement of this great work,—Jabez Bunting of Leeds, Richard Watson of Hull, and Robert Newton of Wakefield. We have here only to speak of the latter, although it cannot but be observed that, in these three men, the great Head of the Church gave to the Mission cause a rare munificence of mind, a vast and comprehensive range of talent, such as has seldom been seen working in harmonious action in any one section of the Church of Christ. But, while Mr. Bunting originated, and to a great extent directed, this great movement, and Mr. Watson promoted it by the unwearied energy of his sublime and mighty mind, our author truly observes:—

"Yet Robert Newton was the man of the people. There was such a frankness in his tones and manner, that he no sooner began to speak in a Missionary Meeting, than every countenance was brightened with a smile, and the audience, as if by general agreement, surrendered themselves to him. He had the power, above almost every other man, of communicating to the multitude the sentiments and purposes of his own large and generous heart. He was therefore usually selected to deliver the speech just before the collection was

made; and, while he appealed to the crowds around him, their hearty responses and entire demeanour forcibly reminded one of the tribes of Israel, when 'all the people answered to one another, and said, All that the Lord hath spoken we will do.'"—Page 88.

Mr. Newton removed from Wakefield at the Conference of 1817. And from this period we must regard him, not merely as a Wesleyan Minister, however distinguished, zealous, and useful, but also as occupying an extraordinary position in the Church. Thenceforward his labours in the regular ministry were confined to a more limited number of Circuits than usually, during so long a period, falls to the lot of a Methodist Preacher. Of the last thirty-five years of Mr. Newton's ministry, he was stationed in Stockport three years; Leeds, six years; Salford, six years; Manchester, nine years; and Liverpool, eleven years. But, whilst this statement would seem to circumscribe Mr. Newton's labours to a narrower sphere than that usually occupied by his brethren in the Itinerancy, he was, in fact, pursuing a much more extended circle of toil than any of them. For, while feeling deeply interested in the spiritual prosperity of his Circuit, and doing all in his power to promote it, every vacant hour was absorbed in compliance with urgent applications for his aid, in the pulpits, or on the platforms, of innumerable other places. On this point his biographer observes:—

"He was scrupulously diligent in fulfilling his appointments in his own Circuit, and, at the same time, was always ready to serve his friends at a distance, when they applied for his aid. Many were the journeys that he took for this purpose. And great was the self-denial that he practised in leaving his family, and in travelling, by night and by day, to assist in the formation of Missionary Societies, to preach at the opening of chapels, and to plead the cause of local charities."—Page 95.

It is, indeed, scarcely possible to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the vast extent of these labours. In a letter, dated June 7th, 1823, Mr. Newton said,—

"All my friends tell me that I am killing myself. I have attended thirty-eight Missionary Meetings, and travelled about two thousand three hundred miles, since the middle of March."—Page 105.

And this amount of labour and travel was exclusive of occasional sermons, and his regular Circuit work as a Wesleyan Minister! About three Missionary Meetings, and two hundred miles of journeying per week, for these twelve weeks in succession; and this before the introduction of railways, and in addition to his ordinary ministerial duty! Can we wonder that his friends said, he was "killing himself?"

We cannot but feel amazement that any human system could

for so long a time endure such an amount of incessant toil. Yet he seemed to bear it, not only without suffering, but with delight. After speaking, day after day, at a series of Missionary Anniversaries, when every one else would feel heavy and weary, on the following morning, Mr. Newton would be up early, humming a tune, as blithe as a lark, and as ready as ever to enter upon the severe labour of a new day, in the service of his Master. It is, however, still more astonishing how any mind could continue such a series of efforts. That his occasional sermons and platform-speeches were real intellectual efforts, is certain from the results which they produced, and the eagerness with which they were sought after. But some persons may suppose that in these extraordinary labours he spent his strength, and that in his usual Circuit duties he was a different person. Dr. Beecham, a very competent authority, proves that this supposition, however natural, is altogether unjust. On this very important question he speaks thus:—

“The interest which Mr. Newton took in his Circuit and pastoral duties, was not exceeded by the zeal with which he sought to promote the cause of Christ by his more public labours. He endeavoured, when at home, to make up, as far as possible, the lack of service which resulted from his frequent absence. Immediately on his return from his long and arduous excursions, he threw himself into his Circuit work with a freshness which was surprising, and a zest which proved that he felt himself in his proper element; while he industriously redeemed the time, by a close application to his duties as a Christian Pastor.”—Page 125.

Mr. Newton continued this course of labour, until the Conference of 1833, perceiving that, notwithstanding his almost superhuman strength of body and energy of mind, he could not possibly supply the continued demand made on him by the Connexion, and at the same time do justice to his own Circuit, very wisely appointed a young man to do his week-day and pastoral work; leaving him thus at liberty to travel during the week-days with more freedom, and, if possible, with more frequency, for the benefit of the Connexion at large. The amount of journeying, preaching, and speaking, which he performed during the ensuing nineteen years, cannot be told; and, if it could, the statement would appear incredible. In every part of the United Kingdom his voice was heard pleading the cause of his Divine Master, the wants of suffering humanity, and the extension of the Church of Christ. And every where he was received with rapture, and multitudes hung on his lips, as though they had never heard him before. Never, it is believed, in the whole history of the world, did any other man travel so many miles, preach so many sermons, deliver so many speeches, or collect so much money for purposes directly religious, as did Robert Newton. And we think it may be safely

added,—never did any man secure, and maintain during so long a period, so extensive and intense a popularity as he.

Nor was it within the Wesleyan circle or in the British Isles alone, that he received such marked and universal homage. On his visit to America, the Clergy, the people, the Congress, all crowded to hear him; and all listened with wonder and delight to the oratory of the English Divine, and celebrated his praises in unmeasured terms.

But, after all, the most singular feature in the popularity of this great man was its universality. Some men are prodigies at home, and mediocre abroad. Others are popular where they are least known, and less esteemed in their own locality. We have said that Mr. Newton was “the man of the people.” He was so, in the most emphatic sense. In the Wesleyan Connexion we have found men obtain a measure of this honour, who have not been very highly esteemed among their brethren in the Ministry. It was not so in this instance. There was no man more loved and honoured by Wesleyan Ministers than he. Four times was he placed in the Chair of the Conference, and nineteen times was he elected Secretary to that body. This is an amount of official honour never given to any other man in the whole history of the Wesleyan body. Indeed, so high did this eminent man stand in the estimation of his brethren, that for any Wesleyan minister to doubt or distrust the high Christian principle, brotherly feeling, unsullied honour, or unswerving integrity of Robert Newton, was quite sufficient to place himself in a very equivocal position.

It is not, however, for the purpose of eulogizing the dead, that we make these statements. We have, in the volume before us, a narrative of facts, affording the most abundant proof of Mr. Newton’s greatness. And if any of our readers entertain any scepticism on this point, we will fully allow them to distrust our judgment, if they will refer to the book itself, and judge of the man from the detailed account of his career which it so fully supplies. We freely confess, that we have seen enough to assure our mind, that we have before us a character of surpassing grandeur, beauty, and usefulness. The genius and power, the life and labours, of Robert Newton, present to our view a phenomenon which, considered either in respect of philosophy or religion, in regard of his own happiness, or in the results of his labours in the Church and the world, is of the deepest interest as a subject of study, as well as a model of ministerial character.

Let us, then, take a brief survey of this specimen of greatness, and its peculiar manifestations.

Before proceeding to this, however, the reader should be informed that in the year 1843 the University of Middletown, in the United States, conferred on Mr. Newton the well-merited

degree of Doctor of Divinity. From this time, therefore, we have to speak of the subject of this biography as Dr. Newton.

It may be admitted, *in limine*, that his character and usefulness did not result from the outbursting of a mighty genius, which came on the world flashing like a meteor with instant maturity and power. We find in him nothing like what the political world saw in the precocious maturity of Pitt, whose eloquence knew no growth, but commenced at zenith altitude. It was not so with Dr. Newton. He was, it is true, favoured with an exceedingly strong and robust physical system, and an equally vigorous and energetic mind. In both respects he was endowed with powers far beyond the ordinary lot of humanity. In fact, his bodily and intellectual nature seemed to require, for healthy exercise, an amount of exertion sufficient to break down an ordinary man. When placed in a shop in his youth, and shut up to the usual indoor work, his health and strength declined so manifestly, that his master gave up his indentures, and thus enabled him to pursue a more active life. And it is a well-known fact, that his mind required constant and laborious exercise quite as much as his body.

The eminent celebrity attained by Dr. Newton appears to have arisen, not so much from the possession of one or more commanding attributes of mind, as from the constant and intense consecration of all the powers of a clear, strong, energetic intellect, and large heart, to the service of his Redeemer. No sooner was he converted than he began to work for God. And when introduced into the Ministry, he seems to have taken for his motto, "Instant in season, out of season." Not only was every duty attended to, but opportunities for further usefulness were sought out. Nothing pertaining to his ministerial vocation was, in his estimation, little or unimportant. His mind was carefully cultivated, all his powers were developed, and, before the pressure of public duties absorbed all his time, he had availed himself of every opportunity of storing his memory with valuable and varied information, and especially with sterling theology. By these means it was that, perhaps beyond almost any other public man, Dr. Newton's excellencies were alloyed with very, very few defects.

That, however, which in our judgment contributed, more than any thing else, to place this man on the pinnacle of fame, was his steady and prominent adherence to the great objects, agencies, and truths of the Gospel, in their simple and practical influence on those who heard him. We fully recognise the magnitude and power of his natural abilities. Under no circumstances could he have been an ordinary man. His vigorous intellect, his almost intuitive perception, his ability to grasp almost any subject, and, by his peculiar naturalness and graphic manner of presenting it to his audience, to

make it level to their comprehension,—such powers would, in any case, place their possessor in a distinguished position. Nevertheless, as they were found in this eminent Minister, they seemed not only more adapted to explain and enforce Gospel truth than for any other purpose, but to be emphatically, and almost exclusively, adapted to this object.

We have listened to other Ministers when delivering their most successful discourses, and have left them, full of the conviction that they would make a marvellous impression in the Senate, or at the Bar. We never had a thought of this kind when hearing Dr. Newton. He always spoke like a man made for the express purpose of ministering the Gospel of Christ. He was, in the highest sense, perfectly at home in the communication of evangelical truth; so much so, indeed, that, hearing him, you could scarcely think of his powers being engaged in any other way. Nor was this accordance, between the mind and manner of Dr. Newton and his theme, merely external and apparent. His hearers felt invincibly assured of his deep, serious, sterling sincerity. He seemed, in fact, whether on the platform, in the pulpit, or in the social circle, to be saturated with the truth and spirit of his Master. He did not appear as an advocate, but as a principal. There was in his manner and mode of address nothing of the pleader, but the simple earnestness of a man whose soul was set on doing good. He stood before the Church as a personification of the benevolence, purity, and truth, which he enjoined; and thus carried conviction to every mind. By these means Dr. Newton became not only popular, but universally and intensely popular. Other eminent men would fascinate a section, or delight a certain class of mind or taste. But Dr. Newton spoke to mankind. It required no particular powers to apprehend or to relish his discourses. None were too high to be reached by his eloquence, or too low to understand his reasonings. He was therefore, as we have said, more than any other Minister of his day, “the man of the people.”

This calls our attention to another excellence in this truly great character. He was the people’s favourite orator; multitudes heard, and responded to his appeals with unwonted liberality. This was not an occasional circumstance, but a procedure continued several days a week throughout very many years. He must be very ignorant, who can suppose that such continued intercourse could be maintained, and such influence be used by a public speaker, without producing in his mind a corresponding sympathy with the feelings of his hearers. As they continue to crowd around him, and to bow to the utterances of his intellect, and to the impulses of his will; so, as the result of a natural law, will he feel desirous of retaining their good opinion and confidence. And thus, in many instances, the man who began public life by teaching, directing, and leading the people,

has, in times of popular excitement, under the pressure of public opinion, been warped from the course approved by his judgment and conscience; and led, in order to maintain his *status* with the people, to denounce what he had previously approved, and to advocate that which he had formerly condemned. We have had many melancholy instances of this truckling to popular favour of late, both in the Church and in the world. All who have any acquaintance with the character and career of Dr. Newton, will fully admit that, from his bland and affectionate nature, and his constant and intimate intercourse with the people, he was likely to feel the force of this influence to a greater degree than any other public man of modern times.

It becomes, then, a question of some interest,—How did he act, when the popular will and feeling rolled in opposition to the principles and doctrines which he always regarded as righteous and true? Did he adopt a temporizing policy, and avoid committing himself to any positive expression of opinion on the matters in dispute, that, on the one hand, he might not appear to resist constituted authorities, and, on the other, might not oppose himself to the clamours of the crowd? Did he keep himself aloof from his brethren in the time of their difficulty; and, because his pre-eminent abilities were not of a legislative or administrative character, leave to those on whom the burden of government mainly rested, to resist alone the elements of disorder, and to control the storm of popular insubordination? Robert Newton did nothing of this kind. Two occasions occurred, after he had obtained an eminent position among his brethren, when Dr. Newton's principles were severely tested by the potent and widely spread influence of popular delusion. And on each of these, he proved himself as ready, firm, and immovable, in resistance to popular clamour when the people were wrong, as ever he had been to direct, lead, and encourage them when they were prepared to go right.

We do not, by these expressions, mean to insinuate, that at any time the great body of the Wesleyan people have been disaffected, rebellious, insubordinate, or opposed to the established usages and government of the body. Nothing of this kind has ever occurred. But there have been times when malign and exciting influences have been brought to bear upon the members of this communion, and when—although the great bulk of the people have been content “to stand in the old paths,” and “to follow on to know the Lord”—others have, by these agencies, been made restless and dissatisfied; and these have united in disorderly action, and have clamoured for changes alien alike from the spirit and practice of the Wesleyan economy, and the dictates of righteousness and truth. In such cases, as the sound-hearted have been still, the noisy and the turbulent have claimed to exercise all the attributes of the people, and to have their violence heard and regarded as the popular voice. And

as no organ in favour of truth and order has risen to an equal height, these unreasonable claims have been too often conceded.

We are not called to consider the painful causes which produced dissatisfaction in the Wesleyan Connexion in the years 1834-5 : these have now become a part of history. But they stood so intimately connected with the official life of Dr. Newton, and called forth from him such nobility of action and patient endurance of unmerited reproach, that his biographer could not avoid a brief recital of these circumstances. It is, however, sufficient for our purpose, to state that during this trying season he shrank from no duty or danger ; but calmly and prayerfully evinced the utmost fidelity to the great Head of the Church, and to the Connexion with which he was identified. Those who called themselves "the people," were disappointed and enraged to find the mighty intellect and energy of the man whom they called their own arrayed against their disorderly proceedings. The result makes one blush for our country. What fact can be recorded more truly disgraceful, than that a Minister, like Dr. Newton, should have been driven from his pulpit by violence, and have been hooted, and even pelted, through the streets of an English city, by an infuriated mob ?

A repetition of this scandalous behaviour, although not accompanied with the same violent action, occurred in 1849, when Dr. Newton again pursued a course equally pure and noble-minded. This is related by his biographer in the following correct and affecting terms :—

"In the universal records of the Christian Church, it would be difficult to find a character more blameless and upright ; and he was as kind and peaceable as he was pure. Yet, because he was popular, was faithful in the maintenance of truth and order in the body to which he belonged, and was therefore regarded as standing in the way of these restless spirits, he was loaded with the foulest abuse. His extraordinary labours were imputed to corrupt and sordid motives, in the absence of every vestige of proof, and every effort was made to cover him with odium, and to defeat the object of his ministry. Justly might he have prayed with the Psalmist, 'Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked ; from the insurrection of the workers of iniquity ; who whet their tongues like a sword, and bend their bow to shoot their arrows, even bitter words.'

"Now if the Gospel be a fable, and men are not accountable for their actions, all this may be regarded as the pastime of men who have nothing to fear and nothing to hope for beyond the life which they spend upon earth as a shadow ; but if such Ministers as Dr. Newton are the servants of Christ, called and sanctioned by Him to train up for the bliss of Heaven the souls which He has redeemed by His blood, then all such wanton attempts to render their labours useless are not only an open violation of His precepts, but acts of direct opposition to His will and purpose, and must be answered for at His tribunal."—Pp. 293, 294.

We shall not discharge our duty according to the decision of our judgment, and the dictates of our conscience, if we do not here direct attention to another excellence in Dr. Newton's character,—an excellence which at once proves his purity and his greatness. We allude to his freedom from all those feelings of jealousy and rivalry which have sometimes affected, and even sullied, the reputation of distinguished men in the Church of Christ. Dr. Newton not only carried all his own honours meekly, but exemplified the charity which “envieth not” the greatness of others,—not even of those who stood by his side, and were candidates, with himself, for love and honour before the same people. This rivalry of great men has called forth the sorrow and pity of good men in all ages. On this subject it has been said, with equal truth and beauty, “Mountains do not shake hands. Their roots may touch; they may keep together some way up; but at length they part company, and rise into individual peaks. So it is with great men. As mountains mostly run in chains and clusters, crossing the plain at wider or narrower intervals; in like manner are there epochs in history when great men appear in clusters also. At first, too, they grow up together, seeming to be animated by the same spirit, to have the same desires and antipathies, the same purposes and ends. But, after a while, the genius of each begins to know itself, and to follow its own bent: they separate and diverge more and more; and those who, when young, were working in concert, stand alone in their old age. But if mountains do not shake hands, neither do they kick each other. Their human counterparts unfortunately are more pugnacious. Although they break out of the theory, and strive to soar in solitary eminence, they cannot bear that their neighbours should do the same, but complain that they impede the view, and often try to overthrow them, especially if they are higher.”

Now, nothing can more accurately set forth the rise of the twin worthies, Dr. Newton and Dr. Bunting, to the highest eminence and honour in the Wesleyan Connexion, than do these figures. They arose out of the ordinary piety of the Wesleyan body, side by side, at the same time, and took their places as Ministers of Christ. They grew up together into eminence, animated by the same spirit, with the same desires and antipathies, the same purposes and ends; and they were recognised by their brethren as distinguished for ability and usefulness. After a while, however, the genius of each was more powerfully felt,—each followed his own bent,—and consequently, in their course of public action, they seemed to diverge more and more, until those two friends, who, when young, were working in concert, stand apart, each in the sphere of usefulness for which his eminent powers qualify him;—and thus they appear as two isolated peaks, of mountainous compass and elevation, the astonishment of the world, and

the praise of the Churches. But here the application of the simile terminates. These mountains do not try to overthrow each other, they do not kick each other: on the contrary, they do shake hands, in all the heartiness of a pure and elevated Christian brotherhood. In every season of great public interest, whether for the defence or extension of the Church, in danger or joy, these two great men would, for a while, leave their respective and onerous lines of duty, and stand, side by side, in the struggle of the breach, or the exultation of the jubilee; partners in the common cause, brothers in the battle and in the song of praise. We know of no more remarkable exception to the laws which usually direct the course of fallen human nature, than the pure and holy friendship of these great and good men.

On one point we may express an opinion, which we have not yet seen propounded, at least with the prominence which it merits. It has been said, that Dr. Newton succeeded to a greater extent than he could have otherwise done, by adhering very closely to the truth, the spirit, and the gracious design of the Gospel. We venture to go a step further, and affirm that, in our judgment, the mind and genius of Newton were emphatically Wesleyan; and that he secured, in his communion with that Body, a degree of usefulness and fame which he could nowhere else have attained. If this seems a strange statement, we say in explanation, that what we mean is simply this,—that as the mind and genius of this great and good man were peculiarly adapted to promote the pure evangelical objects of the Gospel, so were they manifestly best qualified to effect these designs by the agency, and through the means, of Wesleyan Methodism.

There have been men in this section of the Church, who have distinguished themselves as sacred critics, theologians, and commentators; and there have been in the Connexion sufficient learning, taste, and judgment, to appreciate the importance of their labours, and to award a grateful and general homage to their great and useful talents.

Methodism has also produced men of commanding intellect and grasp of mind,—men whose powers, employed in the Council, in the Senate, or at the Bar, would have raised them, in any civilized country, to eminence and honour,—men who have watched over the rising interests of the Body, and its connexion with passing events, political and religious, and who, under the great Head of the Church, have guided it onward, in its progressive advancement and power, with consummate wisdom and unflinching fidelity. These have, with equal vigilance and ability, guarded and maintained the essential principles of the system through all the fluctuations of the times, and in all the flattering and adverse circumstances to which they have been exposed. They have been foremost in seasons of trial and danger, have roused the desponding to action, and

given confidence and courage to the feeble and the wavering. Nor have their wisdom and diligence been less conspicuous in times of prosperity and enlargement. Then they have checked the wayward and rebuked the vain, and preserved the people from presumption, as they had previously saved them from despair. Nor—although no religious community has, as a sect, paid less attention to systematic legislation and jurisprudence, than the Wesleyan Body—have the diligent and devoted employment of these great talents in the consolidation and government of the Body been left unrecognised or unrewarded. On the contrary, their efforts and success have called forth a deep, general, and sincere expression of grateful regard.

Other Wesleyan Ministers have distinguished themselves by the possession and useful exercise of other great mental attributes. A section of these, of which the revered and lamented Richard Watson may be regarded as the head, stand forth as remarkable for sublimity of thought and feeling,—for a pathos and power, by which all they touched was invested with true majesty and beauty. Their minds, imbued with a pure and divine philosophy, laid all nature under contribution, lit up every Gospel truth with heavenly splendour, and moved the very depths of the soul by the force of their reasonings and the energy of their appeals. These, also, have earned for themselves a distinction of the highest order, and an undying reverence for their acknowledged worth.

Yet not one of all these presents to our view such an instance of peculiar greatness, extensive usefulness, or universal popularity, as that which now stands before us. How, then, is this to be accounted for, or explained? We answer, in the terms of the proposition already laid down, namely, that the mind and genius of Newton, and, in consequence, the course of action which he pursued, were in an eminent degree in harmony with the doctrines, principles, and institutions of Wesleyanism.

Let us briefly illustrate and confirm this statement by a reference to representations of the nature and objects of this economy, which have obtained general credit and currency.

The great object of Wesley, in his noble evangelical enterprise, has been described as “an effort to rouse a slumbering Church and nation, and to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land.” Now we will not disparage any grade of talent; we will honour learning, devoted labour, and sanctified worth, wherever they are found. But where, since the days of Wesley, shall we find the mighty intellect, the vast energy, the burning genius of a first-rate mind, brought so directly to bear on this pre-eminent object of Wesleyanism, as in the case of Robert Newton? Who, like him, in the labours of one single life, brought the high behests of Heaven to bear so frequently and so powerfully on the sins of the world, and on the lukewarm-

ness of the Church? This was the tenor of all his communications; and what was the language of his example? Who could slumber within the circle of his labours? Who could lie down in sloth in the sphere of his motion? And then, how pure and holy was all this energetic action! Truly was Dr. Newton, in these respects, eminently Wesleyan.

Take another illustration. The enlarged aspiration of John Wesley's mind, and that which spoke its purely Christian character, as it proved the native greatness of his soul, was, "The world is my parish." Let this be considered as the admitted vocation of Methodism, to evangelize, and bring under the saving and elevating influences of the Gospel the whole family of mankind; and then it will be found, that no man in his day lived and laboured for the attainment of this object, as did Robert Newton. With him, these words did not merely contain a sentiment, or propound a theory, but set forth a great truth, involving a series of weighty and important duties. The world was his parish, and the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls its chief Pastor. A chapel Anniversary in his native county, the claims of the Bible Society, for means to enable it to send forth the word of life to the ends of the earth, and the support of Missions to supply the darkest parts of the heathen world with the ministry of reconciliation, were all things in which he was equally at home, and equally interested. With him there was no distinction between regular and irregular duty, ordinary and extraordinary work. All that was possible to be done in the service of his Master, and for the good of mankind any where, rested upon his heart and conscience with the weight of important duty. The aspirations of his charity were as extensive as the globe, and the range of his labours was limited by no distinction of nation or race, but embraced all mankind, and was only bounded by the possibilities of his strength and time.

The eminent Scotch divine called Methodism "Christianity in earnest." Where shall we find so finished a type, such a living embodiment of the system, regarded in this character, as in the life and labours of Dr. Newton? In too many instances, ordinary men excuse the distance which stands between them and the great, by differences in the endowments of nature. Often have we heard it observed, "The little we do, costs us as much real exertion as their magnificent exploits cost them." This may be sometimes correct; although, in general, we incline to think, that truly great men labour with more diligence, and exert their powers with more earnestness and frequency, than those who are content to occupy an ordinary position. But, however this may be in general, it was certainly the case with Dr. Newton. His fame was not raised on any particular outburst of majestic intellect, which the most mighty and acute mind could alone give forth; nor on the display of those creations of unearthly beauty and sublimity, which none

but the glowing power of the most poetic imagination can produce; nor, indeed, on any number of such efforts. The fame of Dr. Newton, on the contrary, was the result of a countless series of successful exertions, which, if none else could perform with exactly the same amount of effect, multitudes could imitate in object and effort. It must not be supposed that he could rise at four or five in the morning, travel by coach or railway for many hours, then preach and speak for hours more, and afterward journey home through the greater part or the whole of the next night,—with the assurance that the following day would call for a repetition of such exertions,—without great self-denial and laborious toil. It has, indeed, been very truly said, that Dr. Newton possessed unusual nerve, energy, and physical power; but then, who among ordinary Christians so carefully husbanded their time, and so devotedly employed all their strength in the service of Christ, and for the benefit of the Church, as he did? He was as alive to the happiness of quiet retirement, as sensible of the luxury of family comforts, as accessible to the blessings of social intercourse, as any man. How much of all these did this pious Minister voluntarily sacrifice on the altar of the Lord, during a public life of fifty years? Here was “Christianity in earnest,” in deed and in truth.

In these respects we are of opinion that the labours of Dr. Newton, in their vast extent and glorious success, were called forth and imbued with motive, spirit, and power, to a great extent, by his connexion with a religious community which, more than any other, was adapted to foster the native bent of his mind, to fan the flame of his Christian zeal, and to invite him into, and to afford him a theatre for, an unparalleled career of usefulness. We can conceive of many other men, who have been eminent in Methodism, being equally eminent in any other communion; but, although Dr. Newton would, in any place or circumstances, have been a remarkable man, we frankly confess that we do not think he would have appeared equally great, or have been equally useful, in any other position.

Much has been said as to the inconveniences and injurious operation of the system of Itinerancy; and we feel no disposition to deny that it has its disadvantageous, as well as its beneficial, results. When it is urged that it prevents the full development of the pastoral relation between Ministers and people, it is not easy to contravene the assertion. And therefore, when Wesleyans are told that, under the operation of their itinerant system, they can never have in Methodism a Jay of Bath, nor a James of Birmingham, they must be content to admit that their favourite economy does not contain in perfection every element of which the Christian Church is capable. But, although compelled to come to this conclusion, they need not suppose that all the odds are against them. On the contrary, they may retort with equal truth and certainty, that no Church organiza-

tion but Methodism could, by any possibility, produce a Robert Newton. The connexional principle was embodied and fully developed in him. He was the genius of Itinerancy. It was not merely the association of Churches in Methodism which called forth his talents, and afforded an ample area for their exercise. Methodism was realized and loved by him as a unity, and his sympathies and feelings were bound to all its vast variety of people and interests with intense and unquenchable affection. We shall never forget an occasion, when an imaginative Minister, speaking on a Missionary platform, after eulogizing the Methodists of Yorkshire and Cornwall for their heartiness and zeal, proceeded to say, that he strongly desired a closer union between such excellent people, and felt disposed to publish the banns of marriage between them. Newton, who was present, instantly rose, and, with mingled humour and gravity, interrupted the speaker, saying, "I shall forbid the banns. The parties are too nearly related. We will have no marriage between brothers and sisters." Nor was this expression a mere sally of wit; it was the confirmed judgment of Dr. Newton's mind, the strong emotion of his soul. The Christian brotherhood of Methodism was with him a great fact, and one which, throughout his brilliant career, was the most influential and operating cause of his feelings, his labours, and his fame.

With increased confidence we conclude as we began. If labours on the largest scale, and influence of the widest and the noblest sort; if a maintenance of the purest simplicity of character in connexion with unusual popularity and power; if the application of matchless energies to purposes the very highest, and with success the most extraordinary;—if these be features and evidences of true greatness, they all unite in the character of Robert Newton, and establish his claim to that coveted distinction. In the brightest sphere of human virtue,—in that sphere where whatever is great and good finds its culminating glory and perfection,—in the sphere of SPIRITUAL PHILANTHROPY, he distanced and excelled all his contemporaries. His career unanswerably proves that the simplicity and power of the Gospel is the same in these latter days, as when the first Evangelists received their commission, and the word of God "grew mightily and prevailed." The lesson of his life is for infidels as well as for believers. With potent controversy it refutes the vain philosophy of worldly men, and proclaims that Christianity is not *effete*; that the doctrine of the Cross is still the touchstone of human depravity and the loadstone of divine mercy; that the foolishness of preaching is both the power and the wisdom of God.

We have said so much respecting the subject of this volume, that we have little space left to treat of the manner of its execution; nor are any lengthened observations of this sort

necessary. The learned and amiable Professor of Theology at Richmond has long since established his reputation as an author, and more especially as a biographer. The book before us, therefore, is, as might have been expected, an able and excellent memoir of the great man whose life and labours it records.

The work is especially valuable for several reasons. It is the production of one of Dr. Newton's oldest and most intimate friends,—a man possessing every means and qualification for forming a perfect acquaintance with his subject. In addition to these important advantages, the author had in his hands all the valuable materials possessed by Dr. Newton's family, and which the biographer found to be "far more rich and ample" than he had expected. The book, therefore, presents a full, faithful, and true portraiture of Dr. Newton; and will, as such, hand down a knowledge of his piety, talents, unequalled labours, and fame to the latest posterity.

We are not surprised, however, to hear that this book has not fully met the expectations of some readers. The life of a man like Dr. Newton afforded an opportunity for a far more sparkling narrative than that before us. Here was ample room for painting; abundant scope for the exercise of the author's imagination. Mr. Jackson very wisely, in our judgment, avoided this course. He has given us a plain and faithful, but earnest and breathing, narrative. The work, however, will be exposed to more severe censure than this: it is a scriptural and religious narrative of the most successful evangelical Minister of the day; and it exhibits such a triumph of sterling godliness over every thing earthly and carnal, that it is quite impossible that those who idolize cultivated intellect, and ignore spiritual religion, can allow a work of this kind to pass before them without an affected frown, or an involuntary sneer.

We, however, should have been far from being satisfied, if the author had, in any respect, departed from the path he has adopted, to meet the views of such critics, or to avoid their censure. The public at large, and especially the Wesleyan community, for whose use, primarily, the work is of course designed, have nothing to regret on this account. The Church and the world wanted a faithful representation of the life and labours of Dr. Newton. This Mr. Jackson has given in the book before us with accuracy and fidelity, and—what will be prized by a very great number of readers—with thorough Wesleyan plainness, piety, and sense. We have here no apologies for Wesleyan peculiarities,—nothing of style or composition foreign to the quiet dignity and the labouring zeal of Dr. Newton. This great and good man is here represented to the life, as he went up and down among the people in his Master's service; and we heartily thank Mr. Jackson for an account of his friend, which will hand down to future generations a knowledge of the life and labours of Dr. Robert Newton.

- ART. III.—1. *Lectures on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals.* By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S. 1843.
2. *On the Archetypes and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.* By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S. 1848.
3. *On the Nature of Limbs.* By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S. 1849.
4. *Principles of Physiology, General and Comparative.* By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S. Fourth Edition. 1854.

IN a preceding article, we traced the progress of anatomical science from the time of Hippocrates to the close of the seventeenth century. We now propose to resume the subject, and glance at its progress subsequent to that period, especially in relation to zoological studies.

It is a well-known truth in physical science, that when a body has once, by the action of a continued force, acquired a considerable *momentum*, much less effort is needful to keep it in motion than was requisite to put it in motion at the first. At the opening of the eighteenth century progressive science had acquired this momentum, and was thenceforth destined to break triumphantly through obstacles which had hitherto retarded its progress. Observers became so multiplied, that any attempt to enumerate even the most important of them would carry us far beyond the reasonable limits of an article; consequently we must only glance at those men whose labours have led to the more important results, or to the establishment of great generalizations.

The primary object of all scientific inquiry should be the knowledge of the Creator, who has manifested His attributes in His works. Some of those attributes are in part revealed objectively in Creation; and here we learn that law and order have existed from the beginning. The universe has been built up in accordance with a predetermined plan, and in subordination to pre-ordained laws, which we term the "laws of Nature." The examination of such of these laws as have been discovered, demonstrates that they are in accordance with the loftiest wisdom of which finite humanity can take cognizance; that, beyond all other conceptions which suggest themselves to us, they are best adapted to fulfil their purpose. And whilst they exhibit a perfect adaptation to the most minute ends, they embrace the universe within their sphere. The drops of watery vapour forming the mountain mist, and the waves of the rolling ocean, are held together by a common law. The fertilizing pollen that falls on the pendent pistil, and the most remote orbs of the starry universe, move in accordance with the same primæval *fiat* of Deity.

Though the individual facts which science has discovered

speaking so loudly of the Deity, it is not so much in them, however beautiful, as in the grander generalizations of philosophy, that we must seek for the more significant manifestations of God. It has ever been amongst *isolated* facts that the infidel has sought for weapons wherewith to wage unholy war. Such isolations often mislead us, because we see but in part. Thus it was with those *savans* whose acquaintance with the sloth was limited to its feats when crawling on the floor, or hanging piteously to the leg of a mahogany table, and who concluded that the poor beast had been hardly dealt with, and that it was any thing but a display of wisdom and power. But had they watched that same animal on the forest-fringed banks of the Orinoco, hanging without effort from the lofty bough, as it revelled on the green and juicy foliage, how different would have been their verdict! And if, in addition to this, they could have obtained a glance at the præ-Adamite age, and seen the brethren of this sloth, in the form of giant mylodons and megatheria, the monarchs of the forest, whose colossal strength enabled them to uproot the loftiest trees, so far from being objects of pity, they would have commanded their astonished admiration. The sloth is but one link in this vast and important chain of beings. To look at its organization independently of these relationships, is not only to confine the view to one side of the shield, but even to the smallest of its quarterings.

Hence it is that, however manifestly Divine Wisdom speaks in the adaptation of individual organizations to their special life, such lessons are not the most significant which the natural world is capable of teaching. It is when we comprehend a general law to which all creation is subordinated, or when we realize a universal type, in accordance with which an entire group of organisms are constructed, that we approach the nearest to the mind of God. We need scarcely guard our remarks by observing, that we exclusively refer to the study of natural things. It is, therefore, the highest aim of science, as it has ever been the highest ambition of scientific men, to discover these laws; and one such instance of happy intuition does more to confer immortality upon the name of its author than a thousand laboured observations which have failed to lead the observer to such a generalization.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, an humble Lutheran Clergyman indulged his taste for flowers by cultivating a small garden, at the village of Rashult, in Småland, a province of Sweden. In 1707, the family circle of the worthy Minister was blessed by the addition of a boy, who, as soon as he could run, became the companion of his father in the labours of floriculture; and who thus imbibed, from his earliest days, a love for plants, which soon ripened into an

almost idolatrous devotion. Trained for many years under the parental eye, in the obscure retirement of a Swedish village, he left his home, at the age of twenty-one, to study at the University of Upsal. And such was the rapidity of his progress, and so strong the impression which his genius made upon his teachers, that though he was but twenty-five when the declining health of the celebrated Rudbeck left the botanical chair of the University substantially vacant, the authorities deemed themselves fortunate in finding a nominal assistant, but virtual successor, in Karl Linné. This sphere of labour soon became too limited for the gigantic aspirations of the young Swede. The accidents of education alone made him a botanist. A deeper principle of his being made him a philosopher, whose field of study was to be the entire organized world. Stimulated by a glowing ardour, he undertook a series of voyages with the view of studying the kingdom of nature; and when he resumed his professional duties, he deputed to his pupils the mission of investigating the products of foreign elimes. Surely no philosopher ever commanded such an army of enthusiastic travellers devoted to his interests. "Nature was at once interrogated, in the name of one man, from the mountain heights of Norway, to the summits of the Cordilleras and of Atlas; from the shores of the Mississippi, to those of the Ganges; from the ices of Greenland, to those of the Antaretic Seas." *

The isolated discoveries of previous naturalists lay in confusion, awaiting a master spirit to reduce them to order; and the intuition of Linnæus told him that he was equal to the task. He knew himself and his strength:—

*"Ipse Pater Danais animos viresque secundas
Sufficit."*

The rest of a life, prolonged through seventy-one years, was devoted to this noble work; and even when mind and body were alike paralysed, in 1776, by apoplectic seizure, he still found delightful solace in his pure pursuits. The examination of a collection of new plants, sent to him from the extremities of Asia by his pupil Thunberg, constituted one of the closing enjoyments of his life.

In 1735 he published the first edition of his great work at Leyden, in Holland. The aim of the publication was shown in its title of "*Systema Naturæ, seu Regna tria Naturæ systematicè proposita, per Classes, Ordines, Genera, et Species.*" To form an adequate conception of the laborious research involved in the production of this marvellous work, we must bear in mind the nature of the writings of his predecessors. Neither the Greek

* De Condorcet.

nor the Roman naturalists ever attempted such a production. It was only in the preceding century that Ray, and some of his contemporaries, made their imperfect efforts at classifying particular groups of organisms. These were the first and meritorious efforts of men seeking to reduce chaos to order; but they worked without any pre-arranged plan, or subordination to general laws.

Linnaeus approached his task with very different views of its requirements. Whilst his capacious intellect ranged over the entire mundane creation, as the territory to be won, its excursions were not those of the irregular Cossack, or of Arab hordes, but of the disciplined soldier, whose every movement is in accordance with established military principles and axioms. The Swedish philosopher is best known to the world of dilettantists through the classification of the vegetable kingdom which bears his name, and which it is so fashionable, in some circles, to sneer at as worthless. It would be well if some of the great botanists who speak so contemptuously about the "Linnaean scheme," as if it were some new joint-stock bubble, had half the fervent philosophy possessed by the immortal Swede, or a tithe of his magic power of recommending this beautiful science to others by rendering the study more facile. Let them learn to refer with more decorous respect to the man who has lighted them on their way. As a scientific system, the Linnaean classification was avowedly a preparation for something higher, to be obtained at a future time; but, as affording the young student facilities for the study and identification of plants, it will remain in use when the dry and pretentious technicalities of some modern systematists are forgotten.

Previously to the time of Linnaeus, scientific nomenclature was in a most defective condition. Long descriptions were the usual substitutes for names adapted to general acceptance. Thus, in the classification of Ray, we find the turbot glorying in the *sobriquet* of "*Rhombus asper, non squamosus*." Other ostraciont fishes, again, are designated, "*Piscis majusculus quadrangularis rostratus*;" "*Piscis mediocris quadrangularis maculosus*." Worse even than these are the various designations of the common sea-mouse, the *Aphrodite aculeata* of Linnaeus; called by Dr. Molineux, "*Scolopendra marina e Mare Hibernico*;" by Oligerus Jacobæus, "*Vermis aureus, vel species eruce marinæ rarior*;" and, worst of all, by Aldrovandus, "*Scolopendra marina lato corpore subcastaneo velut pedibus innumeris longiusculis aurei coloris*."* Verily the Dutchman must have thought his fellow naturalists were blessed with rare memories in those days. The great Swede was the first to have compassion upon humanity, and to pay some regard to the

* *De Insetis*, cap. xv., p. 636.

natural limitation of human faculties, even when of the highest order.

It is true that Aldrovandus, Ray, Willoughby, Tournefort, and others, had previously employed generic and specific terms; but they did so capriciously. They were not sufficiently alive to their importance, to proceed to a systematic adoption of them: hence their writings present a motley aspect, resembling the ill-arranged objects in many provincial museums, where one specimen rejoices in a learned *sobriquet*, another in some popular appellative, and a third is blessed with no name at all. Linnæus soon decided upon the possibility of amending all this; and in order to give system to his efforts, he laid down a succession of highly philosophical aphorisms, which had relation to every portion of his work. In illustration of our meaning, we would refer the reader to his "*Philosophia Botanica*," completed at Upsal in 1750, but published at Stockholm in 1751, and which, though specially devoted to botanical subjects, contains numerous aphorisms respecting classification and nomenclature, alike applicable to all the natural sciences. We are sure that such of our studious readers as may have been alarmed at sometimes meeting with terrible names (for example, *Plesiosaurus tesseres-tarsostinus*!) will appreciate his two-hundred-and-ninety-first aphorism: "*Nomen specificum, quò brevius, èd etiam melius, si modò tale;*" and most of his three hundred and sixty-five *dicta* are equally terse and significant.

But what brings Linnæus more prominently before us just now is, the basis upon which he constructed his classification of the animal kingdom. It was essentially an anatomical one. The internal organization of animals was his pole-star. Hence his writings abound with manifestations of an exact knowledge on this subject. Whilst he thus placed classification on a more philosophic basis than his predecessors had done, he also enunciated some of those higher generalizations respecting relations and affinities, to which we now attach so much value. When he determined the actual identity, as something more than a mere resemblance, of the seed of a plant with the egg of an animal, he established an homological relationship of the highest order. In like manner, when he pointed out a tendency in animals, which becomes more manifest as we descend the scale, to that generalization of offices by which each part of the organism is capable of performing all the functions that in higher forms were confined to, and performed by, *special* organs, he demonstrated one of the most philosophical of known truths. And when he further taught that, by these conditions, the lower animals approximated towards a type which is still more generally existent in the vegetable kingdom, he proved that, in addition to being the mere classifier of species, which according to some men constitutes his chief claim to remem-

brance, he was a philosopher of the second order, if not of the first. The truths which he thus taught are now "familiar as household words." The Spanish nobles easily made their eggs stand when Columbus had shown them how.

But we cannot leave the time-honoured name of the great Swede, without noticing the habitual recognition of God manifest in his scientific writings.

" *O Jehova,*
Quàm ampla sunt Tua opera!
Quàm sapienter ea fecisti!
Quàm plena est terra possessione Tuâ!"

is the sublime quotation from the Psalmist with which he prefaces his greatest work; whilst, on an adjoining page, he declares, with Christian devotion,—

"*Docuisti me, Deus, à juventate meâ,*
Et usque nunc pronuntiabo mirabilia Tua."

Let the youthful sciolists of our age, who, on the strength of their flippant philosophy, shroud themselves in a misty Pantheism, and dare to reject a personal God, read the words of a true master of science. When they have learnt from him how to be at once wise and lowly of heart, let them, like him, consecrate their works to the service of their Maker, and cease to bow before the intangible idols whom they profess to adore.

In the same year which witnessed the birth of Linnæus was also born Buffon, the celebrated French zoologist, whose writings contributed most powerfully to the diffusion of a taste for Zoology. After studying at the Jesuits' College at Dijon, and increasing his stores of knowledge by subsequent extensive travels, he was appointed, in his thirty-second year, to succeed Dufay as the Superintendent of the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, then designated the Jardin du Roi, and its fine Museum of Natural History. But though a learned and popular zoologist, his contributions to comparative anatomy were trifling. For the chief anatomical information contained in his great work we are indebted to Daubenton. But even this contribution did not materially or directly advance the study; being chiefly confined to descriptions of the skeletons and *viscera* of the larger quadrupeds. At the same time, the world owes to Buffon, indirectly, a mighty debt, since it was the perusal of a copy of his works that first excited a love of natural history in that prince of comparative anatomists, George Cuvier. In 1708, another great anatomist first saw the light. His father, a worthy Advocate of Berne, was anxious to rear his child for the profession of the law; but the lad's intuitions told him that he was born for something more pleasing than poring over dusty parchments, or trying to make the worse appear the better reason, and he luckily chose the medical pro-

fession, as better suited to his tastes and genius. There are few branches of anatomical science on which Haller has not left the permanent impression of his mental seal. Though it was chiefly in pure physiology that his great discoveries were made, especially in connexion with the spontaneous irritability of some of the tissues, no anatomical retrospect, however slight, should omit the mention of his immortal name.

But the time was now arrived when an anatomist greater than all these commenced his gigantic labours. Sprung from amongst the people until twenty years of age, and trained for nothing higher than the mechanical occupation of a joiner, John Hunter fought his way through impediments which were all but insuperable, and won a position of which British science will long continue to be proud. Previously to his time, numerous collections of natural objects had been made by various men. Sir Joseph Banks had accomplished great things in this way. Sir Hans Sloane, whose collection became the nucleus of the British Museum, did still more. But Hunter and his elder brother, William, were the first to bring together, on *so large a scale*, collections of anatomical dissections and preparations, illustrative of the lower orders of animals. As is well known, the Museum of John Hunter was purchased at his death by the British Government, and presented to the College of Surgeons at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where it became the nucleus of the superb collection now aggregated in their noble halls.

It is from this collection mainly that we must form our estimate of John Hunter. The old and sad story of the destruction of eighteen folio volumes of his manuscripts, by his brother-in-law and surviving executor, Sir Everard Home, is too well known to need repetition; though it is but fitting that each allusion to the history should be accompanied by some note of condemnation of a criminal act, committed, we fear, for the concealment of plagiarism and literary dishonesty. Had we but possessed the ten volumes which were filled with descriptions of dissections, many of the discoveries now referred to others would have been traced to Hunter. A large number of the specimens in the Museum were accompanied by scraps of written memoranda, which, fragmentary as they were, teemed with evidences of his philosophic acumen. It is obvious that even in Palæontology the great principles upon which Cuvier subsequently based his discoveries, were clear to Hunter's mind. We remember seeing amongst his specimens some small unknown fossils from the London clay, known as *rhyncholithes*. Modern geologists obtained the credit of identifying these with the horny beaks of the cuttle-fish. But a label in Hunter's handwriting proved that he had made the identification above half a century previously. This is only one instance out of hundreds that might be selected, showing the amount of light which he

was capable of throwing upon a science which had then scarcely obtained an existence, or received a name. One of the truths which Hunter discovered had relation to the development of organisms. It is now well known that animals in the changes which they undergo during their earliest stages of growth, successively represent *transitional* conditions that, in some other animals, are *permanent*: an important doctrine, which has been developed by Meekel, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and Von Baer, and of which so mischievous and perverted a use has been made in the notorious "Vestiges,"—that literary foundling, whose author, like a cruel parent, still withholds the shield of his name from the child of his affections. Hunter comprehended this doctrine to a considerable extent; and showed that some of the malformed objects popularly known as monsters, were simply animals whose development had undergone some partial or total arrest, preventing them from attaining their normal matured form.

The written anatomical works of Hunter remaining to us are not numerous; but many of the anatomical facts contained in Sir Everard Home's six quarto volumes may, doubtless, be fairly assigned to the ill-used anatomist, as part of his scientific progeny. We are disposed to give the unfaithful executor the full benefit of Sir Benjamin Brodie's testimony to his industry as a dissector. But this industry may have been little more than a verification or development of suggestions contained in Hunter's lost volumes; and where we have obvious grounds for distrust, we know not where to stop. When a fraudulent traveller finds his way surreptitiously into a railway train, he is charged for the entire distance over which the train may have travelled. Convicted of dishonesty, his word is no longer taken, and he may have to pay for more than he has enjoyed. So it will be with men's judgment on Sir Everard Home. Circumstances rendering so much plagiarism by him probable, he will be held responsible to Hunter for all that he may possibly have done himself, as well as for what he purloined. But though the actual writings of Hunter may not have contributed, in a very large degree, towards the progress of comparative anatomy, it is impossible to overrate the impetus which has been afforded to it by his Museum. To it we owe such men as Clift and Owen, to say nothing of a hundred minor names; men who, in extending the boundaries of the science, have contributed so much to its present elevation.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, we find the French comparative anatomists rising to that high position which they have ever since sustained. At that time the Jardin du Roi contained a small Museum, known as the "Cabinet du Roi." In 1793 this establishment was re-constructed; and all its superior officers, being then made Professors, were required

to give systematic courses of lectures to classes of students. The several distinguished men connected with the Cabinet du Roi selected their respective professorial chairs according to priority of appointment to the pre-existing institution. Amongst them was one man already fifty years of age, but who had only joined the institution within a recent period. Up to this time his favourite study had been Botany; but, as the last comer, he could only make his selection from the few departments still unappropriated. He finally undertook to elucidate the two lowest of the Linnæan classes of animals; namely, the insects and the worms; thus comprehending all the organisms now commonly designated "the invertebrate animals."

His knowledge of this subject appears to have been limited to a slight acquaintance with a few shells; but neither his conscious ignorance nor his advanced age daunted him. He entered energetically upon his task, and the result was the appearance of the well-known "*Histoire des Animaux sans Vertèbres*," a work which has made the name of Lamarck celebrated, wherever knowledge gives delight, or science is thought worthy of pursuit. Would that there were no drawback to this picture. The same work contains the exposition of his mischievous creed of development, in which he tries to establish that man may once have been a monkey, and the monkey a monad; a creed that has been resuscitated in our own time, only to receive its *coup de grâce*. This it has done in such a manner as will surely save us from hearing any further serious avowals of so miserable a phantasm.

A few years before the outbreak of the French Revolution, a young man, of noble and illustrious family, became a pupil under Buffon, and soon afterwards a sub-demonstrator in the Museum. In the stormy period which followed, he held a variety of political offices. Escaping destruction as by a miracle, he was again connected with the Museum under the Empire, and became one of the most illustrious of the French zoologists. This was the Count de Lacépède. His contributions to the Comparative Anatomy of those parts of the animal kingdom which he made the special objects of study, were trifling. That he had not yet learned the value of anatomy to the natural historian, is shown in his neglect of internal organization as a guide to classification. Thus he groups the frogs in the same order of reptiles with the lizards and tortoises, because they all have four legs; whilst the biped batrachians, the true allies of the frog, are placed in a separate order, because they have but two feet. But he did good service in substituting the classification and exact nomenclature of Linnæus for the Gallieisms of Buffon. That he should have done so is the more remarkable, since he was successively the pupil, the assistant, and the successor, of that great naturalist. It was

when surrounded by the inspiring scenery of the Garonne, and with the lofty summits of the Apennines forming a glorious horizon, that he acquired his love for nature; and the spirited writings of Buffon, read under such congenial circumstances, first awakened his taste for natural science.

Anatomical studies culminated in France in the person of George Cuvier. Though he was at once the disciplined statesman, the learned biographer, and the enlightened philosopher, it is principally by his anatomical labours that he will be handed down to future ages. Notwithstanding the efforts of his predecessors, at his birth Comparative Anatomy was still a chaos, alike devoid of order and law. The Linnæan class of *worms* contained an extraordinary *mêlée* of objects, from fishes to sponges and zoophytes, thrown together in heterogeneous confusion. Of the internal structure of these creatures little was known. But when the magic wand of genius was waved over them by Cuvier, order took the place of confusion, and law of caprice. Early in his career Cuvier enunciated a great fundamental principle; namely, "that the internal organs of animals had certain relative values, and were definitely subordinated one to another." It followed from this principle, that the existence of certain organs involved that of others to which they were subordinate; whilst, in like manner, the absence of any organ also presupposed the absence of those of minor value. Thus, in his first great memoir on this subject, he showed that where invertebrate animals had no true heart, there were no true *bronchiæ*, or localized respiratory organs to which the blood was conveyed for purification, but that elastic tubes or *tracheæ* were diffused throughout all the body, conveying the air to the blood; that where there was a heart, the reverse obtained; wherever a heart and *bronchiæ* existed, there was also a liver, which was absent from animals where the centralized circulating and respiratory vessels were wanting.

Discoveries made since the time of Cuvier have materially affected the value of many of his determinations on this subject. Thus, in reference to the first illustration which we have mentioned, he was led into error by rejecting Malpighi's conclusion as to the nature and functions of the long dorsal vessel of the silkworm. A long vessel runs along the dorsal surface of the body of every insect, immediately beneath the skin. Malpighi pointed out that this vessel was divided into segments, which were contractile, and that it fulfilled all the functions of a heart. Cuvier did not admit this, but Malpighi's view is now generally accepted. But insects are, above all others, the creatures which possess the *tracheæ*, which Cuvier dissociates from a heart. This is, of course, merely an error of detail, though it happens to be one of the details by which he specially illustrates his principle. Nevertheless the law of subordination may be right. To

some extent it doubtless is so ; but to what degree, will be questioned by different men. If we take the case of the digestive apparatus, we find that the primary *viscus*, occurring in the lowest polype, is a simple cavity, without appendages,—the lowest type of a digestive organ. As we ascend in the scale, we find accessory organs super-added, as a liver, pancreas, and other glands, each contributing some secretion which aids in the performance of the digestive process. These organs would have no existence, were there no primary stomach, or digestive cavity : hence they may be regarded as *subordinated* to such a cavity, in the sense in which Cuvier employs the term ; and similar illustrations might be derived from various other parts of the organism. A skeleton with moveable joints presupposes contractile muscles, putting its several parts in motion. Organs of sense involve those special nerves which connect each one of them with the common brain ; and a vertebral column, with its continuous spinal canal, indicates the certain existence of the elongated chain of coalesced nervous centres which we designate “the spinal cord.” In all these cases, the subordinate organ is that which is accessory to, and dependent upon, some other, though it will in its turn be the superior one in reference to some others. Thus the bones of the vertebral column are subordinate to the spinal marrow ; but they have, in turn, other appendages, as the moving muscles, which are subordinate to *them*. Of course, in this latter example, difference of opinion may arise as to which is the subordinate element,—the bones which are moved, or the muscles which move. If priority of occurrence in the ascending zoological scale afforded conclusive evidence, the decision would be in favour of the muscular system, since it presents itself very low down in the animal kingdom, and long before a vertebrate system occurs ; and it might be added, in favour of this view, that the vertebrate skeleton is merely an appendage destined to facilitate the action of the muscular system, by giving fixity to the parts to be acted upon. In whatever way we decide these special questions, we are brought to the same conclusion respecting the value of the Cuvierian law.

But it was in the practical application of anatomical laws to geological science, that the most novel and startling discoveries were made by Cuvier. Though the long-forgotten enunciation of Bernard de Palissy, the celebrated potter, that fossils were not *jeux d'esprit* of nature, but the remains of veritable animals, had been clearly established by a succession of observers, men were still far from being familiar with the great differences that existed between fossils and living species, or, in other words, with the extent to which past races of animals had successively become extinct. The discovery of bones of mammoths, rhinoceri, and other tropical mammalia, in the frozen steppes of Siberia, was attracting the attention of the scientific world,

when Cuvier began his career; but so little progress had been made in accurate anatomical study, that even Buffon, in his "*Epoques de la Nature*," only recognised one lost species amongst these numerous mammals; namely, a mastodon. Such was the state of things when Cuvier undertook their investigation: he quickly demonstrated that the great bulk of these fossil remains belonged to animals that had long ceased to exist upon the earth. Buffon, believing in their identity with Indian forms, had sought to explain their existence in these high northern latitudes, by supposing the climate to have cooled gradually; but the discovery of a mammoth imbedded in ice, and retaining its flesh, skin, and hair, rendered it necessary to abandon this hypothesis, for which Pallas substituted another; namely, that the climate had undergone a *sudden* change, and that these changes had not only destroyed the animals, but imbedded them in the ice by which they were preserved. All this speculation was blown to the winds by Cuvier's demonstration, that the fossil mammoths, mastodons, deer, bears, and rhinoceri, were extinct species. Before arriving at such an important decision, a new science, now termed "*Palæontology*," had to be created, and the laws limiting the manner and extent of its application to be determined. Cuvier proved himself equal to the Herculean task. Many of the magnificent generalizations at which he arrived, form the solid and unshaken basis of modern Geology,—a basis that will alike withstand the sneers of the uninformed, and the more pretending, but equally harmless, attacks of Granville Penn and his pseudo-learned successors.

But whilst we acknowledge to the uttermost the brilliance and value of the discoveries of Cuvier, we must again protest against some of the pretensions set forth on behalf of comparative anatomists. Take, for example, the following extract from the "*Eloge Historique*" of Cuvier, by M. Flourens, Secretary to the Royal Academy of Sciences of France: "All the parts, all the organs are deducible from each other;and such is the rigour, such the infallibility of this deduction, that M. Cuvier has often been seen to recognise an animal by a single bone, by a single surface of a bone. He has been seen to determine unknown genera and species from broken bones, and from one and another indifferently; thus re-constructing the entire animal from one of its parts, and making it re-appear, at will, from each of these; results calculated to astonish, and which we cannot recall without also recalling the original admiration, mingled with surprise, which they at first inspired, and which is not yet weakened."* That something like this was done by Cuvier within particular limits, we are well aware; and if all extinct animals had been constructed in exact accordance with living

* *Mémoires de l'Institut*, vol. xiv., pp. 31, 32.

types, such results might be constantly obtained by those whose knowledge renders them competent to the task. But the animals that roamed through the primæval forests of deciduous trees, basked in the lagoons overshadowed by Cycadean groves, or pursued their prey amidst the giant sigillariæ of the carboniferous age, have not been so constructed. How long were the bones of the Oxford cetiosaurus mistaken for those of eetaceans! How long were those of the Stonesfield pterodaelytes attributed to birds! How long were the crustacean remains of the Ludlow rocks believed to be those of fishes! How little is even now decided respecting the dinotherium, notwithstanding the labours of Kaup! Who would have supposed that Mantell's giant iguanodon would be found to have possessed the mouth of an edentate? or who from single bones could have restored the macrauchenia, with its admixture of the camel, llama, and tapir; the horned sivatherium, in which are blended the ruminants and the large pachyderms; the megatherium, which combines the sloths, armadillos, and ant-eaters; the mylodon, which, with its admixtures of claws and hoofs, makes the ungulate inosculate with the unguiculate animals; or, more especially than all the rest, the toxodon of the Pampas,—that union of the rodent, ruminant, and cetacean? That these animals *have* been restored by the genius of such men as Clift, Owen, Mantell, and Falconer, is unquestionably true; but it has been from no single bones, or faces of bones, as the remarks of Flourens and those who echo his sentiments would have us believe. It has only been by the slow and careful comparison of bone with bone, and collection with collection, that the results have been obtained; and when all was done that cautious genius could accomplish, gross mistakes have not always been avoided. Such mistakes involve no discredit, because they are inevitable: they only become disgraceful, when associated with the claim of something like infallibility.

It must not be supposed from the above remarks, that we reject Cuvier's law of the correlation of the various parts of the organism: on the contrary, we believe it to be a true principle, applicable in all probability to the entire organic world. What we contend for is the impossibility, in the present state of anatomical knowledge, of anatomists accomplishing all that florid writers have attributed to them, and the necessity of a becoming modesty on the part of those who pursue the study.

There is yet one more important branch of anatomical philosophy, to the development of which Cuvier largely contributed; namely, the study of what are now designated "homologies;"—the most recent, as well as the most magnificent and comprehensive, of the contributions made by anatomists to philosophy.

The study of homologies appears to have been originated by Vieq d'Azyr, who, in 1774, published his "Comparison of the

Bones composing the Extremities." In this Essay the gifted anatomist points out the close resemblance which exists between the bones of the arm and leg, and between the anterior and the posterior limbs of animals,—a resemblance which is too remarkable and exact to be merely the result of chance : but he appears to have entertained no conceptions of the higher generalization of which his subject was merely an integral.

A still more important step in advance was made by Oken, the German anatomist. His philosophic mind was constantly seeking for general truths and a comprehension of the widest relations of material objects. In this spirit he studied the vertebrate skeleton, and strove, amongst other problems, to ascertain the relations which the bones of the skull bore to the vertebral column. Whilst wandering through the Hartz Forest, the blanched skull of a deer arrested his attention ; and, whilst gazing upon it, the happy inspiration flashed across his mind, that it consisted of a chain of vertebræ, the various elements composing which were enlarged, modified, or suppressed, to adapt them to the many peculiar functions which the head is required to perform. The idea thus casually suggested to his mind, Oken afterwards demonstrated in a remarkable manner ; showing that, as the brain is a more voluminously developed spinal chord, so is the brain-case an expanded spinal column.

The term "homologue" is defined by Professor Owen as meaning the same organ in different animals under every variety of form and function. Thus the wing of a bird, the pectoral fin of a fish, and the fore-limb of a quadruped, are the homologues of the arm of man. Though the wing of the bird serves for flight, the fin for paddling through the water, the fore-limb of the quadruped for progression, and the arm of man for prehension,—functions substantially different,—the special organs which fulfil these several functions are the same, modified in size and form to adapt them to the work they are designed to perform. Owen has farther divided the relations of homology into three. 1. *Special homology*, or the relation which any part or organ of *one* animal bears to the corresponding part of some other animal. 2. *General homology*, or the relation which any or all the parts of an animal bear to an ideal, fundamental type, which he terms the "archetype." 3. *Serial homology*, or the relation which any part of an animal bears to some other part of the same animal. Thus, when the wing of a bird is said to be the homologue of the pectoral fin of a fish, or of the arm of a man, a *special* homology is enunciated ; when the wing of a bird is said to be the homologue of the leg of the same bird, a *serial* homology is spoken of ; and when any one of these members is shown to be a modified part of a typical vertebra, that is, of *one* of the segments of which the archetype is merely a chain, a *general* homology is asserted.

To the department of serial homologies Cuvier made large additions. In his "*Leçons Orales*," for example, he goes through the entire animal kingdom, and examines each organ in all the forms in which it occurs in various animals. But he did not admit some of those higher truths which are now so generally accepted as such. Oken's interpretation of the composition of the skull he wholly rejected. The true relation of the limbs of animals to the rest of their organization was never made a special object of his study. Consequently he had no adequate conception of the truths embraced in the demonstration of general homological relations; or, rather, he wholly rejected the idea, that the special homologies which he had done so much to elucidate, were but the elements out of which was to be evolved the more comprehensive general law.

The brilliant discovery of Oken was not discredited by others as by Cuvier. Goëthe, whose poetic renown has, in some degree, obscured his claim to the rank of a profound natural philosopher, directed his attention to these subjects at an early period. The same genius which enabled him to detect, in the parts of a flower, a mere group of modified leaves, also enabled him to determine some special anatomical homologies of considerable importance, long before the homological idea had occurred to any other writer. Hence he at once seized upon the discovery of Oken as to the nature of the skull, recognising its philosophy and its truth. Still more recently, De Blainville, Carus, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and Owen have followed in the same track; and, through their labours, the hypothesis of the immortal German has been established as an incontrovertible theory.

It is, however, chiefly through the works of the last-named philosopher, that the hypothesis has attained to its present completeness and general acceptance; and we delight to award to our countryman the meed of praise to which his genius gives him so decided a claim. Oken enunciated the hypothesis, but left it incomplete; De Blainville and Carus, whilst they gave their support to the principle, in many respects obscured it, rather than cleared away the difficulties with which it was invested when it left the hands of Oken. Owen gave it breadth, tone, and harmony. Oken, for example, failed to recognise the nature of the limbs as locomotive members. He thought them to be merely modified *liberated* ribs,—an idea that is wide of the mark, and which fails to give to these members the beautiful unity and significance that they have attained in the hands of Owen.

The following extract explains the fundamental conception of the skeleton, as entertained by the Hunterian Professor:—

"Comparison of the piscine skeleton with those of the higher animals, demonstrates that the natural arrangement of the parts of

the endo-skeleton is in a series of segments succeeding each other in the axis of the body. These segments are not, indeed, composed of the same number of bones in any class, or throughout any individual animal. But certain parts of each segment do maintain such constancy in their existence, relation, position, and offices, as to enforce the conviction that they are homologous parts, both in the constituent series of the same individual skeleton, and throughout the series of vertebrate animals. For each of these primary segments of the skeleton, I retain the term 'vertebra;' but with as little reference to its primary signification, as a part specially adapted for rotatory motion, as when the comparative anatomist speaks of a sacral vertebra. The word may, however, seem to the anthropotomist to be used in a different or more extended sense, than that in which it is usually understood; yet he is himself, unconsciously, perhaps, in the habit of including, in certain vertebræ of the human body, elements which he excludes from the idea in other natural segments of the same kind, influenced by differences of proportion and coalescence."—*Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton*, p. 81.

"I define a vertebra as *one of those segments of the endo-skeleton which constitute the axis of the body, and the protecting canals of the nervous and vascular trunks*. Such a segment may also support *divergent appendages*."—*Ibid.*

For more minute illustrations of these general propositions, we must refer the reader to Professor Owen's work; but we may observe that his definitions at once give to the term "vertebra," a breadth and exactness of meaning which it has never hitherto possessed; and at the same time afford us a clue to the true relations which the limbs bear to the rest of the skeleton.

If we glance at the skeleton of a bird, we shall see that each of the ribs (*pleurapophyses*) forming the lateral boundaries of the chest, has a small bony process projecting backwards, of which the posterior extremity rests upon the adjoining rib, adding to the fixedness of the entire thorax. It is here a mere bony growth, from the side of the rib. If we examine the skeleton of a fish, we shall find that similar appendages are attached to the ribs; but instead of being firmly blended with the rib, the little appendage is loose, and merely attached by a ligament. Hence we learn that this appendage to the rib may be either a detached autogenous bone, or an attached exogenous growth. On examining the anterior and posterior limbs of that half-fish, half-lizard from Western Africa, known as the "*lepidosiren*," we see that they each merely contain a bone like the costal appendage of the fish, but which has been transversely divided into a number of smaller parts, in order to give it flexibility. This process of transverse subdivision is merely a further repetition of that which detached the costal appendage in the fish, and made it moveable, instead of being firmly fixed to the rib, as in the bird; and in no way militates

against its homological identity. This construction of the limb of the *lepidosiren* serves to establish the transition from the ordinary costal appendage of the fish to the locomotive organs of the higher animals. We may take the human arm as a convenient illustration of our meaning. The arm articulates at the shoulder-joint with the *scapula*, or blade-bone, and the clavicle, or collar-bone. The former of these really belongs to the skull, of the posterior or occipital vertebra of which it forms the *pleurapophysis*, or rib; and, along with the collar-bone, and the top of the breast-bone, or *sternum*, completes the inferior or hæmal arch of this cranial vertebra, as the posterior bones of the skull form its superior or neural arch. Now the *humerus*, or upper bone of the arm, stands in the same relation to this hæmal arch, that the costal appendage of the fish does to its *rib*, and to the hæmal arch of which the rib forms a part. It constitutes no objection to this idea, that the *scapula* and clavicle of man are removed far from the cranial vertebra to which they belong, because such detachments of parts are of constant occurrence in the animal kingdom, where the habits of the organism render such a departure from the archetype needful; but, besides this, we find that in many fishes this *scapula* actually exists in its typical position, being attached to the posterior part of the head. The division of the human arm into numerous bones, whether transversely, as at the elbow, wrist, &c., or longitudinally, as in the fore-arm and hand, in no way alters its primary nature, any more than a vertebra in the pelican's neck differs from a complete thoracic vertebra of the same bird, because in the former case all the elements are firmly united into one bone, whilst in the latter they are separable into several moveable parts. At the same time, in many fishes, all the bones representing the arm are devoid of joints, being firmly and immovably united together, as well as to the bone which represents the thoracic rib, of which they form a mere projection; the part representing the hand, namely, the expanded fin, being the only portion of the limb which admits of motion.

Professor Owen has thus given us a clue to the interpretation of the nature of limbs, which enables us alike to harmonize all the parts of the skeleton with each other, and with the ideal archetype. We are sorry for those, if such there are, who cannot appreciate the deep significance of the following remarks of the distinguished Professor:—

“The satisfaction felt by the rightly constituted mind, must ever be great in recognising the fitness of parts for their appropriate functions; but when this fitness is gained, as in the great toe of the foot of man and of the ostrich, by a structure which at the same time manifests a harmonious concord with a common type, the power of the one great cause of all organization is appreciated as fully, perhaps,

as it is possible to be by our limited intelligence."—*Homologies*, &c., p. 197.

The homological relations of animals are not confined to the vertebrate skeleton, but extend to every part of their organization. It is true that many difficulties have stood in the way of comparing the vertebrate, with many portions of the invertebrate, creation. In the *viscera* and organs of sense, such homological affinities are obvious enough; but in endeavouring, for instance, to compare the hard segmented *external* skeletons of insects and crustacea with the *internal* skeleton of the vertebrata, the task of identification becomes difficult. In like manner, it is not easy to trace the homological relationship between the six true legs of an insect, or the twenty-one pairs of segmental appendages, variously modified into legs, respiratory organs, and foot-jaws, in the crustacea, and the limbs of a man. But where so many organs have been shown to be common to the vertebrate and invertebrate animals, as well as to an ideal type, there can be little doubt that things which now appear anomalous, will be found capable of similar identification. The future demonstration of this unity was anticipated by the far-seeing intellect of Newton; and though the goal is yet a long way off, we are steadily approaching the verification of his idea. The mariner who has taken his altitudes and lunars with care, has not the less confidence in his course because the land is yet out of sight. We will glance for a moment at what has already been accomplished in this separate field of inquiry.

The most important of recent physiological investigations have had the nervous system for their subject. This system is divisible into two distinct elements,—that in which the nervous force is generated, and that by which the force, so produced, is transmitted to and from all parts of the body. In vertebrate animals, the chief nervous centres, or generating portions, are the brain and spinal marrow, both of which consist of a chain of such centres, which, when isolated, are termed "ganglia," but which, in the more highly developed vertebrata, are so blended together, that no lines of demarcation can be seen between the several parts. But as we descend in the zoological series,—for example, amongst fishes,—we readily distinguish in the brain four pairs of such separate ganglia or nerve-centres; and on re-ascending the scale, guided by the light thus obtained from fishes, we are able to trace, even in the complex brain of man, precisely the same number and distribution of the cerebral ganglia; only they have undergone material alterations as to their respective sizes, correlatively with man's higher mental and moral endowments. The chain of ganglia, forming the spinal cord, are still coalescent, even in fishes; the only evidences of transverse division into separate ganglia being furnished by distinct pairs of nerves given off at the intervals between each contiguous pair of

vertebræ. But this is enough. The brilliant discoveries of Sir Charles Bell and Dr. Marshall Hall have demonstrated that each of these pairs of nerves has its own nerve-centre, which is capable of acting independently of its fellows; though usually co-operating with them through connecting nervous fibres, which enable the various parts of the organism to work harmoniously together. Dr. Hall has further shown, that the influence of any stimulus applied to the periphery, is transmitted through the conducting nerve-fibres to the centre, which sends back a reply to the periphery, impelling the muscles to responsive motion. These phenomena are commonly designated by the term "reflex," their discovery being due to the labours of Dr. M. Hall.

But there is in the human body another set of nerve-centres with their nerve-branches, termed "the sympathetic." These are not disposed symmetrically or equilaterally, as are those of the cerebro-spinal system, but are irregularly distributed in various parts of the body. The existence of this second set of nerves has long tended to obscure the study of the comparative physiology of the nervous system of the invertebrate animals, especially such as insects, crabs, and their allies. These animals have a symmetrical chain of ganglia, arranged in pairs, running the entire length of the body; but, instead of being confluent, they are like so many pairs of small beads strung opposite each other upon two parallel strings, with distinct intervals between them,—each bead representing a nerve-centre, from which are given off nerve-fibres to the contiguous parts of the body. Now, the question long waiting its solution has been,—the relations which subsisted between this nervous system in insects and the two systems of the vertebrate animal,—the symmetrical cerebro-spinal and the unsymmetrical sympathetic. Arguments were found supporting both sides of the question. In the vertebrate creation, the centres of the entire cerebro-spinal system were lodged in the cranium and vertebral column; hence they lay above and behind the *viscera*. But the sympathetic system was chiefly lodged amongst the *viscera*. In insects, the first pair of ganglia alone is lodged *above* the alimentary canal, as in man, all the remainder running along the inferior surface of the body, and consequently *below* the *viscera*; hence many writers concluded, that the relations of these ganglia, notwithstanding their symmetrical disposition, were with the sympathetic, rather than with the cerebro-spinal nerves of the higher animals. It may now, however, be considered as definitely settled, that the first, or, as it is termed, the "supra-œsophageal," pair of ganglia represent the brain of man; and, consequently, the posterior links of the continuous nervous chain represent the spinal cord; the pairs of nerves given off to each articulation of the insect, or lobster, corresponding with the inter-vertebral nerves in the

human subject. Dr. Carpenter further established this generalization by first demonstrating that the reflex doctrines of Marshall Hall were applicable to the articulated invertebrata; and Messrs. Alder and Hancock have clenched the nail still further, by discovering, in some of the naked sea-slugs, the true homologues of the sympathetic system; a discovery which, if confirmed, will prove of the utmost importance to Comparative Anatomy. The advance made within the last few years in the study of the nervous system of the lower animals, has removed some serious obstacles that stood in the way of further generalization. The special relationships of the alimentary canal with its various glandular appendages in different animals, have long been proximately ascertained. The further identification of the several organs of sense in the lower organisms is making rapid progress. The reproductive system is becoming thoroughly understood. The muscular system presents few difficulties. The distinctions of the external, internal, and visceral (or *splanchno*-) skeletons have been accurately determined: and the discoveries of Oken and his illustrious followers, as to the homological relations of the vertebrate endo-skeleton, have left little to be done in that branch of inquiry. The modifications of the circulating system, from the bag-like skin of the infusorial animalcule merely distended with fluid, to the complex arrangement of heart and lungs, lacteals and blood-vessels, in man, are easy of comprehension. Consequently we may safely regard the bold prophecy of Newton as being now in a fair way of fulfilment.

From the preceding remarks our readers may readily infer our high estimation of Professor Owen as a successful investigator of truth. But we regret to see that he is in danger of receiving more injury in the hands of friends than foes. Any attempt to build up the reputation of one man by directly, or indirectly, disparaging the labours of others, is always offensive. Yet something like this has been recently done by a reviewer in his attempt to chant the pæans of the Hunterian Professor. We cannot but think that, however much the latter gentleman may appreciate the motives of his earnest eulogist, he must have felt his modesty severely taxed, and his feelings wounded, at being thus made the lever by which to dislodge others from their well-merited position. Nothing of the kind would, we are satisfied, be desired by him. His world-wide reputation needs no such spurious props. But we regret to say, that both the general tone and the special observations of the writer in question have this objectionable tendency. Of the taste displayed in such unmeasured laudation of a living actor in the literary arena we say nothing; but we cannot refrain from referring to the writer's treatment of three such distinguished *savans* as the late Dr. Mantell, Dr. Carpenter, and Von Baer. A word of

explanation is requisite to enable our readers to understand the first of these questions.

A few years ago, the remains of some *cephalopoda* were discovered in the Oxford clay of Wiltshire, in which the soft parts of a cuttle-fish were associated with a chambered phragmocone, somewhat similar to that found in the interior of the fossil belemnite; the object thus constituted being termed, by the late Channing Pearce, "*belemnoteuthis*." Professor Owen, regarding the *belemnoteuthis* as almost identical with the belemnite, laid before the Royal Society a memoir on the latter genus of fossils; in which, guided, to a considerable extent, by the *belemnoteuthis*, he gave a restoration of the soft parts of the belemnite, and their relation to the fossils so designated,—long a desideratum in Geology. For this memoir the Hunterian Professor received, in 1846, the gold medal of the Royal Society. Dr. Mantell and Mr. Pearce objected that whilst the restoration *might* be correct, it was merely a conjectural one, such as had been given long before by the late Mr. Millar; and that it received no further support from the *belemnoteuthis*, upon which so much reliance was placed, since the latter was not a belemnite. The reviewer meets these objections by somewhat flippantly telling Dr. Mantell, that the essential part of a belemnite is its chambered phragmocone. But this is not the case. The little cephalopod, called the *spirula*, has, partly imbedded in its interior, the well-known chambered shell, with its unilateral siphuncle, which serves every purpose of a phragmocone, and really is one; but this is not a belemnite. True, it is a spiral shell, whilst the phragmocone of the belemnite is straight: but this is of no more consequence than that one antelope should have a straight horn, and another a spiral one. We agree with Dr. Mantell, that the essential part of the belemnite is its elongated fibro-crystalline osselet, or guard; that it is not the phragmocone, but the osselet, that constitutes a belemnite; and that nothing can be regarded as such, from which the osselet is wanting. The *belemnoteuthis* has no such osselet; for the thin shell which invests it is no adequate representative of the elongated guard of the belemnite.

But the remarks made by the same writer respecting Dr. Carpenter have a more grave aspect. We will not now raise the question of Dr. Carpenter's claim to the primary application of Von Baer's law of epigenetic development to Palæontology; but we do feel our sense of justice roused, when the writer goes on to say, "Dr. Carpenter is so pleasant a writer, and leads the student so amiably and effectively by the hand, *that we shall rejoice to see him in the character of a discoverer*."* We know not which to condemn most, the impertinence or the injustice

* "Quarterly Review," June, 1853, p. 56.

of this imputation. We will shortly enlighten the reviewer somewhat, by quoting against him the words of Professor Owen himself.

In 1839, Dr. Carpenter, in his prize thesis, enunciated some views respecting the physiology of the nervous system, that were alike new and important. Up to this period, in accordance with the commonly received doctrine, the nervous ganglia of the crustacea were regarded as ministering to pure sensation,—a doctrine long countenanced by Dr. Grant and the late Mr. Newport. In 1843, Mr. Newport announced his conversion to the views of Dr. Carpenter, who contended that, instead of their functions being purely sensational, they exhibited the same reflex or excito-motor phenomena as the spinal cord of the vertebrata.

In 1842, Professor Owen, in his Hunterian Lectures, publicly recognised the correctness of Dr. Carpenter's discovery, and illustrated it by additional facts drawn from Comparative Anatomy; and in the published Hunterian Lectures for 1843, we find another reference to the same fact, where, after alluding to the functions of the nerves in question, he says :—

“In these views I coincide with the ingenious physiologist, Dr. Carpenter; and shall feel happy if their accuracy and soundness have received any additional proof from the facts of Comparative Anatomy, which, in the Hunterian Lectures of 1842, were for the first time brought to bear upon this interesting problem.”—*Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals*. By Richard Owen, F.R.S., vol. i., p. 173.

Is there no recognition of “Dr. Carpenter in the character of a discoverer” here?

But, further. All naturalists are familiar with Dr. Carpenter's important investigations into shell structures. Let us again hear Professor Owen :—

“The microscopic structure of shells has formed the subject of the investigations of a Committee of the Microscopical Society of London, and of the independent and original observations of Dr. Carpenter. The results of these inquiries will form a valuable addition to the anatomical character of the *mollusca*, and to the physiology of extra-vascular tissues in general.”—*Ibid.*, p. 286.

Is there no acknowledgment of discovery here? We may add further, without disparaging the labours of the “Committee,” that our chief knowledge on this subject has been derived from the individual investigations of Dr. Carpenter.

But this is not the only way in which a man may rank as a discoverer. It is not merely the discovery of a naked fact, or even the promulgation of a general law, that entitles a writer to this high position. It is equally to be won by the elucidation

tion of subjects previously obscure, and by the appreciation of the value of points hitherto unrecognised. To how large an extent this kind of discovery characterizes the able writings of Dr. Carpenter, is familiar to all physiologists. We would especially refer to his expositions of cerebral physiology and the general philosophy of the nervous system, and to the early period at which he directed attention to the importance of studying cell structures. At a time when this latter subject was comparatively neglected in England, we find it brought prominently forward in his writings; and the best commentary on his foresight is seen in the present universal recognition of the value and importance of this microscopic elementary tissue. We unhesitatingly affirm that, directly and indirectly, he has done more to establish that branch of study in its present significant and fundamental position, than any other English physiologist. The reviewer says further, "Of any original discovery of a palæontological fact, illustrative of the closer adherence in primæval species to the general type, by the author of the '*Principles of Physiology*,' we are compelled, with all humility, to confess our ignorance at present." It might, perhaps, have been as well if the "humility" had been seasoned with a little more justice. Dr. Carpenter claims on this subject not the discovery of a "fact," but what is far more important, "*the application of Von Baer's law*;" and to play on the word "fact," in connexion with this claim, is simply unfair. True, he illustrates his doctrine by facts, and especially by the curious *cystidæ* of the palæozoic strata,—an illustration which we still believe to be pertinent, notwithstanding the writer's attempt to weaken its force by pointing out that its value depends on the non-existence of echinoderms and *holothuriæ* at that period. Has the reviewer yet to learn that all geological hypotheses must rest upon such facts as are known, and not upon an endless array of contingent possibilities?

But we have a still more serious ground for objection to some of the assumptions of the reviewer, which affect the claims of Von Baer; and on this point we think Professor Owen is open to the charge of not having duly acknowledged the obligations he is under to that profound thinker, for some of his most important generalizations on the development of embryonic animal life.

It will be remembered by the readers of the "*Vestiges*," that the author of that mischievous *brochure* laid great stress on the (supposed) fact, that each animal, in its changes from the condition of a rudimentary *ovum* to the mature form, transitorily assumed states that were permanently represented by some other of the lower animals; and concluded that man successively resembled a monad, a mollusc, a fish, a reptile, and a bird, as well as a whole host of other creeping things, before becoming the loco-

motive biped with which we are familiar. Professor Owen, in his twenty-fourth Hunterian Lecture for 1843, brings forward a much more philosophical statement of the truth; one which is fatal to the hopes of any ambitious earthworm that may entertain the hope of seeing its offspring ascend into the air like its feathered foes, or of the yearning dog-crab, which stretches out its tail in the hope of one day ploughing the ocean like its finny companions of the deep. After showing that all the various forms of animals in their earliest germinal states—that is, in the newly-formed egg—are like infusorial monads, he adds,—

“Thus every animal, in the course of its development, typifies some of the permanent forms of animals inferior to itself: but it does not represent all the inferior forms, nor acquire the organization of any of the forms which it transitorily represents. Had the animal kingdom formed, as was once supposed, a single and continuous chain of being, progressively ascending from the monad to the man, unity of organization might then have been demonstrated to the extent in which the theory has been maintained by the disciples of the Geofroyan school.

“There is only one animal which is either permanently or transitorily represented throughout the animal kingdom: it is that of the infusorial monad, with the consideration of which the present survey of the invertebrated animals was commenced, and which is to be regarded as the fundamental or primary form.

“Other forms are represented less exclusively in the development of the animal kingdom, and may be regarded as secondary forms. These are the polype, the worm, the tunicary, and the lamprey; they are secondary in relation to the animal kingdom at large, but are primary in respect of the primary divisions or sub-kingdoms.

“Thus the *radiata*, after having passed through the monad stage, enter that of the polype; many there find their final development; others proceed to be metamorphosed into the *acephalan* or the *echinoderm*. All the *articulata*, at an early stage of their development, assume the form or condition of the apodal and acephalous worm; some find their mature development at that stage, as the parasitic *entozoa*; others proceed to acquire annulations, a head, rudimental feet, jointed feet, and, finally, wings; radiating in various directions and degrees from the primary or fundamental form of their sub-kingdom.

“The *molluscæ* pass from the condition of the ciliated monad to that of the shell-less acephalan, and, in like manner, either remain to work out the perfections of that stage, or diverge to achieve the development of shells, of a head, of a ventral foot, or of cephalic arms, with the complexities of organization which have been demonstrated in the concluding Lectures of this course.

“The vertebrate *ovum*, having manifested its monad form and relations by the spontaneous fission, growth, and multiplication of the primordial nucleated cells, next assumes, by their metamorphosis and primary arrangements, the form and conditions of the finless cartilaginous fish, from which fundamental form development radiates in as many and diversified directions and extents, and attains more

extraordinary heights of complication and perfection than any of the lower secondary types appear to be susceptible of."—*Lectures, &c.*, pp. 370, 371.

That all this is substantially true we have not a doubt. Our complaint is, first, that it is not new; and, secondly, that its real author is not once mentioned by Professor Owen in connexion with it: much less can it be laid to the credit of Professor Owen, as our reviewer would have us to infer. That Professor Owen has thus helped to bring Von Baer's philosophy into more general acceptance is perfectly true; and, had the reviewer been content with claiming thus much, we would willingly have endorsed the claim: when he does more than this, he goes beyond the record, and must not wonder to find his claim disallowed. Let our readers glance for a moment at the following extracts from the writings of Von Baer, dating as far back as 1826, and, after learning the true paternity of this lofty philosophy, see how far Professor Owen can claim "Von Baer's law by right of capture," as alleged by the reviewer.

Von Baer first clears the way by drawing a just distinction between *types of organization* and *grades of development*. He shows that the whole animal kingdom may be divided into four groups, each having its ideal archetype, and which he respectively designates the peripheral or radiate, the articulate or longitudinal, the massive or molluscous, and the vertebrate. The first of these is represented by the medusæ and star-fishes; the second by insects, worms, and crustaceæ; the third by shell-fish; and the fourth by the vertebrate animals, as fishes, reptiles, mammals, and birds. According to Von Baer, each of these four types presents its own peculiar grades of development, which may be manifested either in transitional or permanent forms; but he contends that, in the former case, the transitional conditions which occur in any one archetype, are never seen in the other three, with the exception of the primary germ, corresponding to the infusorial monad of Professor Owen.

"*The fundamental mass of which the embryo consists, agrees with the mass of the body of the simplest animal.* In both, the form is but little defined; the parts are less contrasted, and the histological differentiation remains even behind the morphological. If we cast a glance over the lower animals, remark in some more of internal development than in others, and then arrange them in a series according to this development, or conceive them to be developed out of one another, it necessarily follows that we should trace an agreement, in the fact of this very progressive differentiation, between the one actual historical succession and the other imagined genetic series; and in this manner a multitude of coincidences may be demonstrated between the embryo of the higher, and the permanent forms of the lower, animals. It by no means follows from this, however, that every embryo of a higher animal gradually passes through all the

forms of the lower animals. On the contrary, the type of every animal appears to be fixed in the embryo from the very first, and to regulate the whole course of development."—*Fragments relating to Philosophical Zoology, selected from the Works of K. E. Von Baer. Scientific Memoirs*, 1853, vol. i., part i., p. 209.

"We therefore say, not merely of birds, but more generally, that the embryo of the vertebrate animal is from the very first a vertebrate animal, and at no time agrees with an invertebrate animal."—*Ibid.*, p. 210.

"In the condition of the actual germ, however, it is probable that all embryos which are developed from true ova agree. This is a strong reason for considering the germ as the animal itself. When in the germ of the bird the primitive streak is developed, we are really inclined to say, Now commences the embryo. But in reality this is only the instant in which the vertebrate type appears in the germ."—*Ibid.*, p. 212.

"For the simple reason that the embryo never passes from one principal type to another, it is impossible that it can pass successively through the whole animal kingdom."—*Ibid.*, p. 219.

In all this we have, not the timid suggestion of a man doubtful of his ground, but the bold and confident enunciation of principles which Von Baer amply illustrates in the remainder of his writings. He thus recognises the low organization of the primary germ,—the infusorial monad of Owen; the four types of organization, which he specially identifies with Cuvier's four primary classes of animals, and which are also identical with Owen's four primary divisions above quoted; and, lastly, the fact that, when the germ leaves its primary condition, in which it is characterized by low organization and imperfect definition, it at once assumes the lowest condition compatible with the type to which it belongs, and not the lowest of existing animal forms.

It must not, for a moment, be supposed that in these remarks we wish to detract from the deservedly high reputation of Professor Owen. We have no sympathy with that invidious spirit that delights in pulling down the truly great from their eminence, and tries to reduce them to the level of smaller men. But the reviewer is bound by his mission to promulgate truth, without reference to personal feelings; and where truth is in danger of being violated, or individuals improperly thrust under the shade of a great name in order that the sunlit giant may stand out in bolder relief, the press must come in as the minister of literary justice. It matters not whether the evil has been done by the master's own hand, or by that of injudicious eulogists: if not publicly repudiated by the former, he lays himself open to a charge which gives envious spirits a hold upon his reputation, and produces results mischievous to science. We regard the fair fame of such men as Owen, Mantell, and Carpenter, as national property; and we know

of no greater compliment that can be paid to any of them than is involved in the recognition of this national claim: but this only makes it the more necessary that each should receive even-handed justice, especially those lamented ones whose earthly strife is ended, and who can no longer vindicate their own philosophic rights.

In contemplating the future prospects of these sciences, we think we see some dangers before us, which it is desirable to shun. There exists a feeling in some circles, that a few highly-gifted individuals, because of their pre-eminence, should have intrusted to them the elucidation of all important matters which are in their line, as being part of their own peculiar manor. This may be a very pleasant doctrine for the men who occupy the favoured positions; and there are, doubtless, instances in which science would be benefited by such an arrangement. But in the long run the effects would be mischievous. Niebuhr reminds us that some nations, as well as individuals, are like buds still folded up in their petals; liable to die away, or open imperfectly, from influences which check their development. Such would be the case here. The budding scientific talent of the nation, out of which the future Owens must arise, would be repressed in its young and earnest aspirations by this system of scientific centralization; whilst the opposite plan, though often leading to the promulgation of individual errors, will finally, by the multiplication of observers, prove more favourable to the development of truth. Apart from this danger, nothing can be more encouraging than the present state of the scientific world. Though great men are continually passing away, others are stepping into their places. Many of these new investigators are aiming at high game, and casting their plumb-lines into parts of the ocean of truth hitherto unfathomed, with singular success. Never were inquirers more numerous, or more earnest; and we have no doubt that, in the arduous struggle with obscurity in which men are so actively engaged, the anatomists and more philosophic zoologists will be found worthy to wear the mantles of their predecessors.

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- ART. IV.—1. *A Letter to Dr. Merle D'Aubigné on the Principle of Religious Liberty as it is understood in Germany. (La Liberté Religieuse telle qu'on l'entend en Allemagne.)* By a Member of the Deputation to Tuscany. Neuchatel, 1854.
2. *Religious Liberty from Christian Points of View. (Die Religiöse Freiheit vom Christlichen Standpunkte.) A Letter to M. de Bethmann Hollweg.* By DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 1854.

3. *Letter from M. DE BETHMANN HOLLWEG, Privy Councillor of the King, Vice-President of the Second Chamber of the Prussian Parliament, and President of the Kirchentag, to Dr. Merle D'Aubigné.* ("Evangelical Christendom," February, 1855.)

OUR readers may remember that at a Conference held at Homburg towards the end of August, 1853, a Provisional Committee for the Vindication and Promotion of Religious Liberty was formed, having for its President Lord Shaftesbury. At the same time, a Deputation was requested to attend the then forthcoming *Kirchentag* at Berlin, in the name of the Conference, in order to explain and defend the great object it had in view. The *Kirchentag* was held at Berlin in the latter half of September; the members of the Homburg Deputation were introduced to the Assembly by its President, M. de Bethmann Hollweg; and Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, on whom they had devolved the duty, addressed it in their name, asking two practical questions: First. Would the *Kirchentag* co-operate with the Conference in the defence of those brethren who suffered for the confession of Christ in Roman Catholic countries? Secondly. Would they use their influence with the Protestant Governments of Germany in behalf of their Baptist brethen,—one with them in the great evangelical truths of the word of God,—that they might enjoy freedom of worship equally with themselves? The *Kirchentag* gave an affirmative answer to the first of those two questions: the second was eluded by a somewhat Jesuitical vote,—that they no doubt would sympathize with all children of God; but that they must stand upon their own Confessions. As if the expression of a wish for the toleration of a persecuted sect would imply adhesion to its doctrines!

The friends of religious liberty were, of course, but partially satisfied with the reception their overtures had met with, though the general tone of the speakers at the *Kirchentag* was decidedly better than those who knew Germany had expected. One voice only, Dr. Stahl's, was raised in favour of the principle of persecution; and that with so much reserve, with such multiplied precautions, that it was evident he felt himself unsupported in the meeting. It would seem that some of the more eminent and enlightened of the Christian men, from whom the Homburg Association might have expected unqualified sympathy and support, felt that they ought to explain to their brethren why they drew back; and the first Letter on our list was written for this purpose shortly after the *Kirchentag*. Though it is anonymous, the author cannot have intended to remain unknown. Count Albert de Pourtales, son-in-law of M. de Bethmann, and late Prussian Ambassador at Constantinople, is the only member of the Tuscan Deputation from whose pen it can have proceeded; and there is no indiscretion in making free use of his

name, since M. de Bethmann himself, in his Letter of last February, speaks of him as the writer. This Letter may be taken as a sort of manifesto of the views of the moderate Church party in Germany,—men who do not anticipate any good for their country or for the world, except through the agency of national, official, and historical Churches,—who would never themselves persecute, but make no earnest effort to hinder others from persecuting,—who sincerely disapprove of the fines, the imprisonments, the poverty and vexations inflicted on the Baptists, but are still more scandalized at the proselyting spirit of those sectaries, and at the hard words they utter.

Count de Pourtales complains that the principle of religious liberty, as put forth by the Homburg Conference, is highly contestable in itself, and bears an abstract character, political and philosophical, rather than strictly evangelical. A society addressing itself to Christians essentially, and claiming their co-operation, should, he says, have confined itself to seeking the realization of the apostolic prayer, "That the word of God may have free course;" it should have contented itself with seeking liberty for evangelical Christians of all nations and denominations, instead of setting up this abstract principle, which pleads for the exercise of Pagan idolatry as well as for the liberty of the sectarian conventicle, and which can never be realized in its absolute shape; the limits of the right of proselytism, and the determination of what are the acts which are to be tolerated as public worship, being necessarily arbitrary. He finally accuses the Conference of disuniting evangelical Christians, instead of drawing them together, by taking its stand upon a principle which the majority of religious men in Germany cannot countenance.

Dr. Merle D'Aubigné was requested by the Homburg Committee to reply to this Letter, which he did in March, 1854, addressing himself directly to M. de Bethmann, since he was the President of the *Kirchentag*, and since the Letter supposed to represent his views was not signed by the writer. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné contends that respect for the liberty of conscience, though recognised by worldly politicians and philosophers on lower grounds, is strictly a religious principle, founded upon the sovereign and exclusive rights of God over the conscience of man; so that every attempt to place the conscience in any degree under the dependence of a finite being, is an act of usurpation of the place of Him who has said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Of course the Prince has a right to interfere when political elements are concealed under the appearance of religion; or when, as in the case of the Church of Rome, they are inseparably connected with religion; but he has no authority to intrude upon sincere religious convictions. It is not in a few special passages, but throughout the New

Testament, that the assertion of the exclusive submission of consciences to the authority of God, and the obligation to remove all constraint from the domain of faith, are to be found. Jesus Christ says, "My kingdom is not of this world." He exclaims to His disciples who wanted to punish the unbelieving, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." He commands Peter to put his sword into its sheath. He declares that He would not pray the Father for legions of angels to help Him : how much less would He now ask for legions of police agents and *gendarmes*? Every passage in the New Testament that forbids the individual Christian's judging his brother, even in his thoughts, is an *à fortiori* condemnation of the more positive and palpable judgment of the Magistrate. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné quotes the well-known passage of Luther, in which the great Reformer protests against the idea of opposing heresy by force : "It is God's word that must fight here. If this word does not succeed, the secular power will lead to nothing, even though it should water the whole earth with blood. Heresy is a spiritual thing ; there is no steel that can cut it, no fire that can burn or water that can quench it. The word of God can alone affect it ; as St. Paul says to the Corinthians, 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal.' " Scripture has committed the judgment of offences against society to the Magistrate, and of certain offences of doctrine and morals to the Church : but in Germany the law is reversed ; there is no ecclesiastical discipline, and there is civil persecution ; the Church habitually leaves undone what she ought to do, and the State often does what it ought not.

M. de Bethmann Hollweg's answer, which is dated November 4th, 1854, and appeared in the February Number of the "Evangelical Christendom," is more like the production of a conscientious mind, consulting a friend privately upon a subject full of difficulties, than a document intended for publication. He says he can subscribe to most of the propositions contained in Merle D'Aubigné's Letter, but that there are some great difficulties which have not been treated in it. The Old Testament must be taken into consideration as well as the New. Now, with the extermination of the Canaanites and the capital punishment of every Israelite who forsook Jehovah, what becomes of the doctrine that religious liberty is the common right of humanity? Nothing ordained or permitted by the law of Moses can be supposed absolutely contradictory to the will of God. Since the Church has been intrusted with the charge of preaching the message of reconciliation, M. de Bethmann is disposed, on the whole, to admit that the charge of maintaining the first table of the law, regarding the relations of man with God, has been taken from the Magistrate ; but then it is impossible in practice to make an absolute separation between the two tables, religion and morality being essentially connected :

thus Governments have had to forbid the idolatrous practice of fornication and infanticide. "Nor can I deny," continues M. de Bethmann, "a guardianship of the State in favour of the Evangelical Church. Pomare was right when she sent away the Roman Catholic Missionaries in order to spare her people, yet in their infancy, the perilous responsibility of examining which of the two religions was the better. The question is a practical one, which can only be resolved by facts, and not by theoretical discussion; all depends upon the condition of the people. Happy the nation which, like the English, has reached such a degree of stability as regards Christian feeling and evangelical morals, that the civil Government can resign entirely to the natural action of free forces the care of repelling deadly error!"

It may be fearlessly assumed, that the readers of the "London Quarterly" do not need to be convinced of the great principle of religious liberty. Happily, all schools of evangelical Englishmen are of one mind upon a question settled by the dear-bought experience of our fathers. But it must be owned that M. de Bethmann's plausible argument from the Old Testament requires to be dealt with seriously. Moreover, when we see the majority of pious men in one of the most enlightened and thinking countries of the world so reluctant to receive the principle of complete toleration, there is a natural wish to investigate the cause of their unwillingness. That must be a subtle and persistent error indeed, which can operate upon minds like those of Bethmann Hollweg and Count Albert de Pourtales, the whole tenor of whose lives has been opposed to the retrograde and illiberal party with respect to every other subject, and even in a great measure with respect to this.

In Moral as well as in Natural Philosophy, the perfect and highly developed organic structure must be used to illustrate inferior types of the same class. Intolerance is at home at Rome, and it must be studied there if we would understand its true character, as well as the pleas urged in its favour; for in Protestant systems and countries it is in disguise, tempered and modified by foreign influences. It is the custom of many Romanists to look upon the cruelties perpetrated upon the adversaries of their Church, during the Middle Ages and the sixteenth century, as a stain upon the manners of the period merely; they do not recognise any close and inseparable connexion between the Church's theory and the practice of an Innocent or a Dominic; and this opinion is readily embraced by that class of liberal Protestants who, judging of others by themselves, have no idea of the strength of religious feelings, whether well or ill directed. The former must be told that, when a Church claiming to be infallible has formally and repeatedly committed itself to the principle of intolerance, none of her members are at liberty to disavow it. Not Popes merely, but

Popes in council, have declared the extermination of heretics a duty, and pronounced execrable and damnable all opinions to the contrary; so much so, that there is no doctrine whatever more absolutely asserted by the Church officially than this; and the moderate nominal Romanist who allows himself to dissent from it, might just as well set his individual judgment against that of the Church upon any other article of its creed. The liberal Protestant must be told, that the very central and fundamental conception of the Roman Catholic system must produce, as its natural and inevitable consequence, wherever it is dominant, those three great objects of sacerdotal ambition in the Middle Ages,—persecution of recusants at home, propagation of the faith by force abroad, and the supremacy of the religious over the civil power. If those objects are but very partially attainable in our modern world, it is because the principle itself has lost its power over the minds of men; half the world is anti-Catholic, and multitudes, who are Roman Catholics by birth and education, and who, in their indifference, are satisfied with the forms of the religion they have inherited, have never really imbibed its spirit.

The doctrine of the Papacy is this: God has intrusted the salvation of mankind to the Church, that is, to the clerical order. This salvation is essentially effected by the administration of the sacraments. The spiritual dominion exercised by the Church extends by right over the whole world; every human creature belongs to it as much as he belongs to the civil society of which he is born a member, without any choice of his own, both the one and the other being established of God. Lastly, the great mission of the Church is to make this right a fact, by bringing the entire race to obedience to their spiritual advisers, and to the habitual use of the sacraments, and by obtaining from all local civil Governments entire freedom of action for the universal spiritual Government. A bad logician may admit this theory, and deny its consequences; but no man can embrace it from the heart, and prize it as the great divine appointment for the everlasting weal of mankind, without approving its consequences, and desiring practically to follow them out. Why scruple at converting barbarians by the sword? The method has been successful; whole populations have been thus brought within reach of sacramental grace; and if the hearts of a first generation are too obdurate to profit by it, their descendants do. Why shudder at the fearful punishment of heretics? They are rebels, rebels against the highest and holiest authority: we must cut off the diseased member for the good of the whole body; we must punish those that would poison souls. Why be astonished at the assumption of a Priest's superiority over the Kings of the earth? Is he not a nearer representative of God, the possessor of a higher

order of authority, addressing itself to the deepest powers and susceptibilities of our nature? The King, as well as the peasant, in all his conduct comes under the cognizance of the authorized interpreter of the divine will. "The King of England," wrote Innocent III. to Philip Augustus, "thy brother in the faith, complains that thou hast sinned against him: he has given thee warning; he has taken as witnesses great Lords, in order to re-establish peace; and when that failed, he has accused thee to the Church. The Church has sought to employ paternal love, and not the severity of a Judge. She has entreated thee to conclude a peace, or, at least, a truce; and if thou wilt not hear the Church, must thou not be to us as a Pagan and a publican?" It is impossible to adopt the conception of the Church and its agency supposed in the Pope's reasoning, and not admit that his conclusion is just and scriptural. An expression constantly recurring in Innocent's letters, is that of "the liberty of the Church:" in its use he was not always wrong; for the pretensions of the spiritual power provoked reprisals and usurpations on the part of the temporal: but the phrase generally meant that the civil power was to walk out of the Church's way whenever they came into conflict. And so it ought, if it were true that the Creator of heaven and earth had founded the sacerdotal body, and given it the mission to take men and save them, as children are carried out of a burning house, with a merely passive co-operation of their own. The Priest does not want to be King; but he claims the right to reign over the King, which is the surest way of reigning; and, from his point of view, the great business of the secular arm—the reason for which it exists—is the repression of heresy. It is an *arm*, and no more.

Here are two systems in presence of each other. On the one, man belongs to himself, that he may give himself to God; the Church is the society formed by those who have freely given themselves to God; individual piety thus logically, even when not chronologically, preceding collective life; the knowledge of God in Jesus Christ being the introduction to the Church, and the ordinances of the latter being means of grace, the blessing of which depends upon the recipient's moral state and personal relation to God. On the other system, man belongs to the sacerdotal order, and the services of the Church are the only introduction to Jesus Christ: she is the nursing mother of His members, receiving them into her bosom before they are conscious of it, and feeding them with ordinances, the blessing of which is independent of the recipient's moral experiences. It is evident that conceptions so utterly at variance must make their opposition felt throughout the whole series of ecclesiastical relations, in the character of their proselytism, in their manner of dealing with the impenitent, in their attitude toward the heretic or

the Heathen. As has been already said, religious indifference may make the merely nominal Catholic tolerant, but the real Romanist must persecute wherever he has the power; he must interpret after the letter that favourite text of the Dominicans, "Compel them to come in." That is no misrepresentation which makes him say to his adversaries, "When you are the stronger, you ought to tolerate me; for it is your duty to tolerate truth. But when I am the stronger, I shall persecute you; for it is my duty to persecute error." What are Rome's doings in Spain and Italy at the present moment? Let the Romish Hierarchy become dominant in some distant island at the antipodes, away from all foreign influences and all excuse of political interest, and it will immediately exhibit its inevitable tendencies. In 1840 the inhabitants of the largest of the Marquesas, at the instigation of their Priests, expelled from the island the minority that had become Protestant. An infallible Church can persecute with a good conscience; for the infallibility of an authority implies its resistless evidence, so that it cannot be resisted without guilt, nor can it ever be mistaken in its blows. This is so true, that it is avowed by the most consistent ultramontane organs of England and the Continent, by the "Tablet," and more unreservedly still by the "*Univers*." Nay, the zeal of the Anglo-Catholic might shame many a lukewarm Romanist; for one of the symptoms of a thorough appropriation of the sacramental system among recreant Protestants, is a cordial approbation of the use of the sword against the Albigenses and their fellows, who dared to mar the unity of the Church. The late Dean Hurter retained the presidency of the Protestant Clergy at Schaffhausen for many years after he wrote his *Life of Innocent III.*; yet in that work he boldly advocates the propagation of Christianity by force, and, notwithstanding some hypocritical reserves, can hardly be said to conceal his sympathy with the Crusaders of Simon de Montfort and the Inquisitors of the Middle Ages.

A startling proof that a divinely established hereditary religion of authority must persecute those who dissent from it, is to be found in the fact that, when there really was such a religion, dissent was punished, and that with death. But here the argument is retorted, and we are asked what becomes of the principle that man belongs to himself, when, by the order of God, the Hebrew idolater was to be stoned to death? We answer, an abstract right may be left in abeyance for a time, through inability to make use of it. Man, for instance, has an undoubted right to the disposal of his own time and labour; yet the child is properly at the disposal, and under the authority, of his parents, until he is old enough to claim possession of that right, and become his own master. Now, we contend, the world collectively has an age, as well as individuals. Scripture

expressly recognises that there is such a thing as a "fulness of the time,"—a comparative maturity in the development of the human race, or, rather, of the divine purpose towards the race. St. Paul tells us, that the servant of God, under the Old Testament, was a child in bondage under the elements of the world. (Gal. iv. 1–4.) The external character of that religion, its hereditariness, its imposition, as such, by authority, were just so many symptoms and results of religious infancy; and if the Romanist can prove that Christianity is but a renewal of Judaism, that its disciples are placed under "tutors and governors," and kept away from God by a mediating *human* Priesthood, and that the time of adult religion is not yet come, then, indeed, he may be allowed to arm himself with the powers of the Hebrew Priesthood; and we must only wonder that Jesus Christ should have formally forbidden the eradication of real or supposed tares by violence, and rebuked even a spirit of exclusiveness, when it exhibited itself among His disciples. It is not necessary here to accumulate evidence to show that in all these respects the Christian religion stands in contrast to the Jewish; that it is the ministry of the spirit, not of the letter; that it is a final, not a preparatory, revelation; that it raises man to the highest form of religion that can ever be attained upon earth,—a state of conscious reconciliation, "fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ,"—a state into which no man can be introduced by either the privilege of birth or the exercise of violence,—a state in which the moral man is every thing, and the external observance nothing, except so far as it is the expression of the moral man.

We confess that if man belongs to himself, it is under God. He did not make himself, he did not determine his own nature or its primitive laws. He has an all-wise Master in Heaven; and as long as that Master enjoins upon him a religion involving, by express authority, certain definite external forms and observances, he must bow to that authority; and we cannot, in such a case, be reasonably surprised, if the Priest is the delegate of God in such sense, as to have the *judicial* united with the priestly character. But then we maintain that this condition of religious minority is not perpetual; that it is not the normal state of human society, but one rendered necessary, perhaps, for a time by the state of religious and moral degradation, into which mankind had fallen, when Moses became the organ of the first written revelation. The whole character of Mosaic legislation is that of systematic condescension towards certain conditions of man's fallen state, but with such limitations and appliances as to prepare for his emancipation from those conditions. This might be shown even in matters of detail. The permission of divorce, for instance, among the Jews was a concession to the hardness of the heart;—we have our Lord's authority for saying so;—yet, by

making a legal form necessary, it put a first obstacle in the way of arbitrary and capricious separations, and was really a step in the direction of their total prohibition. But it is the grand features of the economy, its human Priesthood, its symbolism, its temporal sanctions of the law, that essentially demonstrate the principle of divine condescension. The promise of temporal rewards to the faithful members of the theocracy stooped even to accustom the conscience to the divine government by present evidence, and give to the menaces and promises of the law that impress of reality which was, by-and-bye, to be confined to its eternal sanctions. Nay, the very thunders and lightnings of Sinai, with the terrors that shrouded the Divine Presence, and the law graven on tables of stone without the finger of man,—all are results of divine consideration for human weakness in this sense, that they forced attention and respect to utterances of God's holy will, which had once been written on the conscience, but were now well-nigh obliterated.

The forcible imposition of the Jewish religion on individual Jews, is no decision against the abstract principle of religious liberty; still less does it justify religious intolerance, unless the New Testament can be shown to authorize it. Happily, the New Testament leaves no doubt upon the subject. The parable of the tares is a distinct legislative utterance of Jesus Christ against the use of violence in matters of religion. It is the formal repeal of the "Thou shalt surely kill him" of the Mosaic economy. Real or supposed tares are not to be violently weeded out of the field, but left to the judgment of God at the end of the world. No human hand is to anticipate the work of the angels of wrath.

The establishment of unlimited religious liberty is in harmony with all the rest of the New Testament, just as the law of constraint, in respect to the Jewish people, was in harmony with the Old. The very distinguishing characteristic of the times of the Gospel, as hailed from afar by the spirit of prophecy, was that of personal and heartfelt conviction, in contrast with an external law imposed from without. "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall no more teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord." The law of the Jew, graven on tables of stone outside the man, stared him in the face as a dread menace against all disobedience, to be vindicated in this world as well as in that which is to come. The same law is written on the Christian's heart by the Spirit of God,—a divine attraction toward all truth and goodness; the power to understand, to appreciate, and to imitate the graces of the divine character revealed in Jesus Christ. On the system in which the wor-

shipper's offering is a kid or a goat, it would be possible for human hands to constrain him to bring his gift to the altar, though the Old Testament did not go so far; but when he has to offer himself, the sacrifice must be spontaneous, or it is no sacrifice at all; and the unbidden interference of human authority is a foolish and presumptuous intrusion upon ground sacred to the intercourse of God and the repentant soul. It supposes the Redeemer cannot win the poor sinner back to God without the help of the Magistrate,—a virtual denial of the faith, an insult upon Him who said, "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto Me,"—a substitution of the agency of the Holy Ghost for that of the police constable. Doubtless, all real religious life, under the Old Testament, was the work of the Holy Spirit, and an anticipation, to a certain extent, of Christian feeling; but the object of faith was not sufficiently revealed, nor that life sufficiently intense, to stand alone. It is since Jesus Christ has taken our nature, suffered, and risen again, that the darkness is past; that the true light shines, and needs no other authority than its own rays. Hence Christianity was introduced into the world, and had to force its way, in a manner altogether different from Judaism. The dispensation of external authority began by a series of wonderful providential deliverances, setting upon an entire nation an impress that could never be effaced. The dispensation of individual conviction began by the preaching of twelve fishermen in the midst of a hostile community; its confessors a minority struggling for existence, three centuries long, against the Magistrate, the Priest, and the people of every country in the world. In both cases the original principle of the dispensation is exhibited anew with every successive generation. Men were Jews by birth: they become Christians by conversion. The Jew found himself providentially placed under the influence of a system which took his adhesion for granted, and allowed him no choice in the matter. The Christian has become what he is by personal appropriation of the truth providentially placed within his reach. The contrast cannot be better expressed than in the suggestive words of the Saviour: "The law and the prophets were until John: since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it," or, as it is put elsewhere, "the violent take it by force." The kingdom in its legal or preparatory state was a fortress, within the walls of which the Jew found himself by birth: since the kingdom has been fully revealed, we find ourselves outside, and the fortress must be taken by storm.

While recognising a certain *apparent* resemblance between the papal intolerance of Rome and the theocratic legislation by which the Hebrews were governed, we must not forget their essential differences. The law of Moses never attached an idea of merit

to the fact of belonging to the Jewish community ; it attributed no sacramental virtue, in regard to personal salvation, to its initiatory rite ; it furnished the dying with no passport to eternity. It provided for its infant society imposing ceremonies as the means of drawing near to God, but not as possessing any efficacy independent of the moral state of the worshipper ; still less did it pretend to transfer to some members of the community the superfluous merits of others. Indeed, the law provided, in itself, no final relief whatever for the conscience. It was not so much a religion as the preparation for one, the character of expectancy being dominant throughout ; as if the saying of Abraham, " In the mountain of the Lord it shall be provided," had been written on the frontispiece of the sanctuary. It was a national, civil, and religious polity, intended to serve a grand providential purpose, irrespective of the religious life of the several generations who were born under it ; and for that reason it was not imposed upon foreign nations, nor spread beyond given geographical limits. It encouraged, in their case, nothing beyond peaceful proselytism. Of course the action of the law upon the conscience served a religious purpose ; but we mean to say, that its forcible imposition upon the reluctant among the Jews merely served a providential purpose. In short, the sword was drawn under the Old Testament to sustain among them a certain established order of things, desirable as a preparation for the religion that was to come ; but now that the expected religion has come, it uses no other power than that of the Holy Spirit in connexion with its own inherent authority over the conscience, and its own ineffable attraction for the weary and heavy-laden. Its ambassadors use only the language of entreaty : " As though God did beseech you by us ; we pray you in Christ's stead : " it repudiates, by virtue of its own essence, the mediation of both the human priest and the human magistrate. The voice of the Great High Priest Himself has been heard ; He pleads for Himself, and brooks no officious intervention.

When Elijah called down fire from heaven upon the soldiers of Ahaziah, his prayer was granted. Jesus Christ refused to do the same. The Church of Rome has had no fire from heaven at her disposal ; but she has known how to kindle from below the mightiest fires that ever consumed the martyrs of either truth or error. And she has not done so honestly and avowedly ; but she has added hypocrisy to cruelty, delivering her victims to the secular arm with a recommendation to mercy, as if conscious of the outrage she was perpetrating upon the memory of Him who never crushed the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax. It is the accompanying retribution of sundry crimes, that the guilty are obliged to do homage to the right by useless and gratuitous hypocrisy. In the present instance, the professed tenderness of the Church can hardly be

said to have been meant to deceive the world; and it soon degenerated into perhaps the most atrocious irony in which cruelty, when in a mood to be facetious, ever indulged:—we mean the recommendation to punish the convicted heretic mildly, and without bloodshed. The technical form ran, “*Ut quàm clementissimè et citra sanguinis effusionem puniretur,*” because the most cruel of all deaths drew no blood!

When once the human mind is perverted with respect to the rights of the conscience, the transition to other and to darker forms of religious abuse is but too easy. If I may use violence against the convictions of another, why not craft? Then pious frauds are lawful. If salvation depends upon submission to a given order of things, and a little charlatanism can bring about that submission, who would scruple at deceiving souls for their everlasting good? Again, if the Church can wield the power of the State to punish heretics, why not avail itself of the strength of a single arm, when the State refuses to do its duty? We can understand why so many assassins and regicides were in odour of sanctity during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; why the Jesuits exposed the relics of Jaureguy to the adoration of the faithful, and the University of Louvain published “the glorious and triumphant martyrdom of Balthazar Gerard.”

That God should have revealed Himself during so many ages to a single people, and deferred for the same period the mission of the Saviour, has been a difficulty to many minds. We would suggest that the very existence of Romanism is a present and intelligible justification of the ways of God in this respect. Men were so far from having waited too long for Jesus Christ, that even after He appeared, they attempted to return to the elementary and imperfect form from which He came to deliver them. Romanism is a relapse into Judaism, modified by certain Christian, and many Pagan, elements. It is the beginning over again of the preparatory religious education that ought to have terminated. The Apostles were no sooner gone, than their followers showed themselves incapable of maintaining the position to which they had been raised, and gradually fell back upon a system which prolonged and repeated over again the spiritual minority of the human race. Its advocates boast of its disciplining rude and ignorant nations; and it must be owned that its unfaithfulness to the spirit of the Gospel, and its compromises with multiplied forms of evil, did not render it altogether unfit to serve the purposes of Providence, since it trained up the Germanic races to the point at which they asserted their independence, and began to realize worship “in spirit and in truth.” This we may assert, that Christendom prolonged its minority by its own fault; that, as Israel of old took forty years to accomplish an eleven days’ journey, so the subsequent professing people of God

inflicted on themselves a weary march of centuries, only attaining, after generations had perished by the way, the stand-point which from the first had been within easy reach. The very pretensions of Rome are its emphatic condemnation; while professing to be the definitive religious system, its attitude towards the conscience shows it to be but a provisional satisfaction of the religious aspirations, the religion of those who are incapable of having the right one.

It is time to turn from the lofty and consistent theocracy of Rome to the timid theories of Germany. We would wish to meet adversaries so different as M. de Bethmann Hollweg and Messrs. Veuillot or Lucas with different weapons; but their principle is so far the same, that we are unwillingly obliged to refute them by the same argument,—the temporary and preparatory character of the Jewish dispensation. M. de Bethmann Hollweg and the Ultramontanes agree in looking upon the abstract legitimacy of religious intolerance as established by the capital punishment of idolatry under the Old Testament. The former, however, supposes the right of persecution, in a great measure, suspended, or kept in abeyance, by the peculiarities of the Christian dispensation; while the latter argues that his Church succeeds to all the privileges of the Jewish; and, since it is a sin against greater light to reject the Vicar of Jesus Christ than the Pontiff of Jehovah, it is just that the heretic should be burned by fire, instead of the milder death by lapidation.

“No more *auto-da-fé*,” says M. de Bethmann Hollweg: “God has taken from the Magistrate the charge of maintaining the first table of the law.” If this verdict were not modified by subsequent passages, we should have no controversy, except one of words,—the mere way of stating the question; and doubtless M. de Bethmann Hollweg himself would feel, on reflection, that, since the Christian revelation is final and absolute, one must take the rule from Christianity, and look upon Jewish legislation as a temporary exception, instead of taking, as he does, the rule from Judaism, and making Christian practice the exception. Unfortunately, however, this liberal verdict is more than modified by the sequel. M. de Bethmann Hollweg says, that a first limit is set to religious liberty by the fact, that you cannot absolutely separate religion and morality; and that it is on this principle that the State has a right to forbid idolatry, fornication, and infanticide: in the second place, he cannot give up “a guardianship of the State in favour of the Evangelical Church.” As to the first point, we must deny that there is the least practical difficulty in distinguishing between religion and morals, as matters of legislation. When our Government interdicted the cruel practice of Sutteeism in India, it did not do so because it was irreligious, but because it was inhuman. As to the second point, our honourable adversary must admit that any kind of

civil guardianship implies the use of violence upon the refractory. Wherever the Magistrate has a right to interfere, he must, if necessary, punish. To use his own illustration, had Roman Catholic Missionaries stolen into Tahiti, they should have been hindered from preaching, and forcibly sent away at the first opportunity: yet when he sees the Magistrates actually at work, he disapproves of their proceedings; he expressly condemns what he calls "the brutalities of the police" towards the German Baptists. We must say this is not reasonable. If the worthy M. de Hassenpflug, with his fellows and subordinates in Hesse and Mecklenburg, have a right to interfere with the worship of Dissenters, how can they do so otherwise than by brutalities? The secret of this inconsistency is, that M. de Bethmann Hollweg's character is too noble to allow him to bear with the application of his own theory; but, like many other Christians of Germany, he has not moral courage enough to verify, even in his own consciousness, the degree of emancipation from long-cherished prejudices to which he has attained.

"A guardianship of the State in favour of the Evangelical Church:" then, why not a guardianship of the State in favour of the Church of Rome? And in cases of error, supposed to be really deadly, why is the Magistrate to restrict himself to the infliction of slight punishments? If it be part of his mission to distinguish between religious truth and error, he is bound to turn the bolt of the guillotine, as well as the key of the prison. As Mr. Macaulay asks, in his review of Gladstone's "Church and State," "Is the heresiarch a less pernicious member of society than the murderer? Is not the loss of one soul a greater evil than the extinction of many lives?" If it is your duty to restrain, it is your duty to punish; and, if you punish at all, it must be with a severity in proportion to the importance of the offence. If you plead the Jewish law to justify any present interference of Government with religion, it must equally justify the use of capital punishment for the same purpose. The fact is, that the hardy Ultramontanism which burns the heretic, or breaks him upon the wheel, which, in the Middle Ages, sacrifices whole populations without remorse, and, in modern times, condemns them to the sternest exile, is the only effectual, as well as the only consistent, theocracy which can now be assumed. It succeeded with the Albigenses; it succeeded with the Lollards; it extirpated Protestantism in Spain and Italy; it crushed the Reformation in France and Southern Germany; within our own remembrance, it purged the Tyrol and Madeira from the invasion of heresy: but the system of mere governmental pressure and annoyance has never succeeded in stifling the most insignificant community, in any age, or in any country, where it has been tried. It has never even been

tried with sufficient perseverance, because it is founded on no principle. Where is the Government that dares claim the proprietorship of the soul?

As a matter of fact, judging from an evangelical point of view, most of the Governments in the world have been in the wrong upon religious subjects, and the consequences of their intervention deplorable. Moreover, in those fewer cases in which good men have tried to "fight the battles of truth with the weapons of error," they have been almost invariably disappointed. Pomare's guardianship ruined the Protestant Church she intended to protect. Certainly, if the interference of the civil power could be justified in any case, it would be in that of Tahiti. The Island Queen exercised no violence over the consciences of her own subjects, none of them having any disposition to become Roman Catholics: she only tried to protect them from an invasion of foreign proselytizers,—an act which cannot be compared to the spiritual despotism of the petty Sovereigns of Germany. Pomare's fault did not consist in a violation of religious liberty, but in a *want of faith*: she supposed herself to be the Providence of her subjects, and undertook, by a stretch of prerogative, to keep them out of the reach of those trials and perilous responsibilities, which are, by divine appointment, conditions of human probation, and from which, it seems, there is no escape, even in the remotest corner of the Pacific. From Eden to Tahiti, there is no Paradise without the tempter.

In Germany, the principle of religious liberty is chiefly put forward by men who are hostile to all religion, and who only wish to escape from the yoke of legal Christianity. This leads many excellent Christians to attach to that principle the idea of a spirit of antichristian revolt and antagonism to the righteous claims of God. But if they would consent to take in a wider horizon, they would remember that the Christian apologists of the second and third centuries laid hold of the same principle in the interests of Christianity. After the lapse of nearly seventeen centuries, the banner of freedom of conscience needs no better device than the noble words of Tertullian, "*Non est religionis cogere religionem.*" We would set the infidel free from legislative vexations, as well as the Dissenter. We wish for the reign of religious liberty throughout the world; not that man may escape from the authority of God, but that the divine authority may be immediate and real, instead of being mediate and fictitious. "My son," said Louis XIV. to the Duke of Anjou, when going to reign in Spain, "it is God who has made you King: make Him reign in your dominions." This was, in reality, to substitute the authority of the Duke of Anjou for that of God. In whatever measure such a guardianship of the Church is attempted, it betrays unbelief in the power of God to make His claims duly felt, and, as far as human agency is concerned,

unbelief in the efficacy of the agency that God has instituted for the purpose. Neither Louis XIV., nor the respected President of the *Kirchentag*, can trust in "the foolishness of preaching."

The expression, "atheistic State," was first used by M. Royer Collard, a late eminent Frenchman, who was so far from being hostile to Christianity, that he belonged, if we mistake not, to the remnant of the Jansenists. He meant that the State, as such, ought to have no religion; but it must be owned that the expression was a most unhappy one, conveying the idea of deliberate opposition to religion, instead of that of the State's respectful non-interference with a higher sphere than its own. Of course those ill-timed words have been caught up, and are made great use of, by the illiberal party in Germany; but they are only *words*. The State cannot be called anti-industrial, or anti-musical, or anti-medical, if it abstains from spinning cotton, or composing waltzes, or prescribing potions: as little can a State which leaves its subjects' creed and worship to their own consciences be called anti-religious. Few causes, indeed, have been so much discredited by the arguments of their advocates, as is that of toleration on the Continent. Irreligious men of liberal tendencies make it rest on the unimportance of religious interests, the uncertainty of religious ideas, the innocence of doctrinal error. A man's faith, it is pretended, is not of his own choosing; it depends upon intellectual predispositions and upon the medium in which he has been brought up; and it is as unreasonable to make him responsible for it, as for the height of his stature or the colour of his hair. This view of the matter is especially common in France: it is hardly necessary to say, we disclaim all participation in it. Faith determines a man's relation to God and his whole inner life. We are persuaded that the moral evidence of Christianity is decisive for the sincere inquirer, and that they who refuse to admit it are responsible to God for having shut their eyes to the truth; but we contend that they are not responsible to man, and that the higher responsibility becomes all the more prominent and imperative when there is no intrusion of the lower. Of course, in minor matters of discussion among Christian communities, at least among those who confess themselves fallible, the relative uncertainty of their views has its legitimate place as a motive to tolerance, in that sense of the word which is opposed to dogmatism.

Taking Dr. Stahl as the representative of the High-Church party in Germany, it is not too much to say, that the whole argumentation of the party, with respect to religious liberty, rests upon a sophism, which any person of ordinary intelligence ought to be able to detect at once, and which, when detected, is too obvious to be repeated, except by unreasoning passion. In a speech recently delivered before the Evangelical Society of Berlin,

this celebrated lawyer affirms, that the State ought not to allow the profession of any religious belief based on Atheism or Deism ; and, as to Christian sects not recognised by the State, "tolerance does not consist in recognising a man's *right of choice as to religious belief*, but in allowing, or tolerating, his peculiar religious condition, that is to say, his *religious consciousness*, however erroneous it may be." And again: "The *Christian* tolerance of the State, then, in its nature and its consequences, is altogether different from that taught by Bayle and Locke, and which was practised by Jefferson in America, and in the French Revolution. The *profane* tolerance of a State is an ignoring of divine revelation ; it consists in considering as matters of equal indifference all possible religions and religious opinions, and in recognising man's absolute right of choice in religious matters." What is this but to mistake the assertion of man's religious independence with regard to his fellows, for the assertion of independence with regard to God? We say, that a man is not responsible for his religion to his Prince, and Dr. Stahl supposes us to mean that a man is not responsible to God! The right of choice as to religious belief, at which he shudders, ignores, not the divine revelation, but the apostolate of the civil power,—that presumptuous usurpation of the place of Almighty God, of which Kings, *cultus*-Ministers, and Governments of every nature have been too long guilty. "We have chosen," said the Republic of Berne, three hundred years ago, "We have chosen the Reformed Evangelical Religion for ourselves, and for our faithful subjects of the *Pays de Vaud*!"

The opinion of the moderate party, that the question of religious, like that of political, liberty is an experimental one, to be determined by the degree of moral advancement to which a nation has attained, is not without an appearance of reason ; but it is really founded upon a superficial and false analogy to political rights. The suffrage gives men a power, through their representatives, of legislating for others ; it does not merely concern the private weal of the individual, but, so far as it goes, is an exercise of sovereignty. And before such powers are put into the hands of men, one ought to be sure that they are qualified to use them intelligently and conscientiously. But the right to worship God according to one's conscience gives no power of control over others ; it is exercised at the individual's own peril, and is properly to be compared, not to constitutional privileges, but to the most elementary of civil liberties,—the right to dispose of one's own time and labour. Our German brethren will not allow men to belong to themselves, unless in those countries where it may be hoped that they will use their liberty to give themselves to God. But such a precaution, without the divine warrant, is an intolerable usurpation. When once individual responsibility is recognised to be the principle of the Christian dispensation, it

must be the rule every where. In no one corner of the wide field of this world are tares to be treated otherwise than according to the Master's directions, under pretence that the wheat flourishes there less than elsewhere. Would that our brethren could learn what an important previous condition of the religious life of our own land is that liberty which they look upon with distrust ! If they did so, the public mind of their country would certainly be less tolerant of deadly error than it is ; for it is the tendency of human nature, when deprived of liberty in one direction, to seek it in another. Things are introverted in Germany. Tolerance and intolerance have changed their legitimate spheres. The most innocent religious *acts* are forbidden by Governments, the wildest and most impious *opinions* are looked upon with indifference by the public, and each extreme of the anomaly contributes to produce the other.

"It is on the patriarchal basis," says M. de Pourtales, "that the absolute Governments in many countries of Europe are founded ; and the number who, even among sincere and enlightened evangelical Christians, admit, to a certain extent, this paternal system, is considerable enough to win forbearance for their opinion, or, if you will have it so, for their prejudice. Let me add, it is with the commandment, 'Honour thy father,' &c., that the Doctors of the Reform, as well as the Fathers, connect the doctrine of authority and its consequences ; and that it is upon the resemblance between the State and the family that they establish the obligation of the Christian to submit to Princes and Magistrates. If there are bad Princes, there are also bad fathers. But those accidents, however frequent, cannot overthrow one of the first principles of Christian morals." This paragraph offers an instance of the vacillation so frequent with persons who treat practical subjects with reference to instinctive fears or preferences, rather than fixed principles. Neither of the eminent men with whom we are compelled to differ, ever seems to know exactly what ground he is to take up. They will neither practise their illiberal theory, nor justify their liberal practice. M. de Pourtales habitually speaks as a mere interpreter of the views of others ; and, in the present passage, he begins by claiming respect for the doctrine of paternal government, only on account of the piety of some of its adherents, and without committing himself to it ; but in a sentence or two, when it has begun to look plausible under his pen, he expresses himself as if he actually adopted it. The English reader hardly needs to be told, the thing to be proved is, that Governments are religiously adult, and their subjects infants ; and that the former are commissioned to choose the religion of the latter, or even to exercise superintendence over it. Whatever other Doctors may teach, St. Paul forgot the analogy between the State and the family, when he treated the subject expressly, in the thirteenth

chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and settled the evil obligations of the Christian on the grounds on which *he* would have them to rest. If the patriarchal principle is to be admitted at all, it involves consequences from which M. de Pourtales shrinks as much as any body. In the first place, it implies a control of the State over the subject to an extent contrary to the whole spirit of modern society; and in the second place, it makes downright and positive persecution a duty. Let Mr. Macaulay state both consequences in his own lively way: "We do not understand why rulers should not assume all the functions which Plato assigned to them. Why should they not take away the child from the mother, select the nurse, regulate the school, overlook the playground, fix the hours of labour and of recreation, prescribe what ballads shall be sung, what tunes shall be played, what books shall be read, what physic shall be swallowed?" And again: "The right of propagating opinions by punishment is one which belongs to parents, as clearly as the right to give instruction. A boy is compelled to attend family worship; he is forbidden to read irreligious books; if he will not learn his catechism, he is sent to bed without his supper; if he plays truant at church-time, a task is set him; if he should display the precocity of his talents by expressing impious opinions before his brothers and sisters, we should not much blame his father for cutting short the controversy with a horsewhip. All the reasons which lead us to think that parents are peculiarly fitted to conduct the education of their children, and that education is a principal end of the parental relation, lead us also to think that parents ought to be allowed to use punishment, if necessary, for the purpose of forcing children, who are incapable of judging for themselves, to receive religious instruction and to attend religious worship. Why, then, is this prerogative of punishment, so eminently paternal, to be withheld from a paternal government?"

It is strange, that while M. de Bethmann Hollweg and Count Albert de Pourtales suppose themselves to refrain from asserting abstract principles, they really establish the principle of persecution, with a clause of exception during the Christian period, at least, under certain conditions, and in certain states of society; just as we, on the contrary, establish the principle of liberty, with a clause of exception for the infant economy of Judaism. That is to say, their principle is as abstract as ours, with the serious additional demerit of being the wrong one. The fact is, men cannot help having principles, or rather, they cannot help acting in ways that can only be justified or condemned on abstract reasons. When the intelligence is exercised, it must end by coming to ultimate grounds, and pronouncing things right or wrong, instead of leaving them "pinnaeled dim in the intense inane." Doubtless ours is a most concrete world; a

whole series of various and sometimes conflicting considerations bears upon every given point of human conduct ; and a strong practical mind is sometimes inclined to fasten too exclusively upon the principal consideration, brushing aside the rest, and so far rendering its conceptions imperfect. But no combination of circumstances can change right into wrong, or *vice versâ*. There may be an infinite variety of shades between black and white, and our German brethren are, perhaps, far more capable than Englishmen of discerning and pondering over and hesitating between them ; and they can certainly demonstrate that absolute blackness and whiteness are nowhere to be met with in the creation ; yet we shall continue resolutely to maintain the distinction. Englishmen will believe in black and white as long as the world lasts.

As an instance of the sterility of abstract principles, M. de Pourtales reminds his readers that the axiom, "All men ought to be free and equal," was first proclaimed in the Constitution of the United States ; yet it is there that, after a lapse of eighty years, four millions of human beings are groaning under the most unmitigated slavery in the world. This is indeed a sad proof that men may be inconsistent with the best principles ; but is it a proof that the axiom itself is wrong ? Will M. de Pourtales or M. de Bethmann Hollweg take upon them to deny that all men ought to be free ? It would be impossible to choose an illustration telling more directly against the purpose for which it is made ; for it reminds us that a man has exactly the same right to the free use of his hands, and the free exercise of his religion ; that the slavery of the limbs, and that of the conscience, are not merely similar, but identical, in principle,—various aspects of the same *paternal government*. He ought, in all consistency, to conclude from the example of the Old Testament, that slavery cannot be condemned on abstract principle ; he should also, perhaps, show the same indulgence to polygamy. Neither slavery, nor, as *some* think, polygamy, nor authoritative hereditary religion, could be prohibited in the Old Testament ; but a religion which was being prepared in the Old Testament, has led up modern Christian society to a moral elevation, at which all these are condemned alike, and for ever. M. de Pourtales writes, "Do not conclude from what precedes that I am opposed in principle to religious liberty. I believe in its future, as in that of all other liberties." Believe in its *future*, then why not believe in its *present* right ? If Providence is engaged in preparing religious liberty as a *fact*, we cannot be wrong in maintaining the *principle* ; and it is at least probable, that Providence will use among its instruments those who believe in the principle.

Englishmen hitherto have been but too slow in adopting abstract principles. No people has a stronger consciousness of the degree to which experience falls short of theory, or sets a

greater value upon sobriety in theorizing. The greatest changes registered among the remembrances of the nation, have always been effected on the most modest possible grounds; while our long and busy political experience has accustomed us to perpetual compromises. The Roundheads professed nothing about the rights of men, but claimed the legal rights of Englishmen; the parties who spoke most about the Constitution during the seventeenth century, gradually changed the relation of the orders of the State; the Dissenters had to refuse the boon of religious liberty from the hand of James II.; Whigs and Tories were, for four reigns, almost uninterruptedly in circumstances such as tempted them to act in opposition to their several speculative tendencies. In short, our whole education, as a people, has served to strengthen a native and original want of sympathy with *ultraists* and ideologists of all sorts. But this exclusively practical character has proved to be our weakness as well as our strength. We are wont not to recognise evils and abuses until they have become palpable and intolerable; and we refuse to do justice to the wisest ideas, until their utility has been proved by experience under every disadvantage. Our contempt for pedantry too often keeps us aloof from science; and our dread of speculation condemns us to routine. England received a first warning at the Great Exhibition not to trust to routine in art and industry; she has just learned, at the price of her best blood, a lesson on the deplorable consequences of routine in war. Many generations of Englishmen have been suffering the consequences of routine in law. Surely, under these circumstances, we may claim a right to be deaf to all declamations against abstract principles.

The question naturally presents itself: "By what right can those who do not admit the principle of toleration interfere with foreign Governments in behalf of their own persecuted co-religionists?" The Member of the Deputation to Tuscany anticipates this difficulty. He answers, briefly and vaguely, that he takes his right of intercession from the Gospel. It is the truth that is attacked, and it is in the name of the truth that he will protest. That is to say, you will tell the Grand Duke of Tuscany to empty his prisons, because Protestants are in the right! But what if His Highness should be honestly and irrevocably convinced that Protestants are in the wrong? You help him out with his own theory of intolerance: you give him a reason for liberating your persecuted brethren, which he cannot admit without violating his conscience. It is true, there are the most illustrious precedents for this singular plea. The Reformers did not protest against spiritual tyranny in the abstract, but merely against the tyranny of Rome. In the hour of their inexperience, they naively asserted the right of private judgment for those only who agreed with them, and claimed, from the Princes of

Europe, toleration, nay, supremacy, because theirs was the religion of the Bible. "Let the Homburg Conference claim liberty for the truth only," says M. de Pourtales, "and your German brethren will rally around you. Better," he continues, "the narrow path, the three hundred of Gideon, than the larger number of mere worldly liberals that may follow your banner for a time." That is to say, let the Homburg Conference give up principle, and it will be sustained, in some of its proceedings, by a larger amount of instinctive sympathy and prejudice, and it will be gratified with the old humiliating spectacle of Protestants refusing to each other at home what they unite in vain to claim abroad. No; the Conference has chosen the really narrow path, and it is the little band of friends of religious liberty in Germany who have the best right to compare themselves with Gideon's three hundred.

Abstract religious liberty bears to the liberty of the evangelical Christian the same relation that pure Deism bears to Christianity: that is, the former, insufficient when alone, is presupposed as the foundation of the latter. But men are slow to assert the noblest and highest of their rights, because it involves their deepest responsibility, and because it comes into conflict with cherished habits and strong passions. As Vinet says, "We are all tyrants in the bud:" how many are full-grown! Bossuet could say, without exaggeration, that all Christians had long been unanimous as to the right of the civil Magistrate to propagate truth by the sword. No sooner had the Christians of the fourth century escaped from the axe, the stake, the cross, and the jaws of the wild beasts of the amphitheatre, than they began to persecute the heterodox, with much less cruelty, it must be owned, than that of which they had themselves been victims. No sooner did the Reform get the upper hand in any country, than it retorted upon the Church of Rome, to a certain extent, the penal laws by which its own adherents had suffered; and it visited with a rod of iron all attempts at further reformation, all departures from a given official model. To use the strong language of the author of "Fanaticism," "Even if the Church of Rome is unrivalled in cruelty, she is not alone in it, but has been, if not eclipsed, at least worthily followed by each offset Church, and by almost every dissident community. Those who have gone off to the remotest point of doctrine and polity, whose rule of belief and duty has been in every article the antithesis of Rome; and those, too, that have filled the interval at every distance from the extremes; all have wrought, in their day, the engine of spiritual oppression; all have shown themselves, in the hour of their pride, intolerant and merciless." Perhaps it is not generally known, that the last execution of heretics *by fire* in England took place so late as seventy years after the Reformation. One

Bartholomew Legate, an Arian of blameless life, was burnt to death at Smithfield, on the 18th of March, 1612, after having been examined by King James in person, and declared a contumacious and obdurate heretic by Bishop King, in his Consistory at St. Paul's. A pardon was offered him at the stake if he would recant, but he refused it. On the 11th of the following month, Edward Wightman, being convicted by Dr. Neile, Bishop of Coventry, of the heresies of Arius, Cerinthus, Manichæus, and the Anabaptists, was burnt at Lichfield. The whole procedure was exactly that which used to be practised under the Church of Rome, as the reader may see by the writ *De Heretico comburendo*, addressed to the Sheriffs of London, in the case of Legate, which concludes as follows:—

“Whereas the holy Mother-Church hath not further to do and to prosecute on this part, the same reverend Father hath left the aforesaid Bartholomew Legate, as a blasphemous heretic, to our secular power, to be punished with condign punishment, as by the Letters Patent of the same reverend Father in Christ, the Bishop of London, in this behalf above made, hath been certified to us in our Chancery. We, therefore, as a zealot of justice, and a defender of the Catholic faith, and willing to maintain and defend the Holy Church, and the rights and liberties of the same, and the Catholic faith; and such heresies and errors every where, what in us lieth, to root out and extirpate, and to punish with condign punishment such heretics so convicted; and deeming that such a heretic, in form aforesaid convicted and condemned according to the laws and customs of this our kingdom of England in this part accustomed, ought to be burned with fire; we do command you that the said Bartholomew Legate, being in your custody, you do commit publicly to the fire, before the people, in a public and open place in West Smithfield, for the cause aforesaid; and that you cause the said Bartholomew Legate to be really burned in the same fire, in detestation of the said crime, for the manifest example of other Christians, lest they slide into the same fault; and this that in nowise you omit, under the peril that shall follow thereon. Witness,” &c.

It is not necessary to speak of that long struggle of the Puritans, to which Englishmen owe all their liberties: every body knows that for a century and a half *the pointed sword of spiritual justice*, borne before British Monarchs at their coronation, was no vain symbol. It was thought to be lineally descended from Peter's sword, and certainly made as free with the ears of Puritans, as Peter did with those of Malchus. But what creates a most painful astonishment, is the existence of a fierce intolerance in quarters where one would never have expected it beforehand. No sooner had the Westminster Assembly agreed upon a direction for prayer (1645), than the

Long Parliament forbade the use of the Church-of-England Liturgy even in any private place or family, under penalty of five pounds fine for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and a year's imprisonment for the third. At the same time Baptists were imprisoned by wholesale. The following years witnessed repeated discussions as to whether Independents and Baptists should be tolerated. The Westminster Assembly decided in the negative. The Ministers of Sion College wrote to the Assembly against "that great Diana," toleration: they say, "Not that we can harbour the least jealousy of your zeal, fidelity, and industry in the opposing and extirpating of such a root of all gall and bitterness, as toleration is, and will be, both in present and future ages." The Elders and Ministers of London assembled represent the idea of toleration as contrary to godliness, opening a door to libertinism and profaneness, to be rejected as *soul-poison*. Many other provincial assemblies of the Clergy echoed this language, and the Scottish Parliament expressed itself as strongly in a letter to the two Houses. Even Prynne, that martyr of Puritanism, who had been mutilated twice over in the pillory by the hangman's knife, even *he* maintained that the Independents and all others were bound to Presbyterianism, since the Parliament and Assembly had established it. And the Independents, in their turn, after crossing the Atlantic to secure liberty of conscience for themselves, inflicted fines on the ship captains who should be detected carrying Quakers or Baptists to the shores of New England, and even menaced with death members of those communities who should persist in remaining within their frontiers!

Amid all those deplorable aberrations, however, there can be detected a gradual mitigation of the principle of intolerance. The Church of Rome, in her palmy days, claimed a right of *search* over the conscience, interrogating persons who had committed no overt act of Dissent, and punishing them for the heresies they had allowed in their thoughts. The national Churches of the Reformation contented themselves with the obligation laid upon all the subjects of the State to attend their worship, and participate in their ordinances. Later and humbler communities went no farther than the prohibiting Dissenters from meeting for public worship, or publicly performing religious ceremonies. Thus, absolute orthodoxy, positive external conformity, negative conformity,—these are the three several requirements of religious despotism, in its successive stages of empire and decay.

It ought not to be a matter of astonishment that our German brethren, accustomed as they are to absolute power in civil government, should retain prejudices which exhibited such persistence among our own free self-governing people. The past

history of Germany, as M. de Pourtales shows, could not be expected to teach its people religious liberty, as completely as our history has taught it to us Englishmen. The conflict between the two great Confessions in that country was neither as bloody nor as obstinate as in other parts of Europe. The horrors of even the Thirty Years' War were not equivalent to those perpetrated by Tudors and Stuarts, Valois and Bourbons. In England, and in France, the Roman Catholics endeavoured to exterminate the Protestants; and the latter, when they had it in their power, tried at least vigorously to exclude the former. In Germany, on the contrary, the first generation of Protestants witnessed a provisional pacification; and since the Peace of Westphalia, a century later, there have been few mutual vexations. It is natural that the people which has suffered least from intolerance, should be slowest to feel the necessity for absolute toleration; while in England and in France persecution has turned out to be the school of religious liberty. The experiment was bloodiest in France. It was most complete in England, because here the Reform turned its arms against part of its own adherents. In both countries, after long trying to govern consciences by rigorous laws and sanguinary executions, Government has at last withdrawn, nearly or altogether, from the domain of religion. In Germany it still considers itself the religious guardian of the subject; and the claim is less resisted, because it has been less abused. Both the comparative reciprocal tolerance of the Catholics and Protestants of Germany, and their indisposition to make that tolerance universal,—those two characteristic phenomena,—result from the historical education of that people; and, it may be added, those feelings re-act upon each other. The Protestant who has broken less decidedly with Rome, and entertains some faint hope of a future reconciliation of the two Confessions, is inevitably disposed to view with irritation the intrusion of elements, the spread of which would render reconciliation impossible. The few pages devoted to the historical part of the subject by M. de Pourtales, are satisfactory, as an exposition of facts; but it is strange that he should not feel the import of the facts he so ably exposes. It may be summarily said, that, according to his own statement, the religious education of Germany, like its political, has been imperfect. A Letter from Germany against the principle of religious liberty as held by the evangelical Christians of England, France, and Switzerland, is simply the protestation of *inexperience* against the most precious, the most neglected, and the most dearly-bought of all our liberties. We trust it is part of the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race, to teach Germany, and the world, the recognition of God's sole authority over the human conscience, and the conscience's sole responsibility to God.

ART. V.—1. *Lectures on Ancient Art.* By RAOUL-ROCHETTE. Translated by H. M. WESTROPP, Esq. London: A. Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

2. *The Poetry of Christian Art.* Translated from the French of A. F. RIO. London: Bosworth. 1854.

WHAT is Art?

It is the ideal reflection of Nature. Not the mere literal imitation of its actual presentment; nor the production, by mechanical means, of effects supposed to be equivalent to those of Nature; for then the camera would throw into despair the laborious sons of genius, and the coloured wax casts of Madame Tussaud outvalue all the reliques of ancient sculpture. No: Art is the reflection, or mimetic exhibition, of the appearances or sensible impressions of Nature, according to the *ideas, spirit,* and *design* of Nature.

An able contemporary writer would, indeed, take Music out of this definition. Contrasting it with the sister art of Painting, he remarks, that Music is supplied from inward sentiments, Painting from outward observation; “therefore, that, in presenting them to the comprehension and enjoyment of a race compounded of body and spirit, the Art consists in giving to Music a body, and to Painting a soul; that it is an argument both of our earthly and heavenly nature that Music must be materialized, and Painting spiritualized, to fit them for our service, since only a higher order of beings can be supposed to partake of their ineffable beauties in their abstract essence, and converse with Art, as they do with Truth, face to face.”*

This writer very ingeniously illustrates his position by dwelling on what, rightly considered, are but points of difference in the modes of impression, not in the intellectual sources of the respective arts. He forgets that Music, no less than Painting, appeals to, and produces its effect by means of, *sense*; although the conditions of the senses concerned, and of the media appropriate to each, stand in polar opposition. The normal state of the eye is one of positive impression, it is “full of light;” and the function of vision is consequent upon negation. We *see* objects by reason of their obscuration or absorption of light, whereby they are contrasted with the surrounding illumination. But the natural condition of the ear is one of rest: to hear is to be sensible of a positive impulse or disturbance of the atmosphere. If our nerves were liable to the constant impact of *sound*, as of light, Music could be produced only by interception and obstruction.

This distinction premised, we may affirm of Music, as of all

* “Quarterly Review,” No. clxvi., p. 481.

Art, that the material element is given in common to all men. All the notes, with all their modulations, of the most complex and elaborate composition, are, at this moment, going loose about the world; all the lines and colours, with all their curves, shadings, and gradations, of the works of Raffaele and Titian, are before us every hour, fractional quantities in the sum of those impressions which make up our daily and sensuous life. But they are uncombined, dispersed, unorganized. It should seem, then, that some intelligent act, as of selection, arrangement, and subordination, must be required to bring these scattered materials within the scope and dominion of Art. Thus we are thrown back upon the human mind, its powers and laws, both of perception and activity, for the origin of Art.

If, indeed, we could hear all the sounds of Earth,—all its tumult, its grief, its agony; all shouts of victory, all pæans of success, all exclamations of impatience, all deep, calm utterances of heroic suffering and sublime endurance; if by us might be heard the voice of every creature that hath breath; then, doubtless, we should be conscious of a mightier concord than the heart of man hath yet conceived. So, if, from some place among the stars, we could look down, with a purged and piercing vision, on our native planet, and behold, at one wide glance, plain and mountain, river, and sea, and rock; the city and the wilderness, the grove, the forest; the fruitful peace, and the desolating war; here the effete and overcrowded territory, and there the virgin soil, the sail-less stream, the unpeopled savannah, and the boundless prairie; we should discern, within that single and vast impression, all the constituents of a picture, such as no mortal hands can attempt to trace. And yet the impression would, in either case, be most imperfect. For, as time and succession are essential not only to the completion of every natural presentment, but to the very being and course of Nature, to no ear could the universal symphony find due and perfect entrance, but to His who inhabiteth eternity; by no eye, but that which sees the end from the beginning, could the immense scene be contemplated in its integrity.

Does the illustration appear to transcend the importance of the subject? Then, consider that we use it for no other purpose than to remind you of that *unity of design* of which the whole eyele of natural phenomena is an exponent and a demonstration. To *one* end all the phases, movements, processes of Nature are perpetually contributing: over all reigns *one* inviolate law of order, interdependence, and proportion,—in a word, *one cosmical idea*.

And of that idea, the first and co-essential prescript is *form*. The scheme of the sidereal heavens is but a *form*, coeval with the stars, and determining their function. The human body, in like manner, is a form, without which the idea of man could not

be manifested and fulfilled; that is to say, man could not be man without flesh and blood.

Now all form is beautiful, exactly in proportion as it approaches to the pure and absolute form of the idea which it manifests. This, indeed, is the very definition of beauty, and the key to the strict meaning of that much-abused term "*Æsthetics*," the science which relates to the perception of ideal truth. But, "as one star differeth from another star in glory,"—for "there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars,"—so are there certain original and necessary differences, within the limits of the archetypal human, as of all other forms. "In the image of God created He man; male and female created He them;" thus establishing the first modification of form by *character*. Not that the character is to be regarded as a mere accident or distinction of the form,—still the form follows the idea,—for the idea of woman is distinguished from that of man. It is the softer, gentler, the more tender, delicate, and passive counterpart of the vigorous, the active, the robust, and resolute in humanity. In either sex, too, the varieties of character are infinite. There are the strong, the proud, the stern, the dignified; and, on the other hand, the frail, the graceful, and the elegant,—according to the predominance of some elementary principle, or to some prevailing tendency. And these varieties disclose themselves by certain finer traits, which constitute a *characteristic expression, or specific expression of character*.

It would be an easy task to multiply examples of the manner in which every divine idea reveals itself in Nature. Every thought of God, in the mystic language of Philosophy, is a *word*, a self-substantiating *fiat*; at once purpose, and execution according to the purpose. Nature itself, in the highest sense, namely, that of a spiritual power, or *Natur-geist*, (*natura naturans*,) is but a phrase significant of that general idea or design of which the entire frame-work of phenomena (*naturæ naturata*) is the form, the organism, and result.

From the cedar and the oak, down to the meanest flower that blows,—the humblest seed that falls into the ground,—God giveth to each "a body as it hath pleased Him;" yet "to every seed his own body," that is to say, the very body which, comprehended in the idea, can alone expound and realize it.

Enough, however, has been said to show what is the law and method of the Divine Artist in all those "splendours of creation," which are still "bright as in the primal day."

It is to those works of man which, conceived in a kindred spirit, are developed by a process analogous to that of Nature,—works wherein a certain central and sovereign idea is projected in a form which it prescribes and assumes for itself as its own proper heritage and nature,—that the name of Art primarily

belongs. Such are the works which, in ancient Greece, procured for their author the title of *Ποιητής*, and which, in every language that contains a critical literature, are described as the offspring of a *creative* genius. Be the material what it may, the subject first has place as an idea in the mind of the artist, whence it springs into outward existence, clothing itself with a sensuous form, which is but a transcript (more or less perfect, according to the practical skill of the workman) of the form in which it arose on the imagination.

The fundamental condition of all artistic presentation, then, is *form*. We insist on this point all the more earnestly, because it is no uncommon thing for the young student of Art,—impatient of the difficulties that impede his acquisition of a consummate technical mastery of forms,—to content himself with a slovenly impression, or take refuge in some plausible contrivance for concealing his defect of knowledge and ability. Of this error, the pictures of Correggio afford innumerable examples. Spite of the fresh, warm, palpable vitality and voluptuous grace of his figures, there is a constant loss of outline, which, though it may exclude all harshness and rude angularity, is, nevertheless, a fault of no inconsiderable magnitude. It is not an easy matter to reconcile definite outline with the luxurious flow and rounded fulness which the great painter excelled in representing; but the business of the artist is to conquer, at whatever expense of labour and study, not to evade the difficulty. Compare the Venus of the National Gallery with the Medicean statue, and you will feel that a Greek critic would not have tolerated the loose drawing of the Bolognese master.

The same remark might be applied to more than one of the favourite works of a great musical composer of our own day. But he is one of whom we can hardly find it in our heart to speak otherwise than with affectionate and unmixed admiration, one whose compositions will live as long as the memory of genius, purity, and goodness is dear to the virtuous and the wise,—as long as the fantasies of hope, and the dreams of love and youth, are sweet,—as long as there are left in the world fair women and gentle-hearted men, to toy with children, to roam among the hills, to wander by moonlight on the banks of grove-embosomed lakes, to delight in the tales of Fairyland, and believe in Paradise.

Suppose it were your object to make a statue of *Man*,—such as he came from the hand of his Maker,—Man in his ideal perfection. Before you could accomplish that intention, you must be familiar with the lines and proportions of the human figure; and that not mechanically, as a shipwright with the ordinary structure of a vessel; but these must have been so collected by the eye, so thoroughly digested and assimilated by the mind, that the very conception of that statue should

evolve them. The inward image must be so true that, without the aid of any external model, or direction, you should know the precise configuration of the whole and of every part. This—at least we have the testimony of Cicero and of Proclus—was the way in which Phidias wrought his Jupiter; and when poor Haydon, with his usual rashness, was pleased to ridicule that statement, he only betrayed a total misapprehension of its meaning. The Athenian sculptor could not have had that mental image of the god, if the type of the human figure—perfect in all its details—had not been, in his mind, as inseparably associated with the thought of man, as the vernacular name of a thing is with every recollection of the thing itself. Haydon, indeed, contends that the Greek artists must have been accustomed to dissect,—a conclusion which is contrary to all historical evidence, and abundantly improbable. It is hard to believe that men so faithful to the truth of nature, in all that we know to have lain within the range of their observation, would ever have left us such impossible and monstrous combinations as the Hippo-centaur, if they had been anatomically acquainted with internal structures, osseous or muscular. The elongation of the vertebral column, the duplication of the *scapulae* and arms,—the human head, with the brute tail,—and the absence of all *fulcra* and attachments for the dorsal, lumbar, and abdominal muscles of the upper portion of the figure, must, upon that hypothesis, have admonished them that such incongruous formations were inhibited by their own canons of artistic labour. The value of dissection, as a means of gaining the requisite accuracy in delineating the human frame, it is not possible to overrate; but it is possible to rely so exclusively upon the efficacy of the practice, as to encourage a neglect of what is of still greater importance, the *severe education of the eye*. No one doubts the need of a cultivated ear for music: fortunately, there is no such thing as musical anatomy; no collateral science, which can be called to supply the omission of direct training and execution of the organ itself. But whatever aid may be derived by the professor of a visual art from anatomical science, it is clear that as he appeals to the faculty of vision, upon that faculty he must mainly depend for his resources.

Now, the extent to which the eye may be trained, the amazing sureness and celerity of the glance of a disciplined organ, are but too little thought of. Yet the old archers of Sherwood,—the Knight whose lance, in the tournament or battle, always struck the centre of the shield or the crest of the helmet,—the adroit swordsman, the skilful pugilist, the sportsman who hits his bird through the body, breaking neither leg nor wing,—all exemplify the swiftness and the certainty which may be attained by ordinary powers of sight. Take a

jockey from Newmarket, and observe with what facility and promptitude he notes every minutest imperfection of shape, pace, carriage, or action of each particular horse in the field, and at once names—foul play and accident apart—the winner of the coming race. Cuvier, perchance, or Sir Charles Bell might arrive at the same conclusion, and be able to demonstrate, by learned anatomical reasoning, the inevitable correctness of his judgment; but most men on the turf would rule their bets rather by the expert eye of the horseman, than the deductions of the physiologist. That eye is conversant not merely with the general shape and development of muscle in the animal, as placed in certain postures of constraint, exertion, or repose, but with the whole varying play of muscular activity and life. The thin, sharp, bony face, the flashing eye, the restless ear and quivering lip, the broad hoof, the elastic tread, the wide chest, the firm high shoulder, and the vigorous haunch, with the flat, tendonous leg, the starting veins all palpitating through the skin, and the fiery impulse, as it were a vital spirit of power and speed, eager and tremulous, pervading every limb and tissue,—all these, and many another and nameless trait, decisive of the qualities and breeding of the race-horse, the professional trainer seizes and measures with the vivid rapidity of lightning,—by a mere *coup d'œil*. And if, by some voltaic energy, a legion of live horses, all in their highest state of action and excitement,—with arched necks and dilated nostrils, breathing, snorting, panting, recalcitrant and prancing, rearing and curvetting,—could be smitten into stone, we should have again what the patient labour of the chisel has achieved for us in the Elgin marbles.

It was from the exercises of the *palæstræ* and the public games, that the Athenian statuary gained their miraculous knowledge of the fluctuating lineaments and momentary emergencies of animated form. Nor was that knowledge confined to those who made Art their occupation. The whole people had the benefit of the same physical training. From early youth every citizen underwent a course of athletic instruction, which, while it tended to invigorate and sharpen all the faculties of sense, made a peculiar demand on the keen and constant vigilance of the eye. In the ancient Greeks, moreover, something must be allowed for the influence of climate,—the pellucid clearness of a sky that threw out even the stars into prominent relief, an atmosphere so transparent, that they saw a skiey distance beyond the hill which bounded the horizon,—and the superior delicacy of southern organization. If this consideration be duly taken into account, we may, I think, fairly conclude, that to their exquisite cultivation of ocular power the Grecian sculptors were indebted for their unrivalled fidelity to the truth of active, stirring, and life-fraught form. And if

of that culture the immortal fragments in the British Museum are the evidence and the remaining fruits, surely we, in our humble attempts to produce what may be worthy of durable renown, cannot devote too much attention to this indispensable rudiment of a genuine artistic education. As the poet or the orator must have free and facile command of language, rhythm, and metre; or rather, as these, the ministerial agencies of his art, must have entered into his understanding, and become, if we may so speak, consubstantiated with it, so that every spontaneous thought emerges thoroughly armed, and clad with its own verbal shape and panoply; the mind of the sculptor or the painter must be so interpenetrated by the laws, and attuned to the ideal purity, of form, that his conceptions, such as they show themselves to his own inward view, shall be faultless and complete in linear definition. Such, at all events, was the case with Phidias; such the normal posture of the soul of a mighty artist. To that posture, that sovereign elevation, it may not be given to less than the highest genius to attain; but genius can only grow to its full stature and appointed strength by ardent aspiration and sublime endeavour, by struggling towards the inaccessible, and attempting the impossible; for it is the very spirit and distinctive attribute of genius to compass the infinite, and to wax great by the perpetual effort to embrace what must for ever elude its grasp, because transcendent of its reaches and capacity. And herein, truly, genius—as the word imports—is one with nature. In nature, every thing is subject to that agony and lively warfare which alone can lead to victory and peace. From the planet in its immeasurable orbit, to the weed that floats upon the tide, all things subsist by the wrestling of an inherent and projectile, against an outward and constrictive, force. All life, all motion, all organic processes, obey the rule. Every where there is conflict and travail,—the throes of the chained Prometheus,—and a striving of the vital and the free against the inert rock and the bond of fate, till the bond itself, expanding from the fervour of the contest, grows pregnant with the very life of the captive, and the body of Death is transfigured into the glorious liberty of the spirit which it envelopes and detains.

In one of the most brilliant of those tantalizing disquisitions, which, more than twenty years ago, were wont to find a place in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, we remember to have read the following passage: “A profound thinker has said, that the man of genius is he who retains, with the perfect faculties of manhood, the undoubting faith and vivid impressions of the child. If the same characteristics may be applied to a nation as to an individual, then were the Greeks a *nation of geniuses*.” This is most happily said. It points to the grand distinction between poetry and philosophy, and explains the fact that the

first great poet that the world ever heard, keeps the ear of all the nations and the ages, and by the marvellous product of his genius dictates the form and illustrates the laws of poetical narration to the end of time. True science underlies all art; but the conscious instinct of the poet anticipates it with inspired precision, and gives it in revelation to the world.

Homer is the most picturesque of poets. An epithet of his often includes, still oftener suggests, a picture. His descriptions of the aspects of Nature, and of all visual objects, have the power of setting the very object described before your eyes. The shepherd on the lonely hill-side, watching the stars,—the placid smile of ocean in the rays of the departing sun,—the laughter of the waves in the rising light, and the fresh morning air,—the silent camp, with its white tents hushed, and glimmering in the moonbeams,—the glance of lightning,—the crash and havoc of the thunder-bolt,—the stark trees looming spectral and ghastly through the mists of winter,—the cool, deep umbrage of the summer woods,—spring, with its tender verdure, its glistening streams, and its rosy dawn,—the fall of leaves in autumn whirled and eddying with the wind,—are all flashed on the reader with an irresistible clearness of presentment, which not unfrequently avails, for the moment, to shut out from conscious perception the things that actually surround him, as if he saw with his bodily eyes a veritable apparition—glorified, indeed, and evanescent, but warm and life-like—of the scene described. One might well believe, that, in the case of the old Grecian bard, physical blindness had been compensated by a tenfold intensity and brightness of intellectual vision,—such was the purity, and realistic faithfulness to external nature, of that rapt and inward gaze with which, musing on the Chian shore, he

“Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.”

But the genius of Homer, the artistic structure and complexion of his mind, is most of all conspicuous in the definite individuality of his personages, whether mortal or divine. The apostles of the *Scala Regia* are not more palpably discriminated by their several casts of countenance and personal configuration, than are the groups of the poet. His gods, his warriors, priests, heralds, messengers, have each a peculiar appearance, a bodily formation, mien, air, gesture, strictly his own, characteristic and significant.

How finely is the son of Telamon contrasted with Ulysses! how plainly distinguished both of them from either and both of the Atridæ, and they from the rest, as all the rest are from each other! I am speaking now not of recondite moral distinctions; but of those which are corporeal and patent,—differences

of limb and feature, of bulk, stature, and demeanour. When you read the few electric words which describe the slow, heavy sway of an arm broad and fleshy, collecting force to cast the stone that no six men of later and degenerate times could have lifted from the earth, you know instinctively, and without looking for the name of the hero, that the arm can no more belong to Hector, to Diomed, or to Achilles, than a Herculean *torso* can be a fragment of the statue of Apollo.

If, then, you can recall, and, at will, regard,—keeping the spectacle verily present to your mind,—these creatures of the heroic Muse, such as they are represented to have been in outward lineament and figure, you are not far from that mood of thought, that mode of ideal conception, which, in concert with supreme technical knowledge and perfect manual skill, produced the noblest specimens of Art that the world has seen. On this point we shall have more to say, by-and-bye. Meantime, we have another and collateral branch to trace of the natural history and educational procession of a learned and artistic spirit.

It is a remarkable fact, that the Fine Arts have, in all ages, clung to and delighted to illustrate the records and traditions of a prevailing religion. It is no less worthy of remark, that they have reached their culmination by dint of the same impulse of the general intellect which has claimed to investigate and purify, if not to overthrow, the existing faith,—involving, as of course all such movements must involve, more or less of incidental evil. The wave which, bearing them upon its crest, has left them fixed in their splendour on an everlasting height, has washed away much of the loose soil that overlaid the naked sternness of the rock, and, though it might be foreign, was not bare of flowers and herbage. The days of Pericles were marked as well by the growing impiety, the moral scepticism, and political depravity, which the Sophists both lived upon and fostered, as by that zeal—partly, no doubt, affected, but, in part, genuine, though mistaken—for the popular creed which censured Æschylus for an alleged disclosure of the Eleusinian Mysteries, and doomed Anaxagoras to banishment, and Socrates to death. The sixteenth century was not without some analogous features. We offer no solution of this fact; but merely allude to it for the sole purpose of directing attention to that astute, earnest, and inquisitive temper, which too often, on the opposite extremes of dangerous temerity and conservative intolerance, has, nevertheless, largely pervaded the generations that have witnessed the noonday lustres of Sacred Art.

Let us assume that the reader participates that temper, not in its controversial asperities and virulent excesses; but in its sanctity of feeling, its depth and keenness of inquiry, and its hearty fervour of approved conviction. That sincere and ardent spirit of religious faith—in itself a venerable and enno-

bling property, irrespective of the intrinsic claims of the particular creed which it affects—is ever a rich fountain of imaginative strength. It enlivens the emotions; it stirs, concentrates, and invigorates the heart; and often breathes an adventitious and cordial energy into the functions of an intellect, else cold, and dull, and sterile. Even the annals of fanaticism—a species of insanity, which consists in a certain disorder and loss of the due balance of the powers of reason—are filled with evidences, many of them most pathetic, and all instructive, of the intellectual elevation wrought by a fervid spiritual belief. All glowing faith in the invisible has its visions and its prophecies,—things which, though they may degenerate into habitual ecstasies and rapt, are not, even then, to be confounded with simple delusion, any more than with fraudulent imposture. The word “enthusiasm,” which the frigid and the heartless are accustomed to pronounce with a contemptuous emphasis, as if it conveyed a summary sentence of dismissal to the limbo of strenuous levities, upon labours too generous and disinterested to be comprehended by their own narrow sympathies, is the very term the Greeks used to designate that self-oblivious possession of the Pythia on her tripod by a divine afflatus, which, purging the soul from the impurities of earth, and shutting out all sordid predilections and coarse worldly realities, made her a *seer* of the designs of Heaven, a reader of futurity, an inspired interpreter of the decrees of Fate. Whatever corruptions may have crept into the service of the Delphian Oracle, the original theory of the service was, that, by virtue of a certain ritual of mediation, men might hold commune with a higher intelligence than their own, and derive aid and counsel for the guidance of their affairs, public or private, from that Spirit of Wisdom, which, “remaining in itself, yet regenerateth all other powers, and in all ages, entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets.” The same conviction, in one shape or another, is common to all schemes of religion that have had place among mankind,—no matter how perverse, unsatisfactory, or vicious they may have been,—and to all sects and parties of religionists.

Luther had his dreams and preternatural visitations, no less than St. Francis and Ignatius Loyola. The English Puritans, the Scotch Covenanters, the German Anabaptists, had all their pneumatologies and their *Taishotz*, (“second sight,”)—agreeing perfectly herein with the experience of Highland soothsayers and mediæval anchorites. The good and sagacious Dr. Doddridge, who disapproved of the introduction of paintings into any place of worship, nevertheless relates, without apparent suspicion of inconsistency, the conversion of his gallant friend, Colonel Gardiner, by the supernatural exhibition of a *picture* of the Crucifixion. We say advisedly “a picture;” with not the slightest intention of throwing discredit on the narrative, striking as in

every view it must be deemed : far otherwise. The fact of the impression is not immaterial to our argument. Neither do we desire to insinuate a doubt of the logical soundness of the explanation which refers the incident to miracle, and accounts it a direct revelation. Such questions have, indeed, a deeper charm than attaches to them on the score of psychological curiosity ; but, in this place, they are quite beside the mark. We speak of this impression as a *picture*, because, relatively to the faculties which received it, such it was ; and only as such could it have been made apparent. In the same sense we might, without a shadow of irreverence, call even the solemn visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and St. John, celestial and sacred *pictures*. The symbolic cherubim were not the less *statues* for having been modelled according to the pattern which was *showed* to Moses on the Mount. For our part, we never hear of an authentic *seer*, even though he be only a seer of ghosts, but we wish that he had been brought up an artist.

If, then, you in your youth partook of the warm, confiding heartiness and unquestioning sincerity of belief, without which, at any period of life, the mere semblance of religion is of little value, you could not fail to follow the narratives of the New Testament with a willing, wonder-stricken aptitude and reciprocity of soul, that caused them to sink deep into your memory. Do you remember none of them, as they then fell into inceptive form, and stamped themselves upon the crystal tablets of imagination ? The Nativity, and the herald company of angels,—the aged Simeon at the presentation in the Temple,—the Wise Men of the East with their tributes,—the nocturnal flight at the bidding of the guardian seraph,—the disputation with the Doctors,—the benediction of little children,—the raising of the dead,—the glory on Mount Tabor,—the entry into Jerusalem,—the dread agony in the Garden,—the Cross,—the Resurrection,—the Ascension,—are they not all imprinted on your minds, like scenes which you have actually witnessed ? How clear they are ! how lustrous in the midst of the floating, golden halo that surrounds them ! how distinctly characterized ! How the groupings vary of the very same persons, and the attitudes, and the whole composition, as the present event differs from the last recalled ! How manifestly is the expression of the One radiant countenance, central amidst them all, counterpoised and interpreted by the responsive phases of expression discernible in the surrounding aspects,—its benignity, by gratitude ; its majesty, by submission ; its compassion, by supplicating hope ; its awful love, by a love emulous, trembling, and ineffable ! Foremost among the subordinate figures of these groups, there is a lovely, delicate, but not fragile, woman, in the full bloom of young maternity, with all the unfathomable riches of a mother's heart gleaming forth from meek, calm, marvelling

eyes, that, at a word, would overflow with tears,—happy, thankful, holy tears,—and yet anxious, self-commiserating, and premonitory of approaching sorrow. A kind of thrilling and blissful terror, and foreboding of predestinated woe, spreads, like the shadow of a cloud, over that fair, soft face, so sweet in its solemnity, so touching in its resignation, so sublime in its unutterable pathos. A mother,—but with all the dew of her maiden grace upon her, all the lucid purity of an unfolding lily. O gentle spirit! O fragrant innocence! Blessed indeed among women, but a woman still. All that the prayers of a wise and saintly father could ask of the gifts and spiritual airs of Heaven to be bestowed upon his only daughter, is seen to rest on and be poured around her. Ever sustained by the primal inspiration of the song, she seems to be inwardly revolving the exultant words, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour: for He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden!” while yet her inmost heart quakes to the terrible prediction, “Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also.” Have you no *such* visions? Heartily we trust you have not so long lived without them; for they are needful as a preparation for the study, and the deep delight which should be taken in the works, of Raffaele.

But what, if, haunted by such visions from your first acquaintance with the sacred history, you should one day, wandering in a foreign land, be startled by beholding, actually and objectively, before your eyes, as in a mirror, the reflection of one, the most cherished of them all, only set forth in stricter proportions, fairer hues, and more harmonious arrangement of details, than you had been at the pains to imagine? Would not the effect be like a glimpse of some former and more blest existence? or a re-union with some long-lost object of your love? Yet it would hardly be too much to aver, that so absolute in its sphere was the genius of Raffaele, that the scenes which he has painted cannot be truly seen otherwise than as he conceived and represented them. Other painters may have, in some rare instances, rivalled him in nobility and adequacy of conception. Michael Angelo even excelled him in a certain vastness and Titanic grandeur of design, that verged too frequently on rugged sublimity, and the ostensible exaggeration of a purpose too great to be executed by mortal hands. Leonardo da Vinci, in *one* picture, (the Logos,) has surpassed him in the awfulness of severe intellectual beauty; but none have ever been worthy to be compared to Raffaele for manifest unity of thought, elegant correctness, the luxurious freedom and easy undulation of definite outline, chaste and learned composition, and, above all, for characteristic individuality of figure, and dramatic fulness of expression. We dare affirm of many—we had almost said, of all—of the finer works of Raffaele, that you could not alter a

single line, deepen a shadow, or vary, in ever so trivial a degree, one solitary tint, without impairing the total effect of the picture.

Has it ever happened to the reader to recover from a dangerous illness? Then, peradventure, you may recollect how, when the fever left you,—when your temples no longer throbbed, nor your brains quivered, as with some fierce galvanic agitation, nor your limbs were racked with pain,—you lay, half slumbering, in a delicious, and not unthankful, sense of relief and rescue, idly endeavouring to collect and reduce to order the vague remembrances and fragmentary images of recent suffering that glimmered through the dubious twilight of reviving consciousness. A murmur as of streams and wind-stirred foliage is in your ears, and the odours of early flowers are wafted to you by the breeze that creeps through the opened casement, to fan your cheek, and welcome you back to life, with Nature's own kiss of love. And as the feeling grows and deepens that you are saved,—spared from death, restored to a world, which, with all its sorrows, none but the desperate or the mad are in haste to leave,—high thoughts return, of holy consolations lately whispered at your side, and words of hope and peace and immortality breathed over you with prayer and blessing. Then, as those words bring with them a flood of solemn, affecting, and yet elevating and celestial, associations, the associated images seem to assume an *outness*, and settle into a visionary symbol in the air. By unseen hands, a curtain that appears to hang in front of you is drawn apart; and beyond,—erect and buoyant upon clouds, and circumfused with an amber radiance, like the glow of congregated stars,—there stands a beatified resemblance of the figure which you have so often seen before, lifting away the coverlet from an awakening infant, or folding the same infant to her bosom, as she goes forth by night into the wilderness: the same sweet, sad, mysterious lustre in the eyes; the same chastened triumph swelling the breast, and almost bursting from the lips; the same yearning fulness of heart revealed in every lineament. Still in her arms she bears the infant God! and yet hardly bears, for the Divine Child raises Himself, as if He could receive no support from aught but His own sovereign volition. With the attitude of one enthroned, with an action of supreme command, and eyes that picture Infinitude, He sits bending slightly towards two suppliant forms that kneel below,—the one, an ancient Priest, clothed with the Roman *pallium*; the other, a woman of noblest beauty, though somewhat proud and stately, who, with hands clasped upon her breast, bows her head obediently, as if propitiated and assenting. Beneath, and leaning on a battlement, are two cherub messengers, one with uplifted wings, awaiting only the command to fly forth on their mission into space,—but both rapt in meditation, filled with poetic thought, and *listening*, as if—

———"Stopp'd upon the wing by sound
Of harmony, from heaven's remotest spheres."

Look more intently,—gaze into the shining depth of that ambient, ærial glory: it is alive, and thronged with radiant faces,—the host of angels praising the Son of God! At this moment, blended with the rich organ tones of a neighbouring church, a strain is heard,—

———"As from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices uttering joy,"—

the immortal *Gloria in excelsis* of the Twelfth Mass. The picture moves and breathes as though the dazzling life of the heavenly choir shot through it for a moment, and is gone!

Even such a picture did Raffaele once behold, under some such circumstances as we have described, and fixed it on his canvass, for the eyes and souls of all generations of mankind for ever. We have a strong suspicion that the divine passage of Mozart to which we have just referred, was suggested by a reminiscence of the Sistine Madonna. In like manner we conjecture that the opening scenes of Goëthe's "*Faust*" were drawn, unconsciously no doubt, from the music of "*Don Giovanni*." Be this as it may, let us make peace with the lovers of high musical art, for the reluctant omission of the ampler notice which, if our limits permitted, we should be only too glad to bestow on the peculiar principles and virtues of their favourite pursuit, by quoting a confession of Mozart,—a confession that, if his works did not attest their author's claim to the distinction, would avail to place him in the foremost rank of profound and genial artists:—

"You say," writes the great composer, "you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more on this subject than the following: for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer,—say, travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night, when I cannot sleep; it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence* and *how* they come, I know not; nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, &c.

"*All this fires my soul*, and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject *enlarges itself*, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost complete and finished in my mind, so that *I can survey it like a fine picture, or a beautiful statue, at a glance*. Nor do I hear, in my imagination, the parts *SUCCE-*

SIVELY, but I hear them all at once. What a delight this is, I cannot tell! All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a *pleasing, lively dream*. Still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* is, after all, the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget; and this is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for."—*Holmes's Life of Mozart*.

We have particularly adverted to the Madonna of the Dresden Gallery, not merely because, in our judgment, it far excels all others that were ever painted, either by Raffaello himself, or any of his illustrious compeers; but because, both in the Mother and the Christ, you have a superlative example of a power which the fewest of Christian artists have, to any extent, participated;—the power, namely, of *synthetic* expression,—of representing the co-existence, resolution, and inter-union of two opposite natures or conditions in the same subject;—origin—maternity—humanized Godhead. There is, I believe, an unauthenticated tradition that, in the first instance, —before his dream,—Raffaello had traced a sketch of the Magi doing homage to the new-born Messiah, which he effaced for the sake of embodying the finer conception. If the title of the picture, as it stands, might be taken from the Christ, rather than from Mary, it might still be called the "*Epiphany*,"—"God manifested in the flesh." This power, the supreme accomplishment of pictorial genius, is equally observable in the Cartoons, which, in other respects, may be pronounced the most perfect of all extant designs. Some day we hope to have the satisfaction of giving a critical exposition of these wonderful compositions. For the present we must, perforce, be content with a passing indication of one remarkable feature. It is this. The principal figures in several of the Cartoons are such absolute types of *character*,—the *action* being characteristic,—the *expression* integral and independent upon other portions of the work for its significance,—and the *moment* one of which the interest is distinctive and peculiar to the person,—that they might be transferred to marble without alteration.

The Christ of the "Charge to Peter" would make a statue that should put Thorwaldsen to the blush. The Apostle raising the lame man in the Porch of the Temple,—the St. Paul flinging the lightning of heaven upon the face of Elymas, or preaching at Athens,—would tell their own story, if they stood by themselves, in sculptural isolation.

The province of Sculpture, narrower than that of Painting, is subject to a severer rule of ideal simplicity. But as the limits of the art are stricter, so are its aims proportionably higher,—its intellectual relations more subtle and profound. It is conversant with abstractions; it incarnates the invisible. It embodies entities of the pure reason, and turns to shape the airiest inventions of poetic fancy. Whatever cannot be con-

ceived apart, entire and insulated; whatever owes its character to aught that is accessory, circumstantial, or extraneous to itself,—is alien to the business of the statuary. It is only where the idea is necessarily pluriform,—as in the Graces or the Parcæ,—that the rigorous law of Sculpture admits of composite masses. You may show Hercules wrestling with Antæus, or Laocoön and his children writhing in the folds of the serpents; for there the *thought* is *one*, though complex: but if you placed a spectator on the pedestal, a dog watching the contest, or even a friend approaching to assist, or to deliver, you would commit an arbitrary solecism. You might as well pretend to constitute yourself a part of the work; any casual bystander would have quite as much to do with the design as your impertinent addition. What the sculptor has to accomplish is, to present an *express image* of some rational unity,—some homogenous conception, in which *character* can be revealed by *form*, as the soul by the body. And of all statuesque *compositions* it is the peremptory and abiding canon, that every individual figure or group, evidently contributing to the general import of the whole assemblage, must be so definitively characterized as to lose nothing of its distinguishable identity, if every other part of that composition were annihilated. The Juno must be Juno, whether she be seated by the side of the Thunderer, or left alone,—the Apollo none other than the god of light and harmony, whether his immortal brethren be around him or away. And inasmuch as Sculpture can but seize the mute action of an indivisible point of time, while to that action it imparts the duration of eternity, it is needful that the act selected should be one critically distinctive, supremely characteristic of the permanent being and spirit of the agent. Hence, if the might and worth of genius may be estimated by the difficulties which it solves, and the austere legislation which it conforms to, and, by conforming, renders subservient to its triumphant self-assertion, there can be no question that the great Athenian sculptures were the products of a genius transcendent and incomparable.

It is now about two thousand three hundred years since Phidias was commissioned by the Athenian people to superintend the restoration of the temples and monuments destroyed by the Persians in their second invasion, and the erection of new and more splendid ones than had before existed any where in Greece. Calling to his assistance his two scholars, Alcamenes and Agoracritus, he communicated to them the outlines of his intended operations, and allotted to each his share of labour; to Ictinus and Callicrates, the best architects of the age, he assigned the duty of preparing plans for the greater temple of the tutelary goddess; and committed to Mnesicles, a worthy rival of those eminent men, the task of raising the *Pro-*

pylea,—a hexastyle colonnade with wings, which was to serve as a sort of ornamental fortification to the Acropolis on its only accessible side, and, at the same time, to form a suitable approach to the magnificent shrines of the national worship. The site of those superb structures is a tabular rock,—about three hundred yards in length upon its surface,—which stands in the midst of the ancient city, towering above the Street of Tripods to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, every where precipitous, except at its western extremity, where, says Stuart, “with no small labour and diligence, the entrance has been constructed.” Nearly in the centre of the *plateau*, stood in its glory, as now in melancholy ruin, the stupendous frame of marble which the great artist had demanded for his mythic and commemorative sculptures; for it is not to be supposed that the statues and *relievi* which adorned the exterior of the building were mere architectural embellishments. On the contrary, the whole unrivalled edifice was regarded only as a proportionate stage or scaffolding for the due exhibition of the symbols of the religious faith, the traditional grandeurs, the ceremonial pomp, and the political ascendancy of Athens. It consisted of a *naos*, or *cella*, divided into two compartments, of which the smaller was used as a treasury, or place for depositing the dedicated spoils of war,—the anterior and larger being sanctified by the presence of a chryselephantine idol, thirty feet in stature, of the deity to whom the Attic soil was consecrated,—surrounded by a Doric peristyle of forty-six columns, eight at each end, and seventeen on either side. The metopal, and the Panathenaic frieze, of which so large a portion of the relics is in the Elgin Saloon of the British Museum, are familiar to all visitors of that Institution. It is more than seven years since we last saw them, but (as Wordsworth sings of the lakes of Northern Italy) they have left their beauty with us; and, under a strong conviction of the important educational influences of art, we will conclude by submitting to the reader what appears to us a probable interpretation of the design of Phidias in the pediment of the eastern and principal front of the Temple.

To that design belong the marbles numbered ninety-one to ninety-eight, inclusive, in the Catalogue of the Elgin collection. Alas, that they should be so few! Many different accounts of the figures have been given, some of them simply absurd, others sufficiently ingenious, but either imperfect in themselves, or very imperfectly developed. Except in two or three not unimportant *minutiæ*, our own opinion differs little from that of Brøndsted, who, however, fails to furnish any adequate exposition of the meaning and specific designation of the whole.

The subject of these sculptures, we learn from Pausanias, was the birth of Minerva; and no explanation can be worthy of acceptance, which does not connect the action of every figure

in the groups with that event. The spectator placed in front of the Temple saw to his left, in the southern angle of the pediment, the head and shoulders of Hyperion, or Helios, (the sun-god,) emerging from the sea, with arms stretched forward restraining the steeds of his chariot, as they rose, chafing and impetuous, from the billows. On the other side, the car of Night, (a female figure robed and veiled,) with its matchless horses, was sinking down into the waves. It has been conjectured that by the waves, at either extremity of the composition, the artist intended to denote the *River* ocean which was supposed to girdle the world, thereby intimating that the incident represented was of universal interest. But the obvious and material purpose of the two opposite groups was, doubtless, to signify the moment of dawn, or commencing sun-rise, the early day-break, synchronous with the lingering departure of nocturnal darkness.

Next to Hyperion was the statue commonly known as Theseus,—a name to which it has no other title than the very equivocal circumstance of being seated on the skin of some wild animal. What the slayer of the Minotaur could have to do with the nativity of the goddess, so long antecedent to his own, it would be no easy matter to discover. Mythic chronology, it is true, was a thing conveniently indeterminate and accommodating; but unless some paramount necessity required the presence of Theseus in this place, it had, plainly, enough of authority to exclude him. Nor is this the only reason for rejecting the hypothesis. Of all the Attic heroes, Theseus is the one who was least specially favoured of Minerva: rather he was the *protégé*—according to Euripides, the son—of Neptune. Neither would it have been compatible with the reverent decorum of mythological art to have exhibited a mere traditional demi-god, a canonized human being, who had once been subject to death, as witnessing or taking part in a transaction which concerned the internal relations of the family of *the immortals*,—the highest race of deities. Observe, too, as we proceed, that the other subsidiary figures are all symbolic,—a consideration which precludes us from holding the statue in question to be that of Theseus, unless he can be shown to be a type or personification of some power or attribute, either of nature or divinity, appropriate to the occasion. Visconti calls this inimitable fragment, “Hercules resting after his labours;” to which the one conclusive reply is, that the figure is *not* resting, as any body may satisfy himself by a glance at the erected neck, and the muscles of the right arm and leg. It is in the act to arise and move from his couch, like a man newly aroused from sleep; and in this particular it is finely contrasted with the recumbent Fate, which corresponds to it on the northern side, and in which you see the perfect *abandon* of female composure to repose. More-

over, the muscular contraction of the right fore-arm indicates an easy elenching of the hand, as if it grasped a spear, while the height of that arm, and the slight fulness of the biceps, seem to prove that the spear was pressed against the ground. Now this action agrees with that of Cephalus, as he usually appears on the ancient coins of Cephalaria. Although the legendary apoerypha of Athenian story confound this mythical creature with certain supposititious heroes of the same name, there can be little doubt that he was originally, as that name argues, an impersonation of shade, or *twilight*, called *Κέφαλος*, *quasi κνέφαλος*, from *κνέφας*, *diluculum*. The propriety of placing a symbolic figure of Twilight in juxtaposition with the rising sun, before which it is about to fly, is obvious; and here the statue answers to the myth which relates that, as Aurora opened the gates of heaven, she descried Cephalus looking out for the coming day, with his hunting spear in his hand, and, enamoured of his beauty, carried him off to Olympus, and wedded him.

The next group consists of two seated female figures, with a third upright and advancing, her light cloak fluttering behind, which are generally known as Ceres and Proserpine, with Iris before them. They are, I apprehend, the Horæ, or Seasons,—two in the primitive scheme of mythology; but afterwards a third and younger sister was added. Their names, Dîce, Eunomia, and Irene, were significant of the analogy which was deemed to prevail between the course and due state of the physical world and the moral. Irene, the bland, hopeful, and cheering Spring, was a type of peace, which could only proceed from the two kindred powers,—Eunomia, Summer, whose even brightness and fruitful regularity outshadowed the condition of a well-conducted polity; and Dîce, in whom the stern, cold gravity of Winter was a fit emblem of the crude and germinal principle of social law. The right hand of Irene being linked in that of Eunomia, while the elder sister laid her head upon the shoulder of the latter, suggested the idea of rude, primæval justice, typified by Winter, having resigned her more direct and coarser rule, giving way to the riper developments and formal proprieties of Eunomia, who was sending forth Irene on her beneficent mission. Yet, by one of those exquisite felicities of genius which distinguished the old Greek art, the glad, airy, salient image of Irene turns itself slightly towards the others, as it moves, as if looking to them for guidance, and confessing its dependence upon their counsels and determination. This movement being such as to describe an arc, also implied the union and cyclical succession of the three, as essential to the existence and the destinies of each.

These three figures, along with that which I take to be Cephalus, are balanced on the opposite side of the picture, by the Fates, and a statue of Victory, winged. The Chevalier Brøndsted

thinks that the last must have been a fourth Fate,—one of those special attendants on divine personalities which were not unknown to Grecian fancy. Unfortunately for this notion, the sockets for the wings are still visible in the shoulders of the torso; and who ever heard of a *flying* Fate? Besides, if we have regard to that principle of complement and equipoise, which is apparent in the extreme points of the composition, and must be presumed to have had sway throughout, we shall find that Victory, and nothing else, is the needful counterpart of Irene. The *chord* cannot otherwise be completed.

Victory, then, with an action corresponding to that of the Irene, not having yet withdrawn the look reverted in petition to Clotho, the youngest of the Fates, for leave to join herself to the Virgin Warrior,—receiving that permission, stretches her wings to fly to the side of her henceforth inseparable ruler and companion. To this permission Lachesis consents, laying aside her distaff, solemnly authorized to confirm the grace by Atropos, the inexorable, the determiner, who, casting herself down, weary and released, contemplates the departing night as the sign of rest, and the termination of her remorseless reign.

The chasm which unhappily occurs between the Seasons and the Winged Victory, leaves only too wide a space open to conjectural sagacity. M. Quatimère de Quincy gives a drawing of the supposed group, in which Jupiter appears, seated on a throne, with his head gaping like a volcano, and the goddess ascending through the rift:—a monstrous and revolting representation, on which Phidias could never have ventured, without incurring the doom that awaited public impiety. Bröndstedt, rejecting this fancy as hideous and impossible, is of opinion that Minerva was seen rising from *behind* her sire. With great deference to the antiquarian learning of that astute writer, we cannot readily believe that any part of the entire figure of the deity was concealed. On the face of her own supreme temple, she must, I think, have been the most conspicuous person represented. Looking, therefore, to the outline prescribed by the form of the tympanum, and to the known object of the composition, we suggest, not without diffidence, that the throne of Jove was raised above the floor of the pediment, the eagle being placed below his feet. As the goddess, in her glittering armour, springing from his brain, alighted on the topmost step, or, perchance, partly on the rim of the Ægis, the paternal god drew himself back, inclining to the left, to observe the prodigy,—a posture which afforded opportunity to mark, by the returning motion of the head, the inchoate *nod*, his approbation of her presence, and sovereign confirmation of her gifts; while she, leaning towards him with a beginning gesture of homage and salutation, brought her golden crest and spear into the apex of the pediment. Behind

the throne stood Ilithyia, in attendance on the parent, and an augury of happy fortune to the child, balanced by Venus Murcia, with expanded arms, prepared to welcome and endow with her own beauty the resplendent stranger. Near to her, half retiring in amazement, but still fixed in admiration, stood Vulcan, leaning on his hatchet, to whom corresponded, on the other side, Prometheus: one, the deity who presided over the mechanical arts, all structural labour, and craft of execution; the other, he who, by pure wisdom, reasonable forethought, and prophetic imagination, (the sources, among other things, of design,) had command, as we learn from Æschylus, of the fontal principles,—the animating *fire* and spiritual wealth of Art. Next to Prometheus came Mercury, the genius of prudential shrewdness, politic craft, and persuasive speech; counterpoised by Mars, the spirit of vigorous, fiery, and prompt self-vindication: and beyond them, corresponding to each other, Bacchus, the personified element of fervid, joyous, vital, youthful energy and inspiration; opposed to his appropriate supplement and antithesis, the venerable Themis, maternal deity of counsel, order, and legislation. The combined attributes of these several deities made up that synthesis and consummation of the powers of godhead, which constituted Minerva the equal and the favourite of the Thunderer himself. To the right, all was morning and opening light, and youth, and spring, and peace, setting out on her career of blessing; to the left, Victory set free, and rushing to the side of her future and perpetual mistress, Fate, abdicating all dominion over one whose destinies were in her own control, and darkness disappearing from the scene. And thus was symbolized and visibly declared to the world,—what, indeed, the Temple itself betokened,—*the dawn of a new and glorious era*. Thus was it proclaimed, that the birth of the guardian goddess of Athens, the last and noblest of the offspring of Jove, inaugurated a fairer age, a more auspicious domination.

The spoils of the vanquished Persians affording gold in inexhaustible abundance, the people, in the raptures of their triumph, insisted on a profuse employment of the precious metal to decorate the sacred sculptures. The blaze of light reflected from the pure white walls was so intense and uniform, that the very columns threw a shadow on the building which they enclosed: hence it was judged necessary that *colour* (vermilion, blue, green, and saffron) should be used, on both the statues and the metopes,—as well to bring the gilding into chromatic harmony, as to give relief and full effect to the composition, especially as viewed from a distance. Like some serene and steadfast cloud, self-moulded into symmetry, hung in the purple ether, the mariner, as he sailed round Cape Sunium, on his way to the Piræus, beheld the fane of his divine patroness resting upon the rock, and bearing on its front the august and life-

like effigies, which spoke to him of proud achievement and propitious deity; and as he gazed upon the phantom, refulgent with the ardours of a Grecian sun, he fell on his knees and worshipped, as if he recognised therein a bright celestial Apocalypse, and discerned with open face the gods in their own radiant persons, "breathing empyreal air," instinct with immortality, and moving stately and sublime in their native and congenial element. It was on the farther side of the Ilissus, almost directly opposite to the face of the Parthenon, that, as Plato represents, Socrates and his young friend Phædrus reclined at summer noon under the shade of the plane-tree, in a spot sacred to Aecheloius and certain nymphs, discoursing of love and beauty, and the immutable principles of æsthetic rectitude and truth. One of the gorgeous fables with which the sage entertained and edified his companion, while they inhaled the odours of the *agnus-castus*, not all unconscious of the ripple of the river, or the shrill chirrup of the grasshoppers, was evidently caught from the arrangement of the marbles now under consideration. As they rose to quit the scene of a dialogue as memorable for its kindly tone of mingled sympathy and apprehension, as for the subtle speculations which result in lessons of deepest wisdom and affectionate monition, Socrates says:—

"Shall we not offer up a prayer before we go?"

"PHÆDRUS.—Why should we not?"

"SOCRATES.—O beloved Pan! O benignant, gracious, and kindred spirit of all vital nature! and all ye gods, ye divine principles, activities, and influences, whose dwelling is in this place! grant me to be *beautiful in soul*; that so all I possess, or can accomplish, of things external, may be at peace, in concord, unity, and adequation with those within. Teach me to esteem *wisdom*, the genial discernment of the good, the true, the fair, the only riches; and give me so much wealth, the actual possession of those riches, and so much only, as a good and holy man may both manage and enjoy.—Phædrus, want we any thing more? for *my* prayer is finished.

"PHÆDRUS.—Pray that I may be even as yourself; for the blessings of friends are common."

It is in the spirit of that prayer, in the faith of that response, that we desire, according to our opportunities and power, to do what in us lies to make our friends, and fellow-citizens in general, partieipant of the pure and ennobling pleasure which attends the study of Art,—a pleasure which, limited by scant attainments and imperfect insight, has, nevertheless, been fruitful to ourselves of many of the dearest blessings of our life. It is a spur to various and high intellectual exertion, inferring much of patience, fortitude, and hopeful energy: for Art is not, nor ought to be regarded as, the frivolous embellishment of an idle and voluptuous existence, but the fine inspiration of a thoroughly accomplished understanding,—an understanding not severed from the heart, and commeneing only with the rigid

formalities and iron mechanism of worldly science, "purchasing knowledge by the loss of power;" but fed, and warmed, and brightened, and endued with genial sagacity by the living soul that flows through and impregnates its whole substance and activity. As long as there are faculties in man which can find their aliment and satisfaction in nothing else than ideal semblances of the good, the true, and the beautiful, so long will Art remain a profound necessity of human nature: nor can that nature ever be adorned with the final grace and loveliness of Virtue,—never can it be verily invested with the perfect "beauty of holiness,"—till it has learned to appreciate and reverence the holiness of Beauty.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Chemistry of Common Life.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.S. London and Edinburgh, Author of "Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology," "A Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology," &c. In Two Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1855.
2. *Household Chemistry: or, Rudiments of the Science applied to Everyday Life.* By ALBERT J. BERNAYS, Ph.D., F.C.S., Author of "Lectures on Agriculture," &c. Third Edition, considerably enlarged. 12mo. London: Sampson Low and Son. 1854.

ST. AUGUSTINE reckons up a dozen different divinities employed about a stalk of corn; every one of whom, according to his particular function, takes a peculiar care of it at different times, from the moment the seed has been thrown into the earth till the produce arrives at maturity. Augustine was a man of enthusiastic temperament and poetic fervour; but this is the remark of Rollin, who was neither the one nor the other. Dr. Adam Smith, a man still less to be suspected of "the vision and the faculty divine," was the first to ascribe to the processes of Art this multiplex agency at work in nature, in his well-known passage on the manufacture of a pin: "One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it in is a peculiar business, to whiten the pins is another; it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which in some manufactories are all performed by distinct hands," &c. Such is the foundation of that celebrated work, the "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations;" for such is the foundation on which is reared Smith's superstructure of "the *division of*

labour,"—an astounding exposition, accounting for the manufacture of 48,000 pins by ten men in one day, equivalent to 4,000 a piece; whilst one man, separately, could not have made twenty, perhaps not even one.

This simple passage, with its common-place illustration, has been fated to change the destinies of our political economy. It embodies one of those thoughts or reflections, striking from their originality, yet universal in their acceptance. Few would ever stoop to think at all about the number of hands or operations requisite to produce a pin; yet many must have reeled with astonishment at the vast details of so small a fact, underneath whose coverture the prying philosopher thus found lurking the gigantic principles of productive labour.

With all common things it is the same, if we choose to investigate them properly. Science applies her glass to the most familiar speck of matter, and unfolds marvels undreamt of by the mass of minds. Compacted and impenetrable ignorance alone now shuts its eyes and closes its ears to these disclosures. Time was when even philosophers were content to muddle themselves in a mire of speculation; when a witty King Charles could hoax the Royal Society he had founded, by engaging its flunkeyism in the solution of a royal enigma, without pausing to consider the previous question,—the truth of what had been premised. Now-a-days we are disposed to take nothing for granted, and to suffer nothing to be unexplained, the greatest outcry and reproach against our educational systems resolving into the charge of ignorance of common things. Not that we have retrograded so far as to be no longer able to call a spade a spade. Common things we know as well as our ancestors, and, as we shall see presently, make less ludicrous mistakes about them, though, unfortunately both for them and for us, *names* are not *things*, and names alone are still best known to us. The prosecution of more tangible researches has taught us to believe, with Socrates, that "all we know is,—that we know nothing;" or, with Newton, that, like children at play upon a sea-shore, we have been but picking up pebbles there, whilst the great ocean of truth extends unexplored beyond. Some of the questions started in Sir Thomas Browne's "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*" are necessarily, as "vulgar errors," sadly in arrear of some once propounded by the Royal Society, although it could hardly be conceived possible for grave, perhaps learned, men to transcend the latter in absurdity; and both together present a remarkable contrast to the state of our ordinary knowledge now. The rise of inquiring spirits like the German Barons Humboldt and Liebig,—the one ransacking Cosmos itself in every department of research, the other probing the really more hidden, because less heeded, arcana of domestic life,—lays bare, however, the paucity of our facts, and the poverty

of our information, on the very points that most intimately concern us, on the very conditions blended with our existence, and the consequences attendant on its indulgence, the few truths discovered barely rendering the darkness visible. Yet can we as heartily affect, as if it were not so very questionable if we can afford, to despise and ridicule the Magi (for they were little better) of the middle and close of the seventeenth century, as if their right reverend historian Bishop Thomas Sprat, of Rochester, the friend of the calm, contented poet Cowley, had not found occasion to indulge in a similar tone towards "the first Monarchs of the world, from Adam to Noah," in his "Epistle Dedicatory" in honour of his Sacred Majesty King Charles. "They lived so many years," says this ingenious Prelate, "and taught their posterity to keep sheep, to till the ground, to plant vineyards, to dwell in tents, to build cities, to play on the harp and organ, and to work in brass and iron; and if they deserved a sacred remembrance for one natural or mechanical invention, your Majesty will *certainly* obtain immortal fame for having established a perpetual succession of inventors." Apsley Pellatt, or Osler and Co., are doubtless in our day proof against Pliny's opinion, that crystal is "*gelu vehementiore concretum*;"* and very likely know well enough that whatever it *may be*, it is nothing of the sort: notwithstanding, this extorted from the vanquisher of "vulgar errors" well nigh a dozen pages of demonstration, showing what crystal really is, and in particular—that it is *not* ice. Sir Thomas Browne's refutation of the fable, that Mahomet's tomb at Medina "hangeth in the ayr between two load-stones," and his trite but true explanation, "that it is of stone, and built upon the ground;" his earnest protestation that the diamond, "which is the hardest of stones, not yielding to steel, emery, or its own powder, cannot be soften'd or broken by *the blood of a goat*;" his invocation of Aristotle "On the Mode of Progression in Animals" to disprove the assertion that the elephant, being unable to lie down, *sleeps against a tree*, ending with historical proof of "that memorable show of Germanicus, wherein twelve elephants daunced unto the sound of musick;" not to mention the oracular deliverance, "That some elephants have not only *written whole sentences*, as Ælian ocularly testifieth, but have *also spoken*, as Appianus delivereth, and Christophorus à Costa particularly relateth; although it soundeth like that of Achilles' horse in Homer, we do not conceive possible!"—are not by any means the most surprising instances of the learned Knight's elaborate antagonism to popular error; for it may readily be guessed how

* The whole passage is as follows:—"Contraria huic (calori nempe) causa crystallum facit, gelu vehementiore concreto. Non aliubi certé reperiuntur quàm ubi maximè hybernæ nives rigent, glaciemque esse certum est, unde et nomen Græci dedêre."—*Hist. Nat.*, lib. xxxvii., 9.

rapidly the doctrine, "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*," would consecrate to vulgar superstition such objects as the tomb of the false prophet, diamonds, and elephants. But it pains us to think that the superb knowledge and indefatigable research of this able and enlightened man, as well as of Sir Kenelm Digby, the most accomplished physician of his time, should have been chiefly taxed to demonstrate such truisms as that of the horse and dove having galls like other creatures; that the beaver, (query, civet?) in order to escape from the hunters, does *not* have recourse to the *dernier ressort* of self-castration; that a "brock," or badger, has not in reality the legs upon one side of its body shorter than upon the other (though by the footprints in last winter's Devonshire snow we might be led back towards this exploded notion); that the she-bear does *not* bring forth her young unformed, and lick them into shape; that a man does *not* become hoarse or dumb, if a wolf should have the advantage of eyeing him *first*; that the griffin and the phoenix, with all their traditionary attributes, exist not in nature; and that frogs and toads do not truly possess all the properties superstitiously ascribed to them; nay, that a salamander does not really live in the flames; that lampreys do not exactly have nine eyes, or moles none, or snails two, at the ends of their horns; that the chameleon does *not* feed on air. These and many more notorious vulgarisms demanding refutation as serious oppressions on the human mind, truly present a lamentable picture of the intellectual darkness and barrenness of common sense amidst which society moved two centuries ago. So inveterate were some of these singular hallucinations, that the astute medical Quixote of vulgar errors himself had evidently not the nerve to quell them. It appears, at all events, highly probable, that he secretly conceived that the ostrich, which he ludicrously designates *struthio-camelus*, or "sparrow-camel," (to use his own expression,) "digesteth iron;" for, on the strength of the analogy, he decidedly commends to the human subject the practice of swallowing cherry-stones to prevent surfeit from the fruit, admitting them to be voided unconcocted; and quaintly remarking, in support of the proceeding, that in culinary operations "flesh boils best when the bones are boiled with it." With regard to flesh, by-the-bye, it ought to be mentioned that Sir Thomas Browne was a vegetarian. He tells us that as for eating flesh, "there is no absolute necessity to feed on any; and if we resist not the stream of authority, and several deductions from Holy Scripture, there were no sarcophagi before the flood," (an occurrence, however, whereby he admits, on the margin, the *natural virtue* of vegetables to have been impaired,) "and our fathers from vegetable aliments preserved themselves unto longer lives than their posterity by any other." Even in the subsisting state of discovery, Sir Thomas Browne and his com-

peers stand excused for exhibiting ignorance of some things; as, for instance, in their speculations respecting the origin of ambergris; since not one particle of further information on the subject will be found in the work of Professor Johnston now before us, unless, indeed, as the sum and substance of modern pretence, we are pleased to accept the analytical jargon, that "eighty-five *per cent.* of the whole is ambreine, a fragrant substance, soluble in alcohol." Browne, with few to bear him countenance, bravely gives way, it is true, to suppositions, and boldly dares hypotheses of which Johnston would never dream; and his works are thus signalized by the adoption of errors, which a long succession of intervening investigators have enabled his modern disciple to eschew. Browne is clear, indeed, that cinnamon, ginger, clove, mace, and nutmeg are *not* the several parts and fruits of one and the same tree; but not at all so clear—indeed, egregiously wrong—concerning what they really are. Thus also he rejects, as a vulgar error, the popular opinion, which for once happens to be correct, that "the *viscus arboreus*, or 'mistletoe,' is bred upon trees from seeds which birds, especially thrushes and ring-doves, let fall thereon," being in fact a parasitical plant; concurring rather with Lord Verulam (a great name) and others, that it emanates *from the tree itself* in a different and secondary form from "the specific intention" of the tree. So little was this utter impossibility in vegetable physiology then comprehended. Browne, who beautifully and philosophically, though quaintly, delivers himself of the sentiment, "Although proverbs be popular principles, yet is not all true that is proverbial; and in many thereof, there being one thing delivered and another intended, though the verbal expression be false, yet the proverb is true enough in the verity of the intention,"—venerated too much the very errors which he contemned, to be able to discriminate with due severity the subtle distinctions of truth and falsehood. With him it was "*Vox populi vox Dei*;" his respect and deference for the popular voice rendered him so solicitous to emancipate it from error. He was too good a classic to believe, although the ancients did, that bays will afford protection from thunder and lightning; for, besides a direct "experiment" which he cites, "of a bay-tree blasted in Italy" by Vico Mercatus, he knew historically that Tiberius with this intent presumptuously (yet with what secret dread!) wore the laurel on his temples; and he applauded in preference the prudence of Augustus, who, for refuge from the storm, was fain to ensconce his dignity under hollow vaults and arches. Yet witness our "ancient sage philosopher's" notion of "how beer and wine come to be spoiled by lightning," as there can be no mistake they do! "Now," says he, "that beer, wine, and other liquors are spoiled with lightning *and thunder*, we conceive it proceeds not only *from noise* and con-

cussion of the air, but also noxious spirits (gases?) which mingle therewith and draw them to corruption; whereby they become not only dead themselves, but sometimes deadly unto others, as that which Seneca mentioneth, whereof whosoever drank either lost his life or else his wits upon it." Liebig or Johnston might furnish a different exposition of the atmospheric changes produced by this species of electric action; but although they possibly never imagined that both Seneca and Sir Thomas Browne were before them, could they supply a more cogent exposition of the fact, that thunder spoils beer, and therefore beer is spoiled by thunder?

But if we compare notes respecting common medicinal and other Plants, with a view of illustrating the progress of the philosophy of common things, as we purpose doing, in order to evince the advantages thence accruing to the science of physical life, we are afraid that we shall discover the prevalent misapprehensions of the times of Sir Thomas Browne to be still more remarkable, and the value of the truths epitomized in the two volumes of the "Chemistry of Common Life," by Professor Johnston, and the single volume of "Domestic Chemistry," by Dr. Bernays, infinitely more striking.

Browne remarks that many of the gross errors of his day arose out of delusions adopted from the names of plants. People were then more accustomed to regard names than things. In our time, we are, or ought to be, in little danger from this source of error. Study is no more pronounced,—

"Like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks."

Objects themselves are rigidly scrutinized, and the study of them now includes nomenclature or taxonomy by the severe and simple process, whereby the greater includes the less; names are nothing to us without a relationship of facts, the shadow is nothing without a perception of the substance. Amongst herbs formerly in repute, *beronica Pauli*, or "Paul's berony," seems somehow to have earned the fame of being connected with St. Paul; whereas Sir Thomas Browne carefully explains this away, its name in reality having been derived from Paulus Ægineta, an ancient physician of Ægina, and the herb itself being simply the common speedwell. In like manner the *herba Trinitatis*, notwithstanding the seeming sanctity of its name, is simply a *hepatica*, or "liverwort." And as for that *lithospermum*, or "grummel," which the herbalists called *milium solis*, it is altogether a misnomer, having nothing to do more than usual with the sun, (despite all the evidence of Professor Hunt's curious treatise,) and *milium Soler* would have fitted it better, "as Serapion from Aben Juliel hath taught us, because it grew plentifully in the mountain of Soler,"—a

tremendous parade of authority, though, to crush a poor little trefoil. The Jew's ear is but a *fungus sambucinus*, an excrescence about the roots of elder, "and concerneth not," says Browne, "the nation of the Jews, but Judas Iscariot, upon a conceit he hanged upon this tree; and is become a famous medicine in quinsies, sore-throats, and strangulations ever since." Horse-radish, horse-mint, bull-rush, &c., are neither equine nor bovine in their natures, but their names are mere Græcisms, the prefixes *ἵππος* and *βοῦς* intending simply "great," as the great dock is termed *hippolapathum*, or as Alexander's horse, from his great head, was called Bucephalus.

Browne scouted the belief that basil could propagate, by its smell, scorpions in the brains of men, although the dogma had been advanced by Hollerius, "who found this insect in the brains of a man that delighted much in this smell." Here Sir Thomas found cause and effect irreconcilable. Not so readily did he reject the assertion of toxologists, even though Africans, (for in them the liberal and sagacious inquirer only recognised men better experienced than others in poisons and antidotes,) that whoever had eaten basil, although stung by a scorpion, should feel no pain. In this the wise physician perceived a fact of a very different nature, the simple modification of the effects of the *virus*. He ridicules contemptuously, as "old wives' preaching," the doctrine that the leaves of spurge will produce purgation or vomit, according to the manner in which they have been pulled, that is, downwards or upwards. And, still more singular to relate, he remorselessly impugns a prejudice which, if we are to believe the sentiment of a song in Gay's "Beggars' Opera," long survived his day, that men should throw cucumbers away, and even appeals to Galen on behalf of the *cucurbitus*. He calls upon experience to unteach what tradition had inculcated, that elder-berries are poisonous; and, on the contrary, proclaims them healthful on the strength of daily observation. He doubts very properly, after two several experiments upon dogs, whether *flos Africanus* be poisonous; and alleges that he *knows* the yew and its berries to be harmless, (which is more than we do,) whilst, with equal confidence, he denies that a snake will not endure the shade of an ash. Absurd and trivial as such questions may appear, it must nevertheless be recollected that, such as they were, they served to clear away the crust and scum of ignorance in an unawakened age. They contrast, perhaps, unfavourably with that crowded philosophy of common facts which the modern *savant* steps forward to teach; but they are investigations of the self-same class as those in which our most glaring deficiencies of knowledge still are found. The intelligence with which truth and error is sifted by single writers like Sir Thomas Browne, no less than the obvious utilitarianism of many of his topics, con-

trasts strongly with the foolish queries put by the Royal Society at its origin to Vernetti, a resident in Batavia. The first of these was, "Whether diamonds and other precious stones grow again, after three or four years, in the same places where they have been digged out?" ANSWER: "Never, or, at least, as the memory of man can attain to." Could an interrogatory more ludicrous than the following be conceived? "Whether, in the island of Sambrero, which lieth northward of Sumatra about 8° northern latitude, there be found such a vegetable as Master James Lancaster relates to have seen, which grows up to a tree, shrinks down, when one offers to pluck it up, into the ground, and would *quite* shrink unless held very hard; and whether the same, being *forcibly* plucked up, hath a worm for its root, diminishing more and more, according as the tree groweth in greatness, and, as soon as the worm is wholly turned into the tree, rooting in the ground, and so growing greater; and whether the same, plucked up young, turns, by the time it is dry, into a hard stone, much like white coral?" To this, which we think rather inverts the order of the development hypothesis in our "Vestiges of Creation," with a manifest spiece of waggery, he replies devoutly, "I cannot meet with any that ever heard of such a vegetable." It is obvious, then, he had never met with one Master James Lancaster in those parts. That Vernetti quizzes the Society, as they richly deserved, in his answers, let his reply to the next question attest. "Q. 7: Whether those creatures that are in these parts plump at the full moon, are lean and out of season at the new, find the contrary at the East Indies?" "A.: I find it so here by experience, at Batavia, *in oysters and crabs.*" Analogous to some portions of Johnston's scientific narratives, the Society also prosecutes its inquiries regarding the stupifying effects of *datura*, and the use of the betel leaf and areca nut. But the questions are still so shaped as to be supremely ridiculous, the answers responding to them like a mocking echo. Thus, "Q. 10: Whether those that be stupified by the juice of this herb *datura*, are recovered by moistening the soles of their feet in fair water?" "A.: No. For I have seen divers soldiers and mariners fall into the rivers and ditches, being stupified by their drink aforesaid, who were *rather worse after they were taken out than better.*" We should suppose so.

Whoever may have cherished a recollection of Derham's "Physico-Theology," in the old "Christian Magazine,"—the real pioneer of the cheap and good literature of our times; whoever may have carried off any of the lasting impressions produced by its earnest and incessant developments of "the providence of God in the works of nature;" or remembers the first sensations proceeding from the perusal of Paley's reasonings, or Butler's more subtle argumentative illustrations;

whoever may have even scanned "The Sacred History of the World," by Sharon Turner, (a work anticipating the plan of Humboldt's "Cosmos," and the particular details of Johnston's "Chemistry,") must heartily thank such authors as Johnston and Bernays, for renewing much of the most delightful reading of a life. Many things will, however, be found in the new volumes of which the keen theologians and honest solicitor never once dreamed; abounding as they do in applications and expositions of scientific truth directed to establish the wonderful works of nature and Providence, and "justify the ways of God to man."

At the very outset of Johnston's first volume we have a beautiful example of this, deduced in the form of paradox, and almost in the language of enigma, yet clearly and explicitly demonstrating the facts connected with the balance of gaseous constituents in the atmosphere, and showing the merciful dispensation by which the noxious influence of one of them—carbonic acid—is counteracted for the preservation of animal life. Every schoolboy now knows that the chief atmospheric gases are oxygen and nitrogen, and that, although *they* form nearly the entire bulk of the atmosphere, in the proportions of about one-fifth and four-fifths respectively, or, more correctly, as 21 to 79, yet there *is* another and more deadly element in the air, besides some portion of aqueous vapour. We do not know that the mode of amelioration of this vital evil has ever been more beautifully explained than by Professor Johnston:—

"The carbonic acid exists in the air in very small proportion. At ordinary elevations there are only about two gallons of this gas in every five thousand of air,—one two-thousand-five-hundredth part of the whole. It increases, however, as we ascend, so that, at heights of eight thousand or ten thousand feet, the proportion of carbonic acid is nearly doubled. Even this increased quantity is very small; and yet its presence is essential to the existence of vegetable life on the surface of the earth.

"But, being heavier than common air, it appears singular that the proportion of this gas should increase as we ascend into the atmosphere. Its natural tendency would seem to be rather to sink towards the earth, and there to form a layer of deadly air in which neither animal nor plant could live. But, independent of winds and ærial currents, which tend to mix and blend together the different gases of which the air consists, all gases, by a law of nature, tend to diffuse themselves through each other, and to intermix more or less speedily, even where the utmost stillness prevails, and no wind agitates them. Hence a light gas like hydrogen does not rise wholly to the utmost regions of the air, there to float on the heavier gases; nor does a heavy gas like carbonic acid sink down, so as to rest permanently beneath the lighter gases. On the contrary, all slowly intermix, become interfused and mutually intercorporated, so that the hydrogen, the carbonic acid, and the other gases which are produced in nature, may be found every where through the whole mass, and

a comparatively homogeneous mixture uniformly overspreads the whole earth. In obedience to this law, carbonic acid, in all places, slowly rises, or slowly sinks, as the case may be; and thus, on the whole, a uniform purity is maintained in the air we breathe. If it seems to linger in sheltered hollows like the deadly gas-lake of Java, it is because the fatal air issues from the earth as rapidly as it can diffuse itself upwards through the atmosphere; and if it rest more abundantly on the mountain top, it is because the leaves of plants, and the waters of the sea, absorb it from the lower layers of the air faster than it can descend to supply their demands."

It is shown that in every conceivable way, indeed, the composition of the atmosphere is beneficially adjusted to the wants and the functions of plants and animals. The animal with every breath extracts oxygen from the atmosphere, whilst the multitudinous green leaves that deck the world suck in the more minutely diffused supply of carbonic acid. A man or animal has but one mouth or air-passage, but it is quite sufficient to insure a copious and essential share in this chameleon's dish. A common lilac-tree, however, (*syringa vulgaris*,) with a million of leaves, has about four hundred thousand millions of mouths, or pores, all at work sucking in the supplies. Nor are these striking adaptations less remarkable than the reciprocal and compensating economy with which the oxygenized animal expires the carbonic acid, poisonous to his system, and restores it to the atmosphere; whilst the plant, with its myriad osculations ready to imbibe what is thus rejected, in its turn gives back oxygen to the common air, —a *quid pro quo*! Nor are the watery particles that float about in the atmosphere less important in their agency. Why, man, vain man, is but a walking water-butt; he is a mere vapour: a man of 154lbs. weight is literally compounded of 116lbs. of water, with only 38lbs. of perfectly dry matter! The circulation of this same watery vapour, constantly evaporating, constantly being distilled, is a fact which strikes the most unobservant viewer of the realms of nature: few even of the most watchful ever, perhaps, trace out all its varied effects,—the blessings of the falling dew, the alternations of temperature which it causes by night and by day, the processes of radiation and cooling which proceed from it, the grander results of rain and clouds, their quantity, distribution, and influence throughout the world. Meteorology, a science on which depends as much of human comfort, and much more of human subsistence, than can, perhaps, be imputed to any one branch of human knowledge, is, strange to say, less zealously prosecuted, and left in cruder hands, than almost any of the natural sciences. We are warranted, we believe, in saying so. The fact was broadly stated and strongly commented on, two years back, in an address on Medical Meteorology, by

the President of the British Association, at Hull. In a former number,* we brought the subject before the notice of our readers, and in a spirit of hopefulness which we thought justified by the aspect of the times. Since then, thanks to some pique of Lord Seymour and the Hon. Member for Maldon, Mr. Evelyn Denison, the only chance of the subject receiving proper scientific treatment in this country has been wilfully thrown away by the reversal in Parliament of a Government grant of £2,000 to the proposed Lawson Observatory of the Midland Counties, which was to have been nearly or entirely a meteorological institution, and towards which the people of Nottingham, engaged as they are in the absorbing pursuits of manufactures and commerce, had enthusiastically subscribed no less than £8,000. The representative of the scientific and literary ancestry of "*Sylva*" and "*Terra*" objected that the estimate put on an additional gift of instruments by a veteran meteorologist of Bath—Mr. Lawson—had been overstated, on nobody's authority, except perhaps as a local flourish in the columns of a newspaper; and, branding this incidental expression—which, as the instruments were, after all, the best of their kind, and could *not* have been procured for money, had, it is manifest, nothing to do with the matter—as an imposition on the Treasury, the grant was withdrawn, the subscriptions were returned, and the prospect of the systematic cultivation of this interesting, useful, and important, yet still infantile science, utterly demolished. It is a science of minute and multiplied observations, reductions, comparisons, and calculations, apt to present to us masses of mere figures, disjointed, perhaps discrepant, memoranda, where we had looked for principles and for broad and comprehensive data. Nowhere, save in an observatory appropriated to the purpose, can Meteorology, therefore, be suitably promoted as a science; and we are very loth that the proposition alluded to, and which was actually on the eve of complete success, should be lost sight of. By its defeat the country has certainly been deprived of a valuable institution, as a single extract from the original Prospectus may suffice to show:—

"The science of Meteorology, promising so much to navigation, agriculture, and the public health, is far from the perfection to which its elder sister, Astronomy, has almost attained. The multiplication of observations on plans continually improving in accuracy, seems to be the only way of laying the foundation of an exact knowledge of the changes of the atmosphere, as it regards heat, pressure, humidity, motion, and electric state, which are, doubtless, linked together by laws as real as that which connects the planetary system together, though they have hitherto eluded the search of philosophers,

* London Quarterly Review, vol. ii., p. 128.

chiefly for want of observations taken with sufficient accuracy, regularity, and length of time, in well-chosen situations, and uniformly reduced on one system. The Atmospheric Recorder,* constructed under Mr. Lawson's eye, and honoured with a Council medal at the Exhibition, is specially adapted to a continuous registration of such observations. By this instrument the height of the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, amount of electricity, rain, evaporation, and the changes and force of the wind, are constantly recorded; so that every change which takes place in the atmosphere is properly registered at the precise moment of occurrence, without the aid of an observer. The introduction of the wet and dry bulb thermometers, in connexion with the barometer, for the determination of certain changes of weather, Colonel Reid's law of storms, the adaptation of agricultural methods to peculiarities of climate, and the Registrar-General's Reports on Public Health,—all indicate that much can be done in this direction. Auroral arches, the appearance of meteors, periodically or otherwise, and the connexion of the Aurora Borealis with magnetic storms, indicated by disturbances of the magnetic needle, would all receive attention at such an observatory. For making these observations, few places, if any, offer so advantageous a position as the neighbourhood of Nottingham. Occupying the centre of a great gap in our English observatories, it possesses an unusual clearness of atmosphere,—no unimportant matter, considering how few hours comparatively are available for astronomical observations. Its central position in England gives peculiar value to the verification of the national survey, which an accurate determination of the latitude and longitude of the observatory would afford. Standing, as it does, almost midway between the eastern and western coasts, and on the verge of the hilly country on the west, and of the plains on the east, it occupies an important position for the determination of the effects of land on atmospheric changes, and for comparing the observations made in the hilly and plain districts by private observers."

We must now descend from the air into the water. How essential is the liquid element to animal life, must be apparent from the large place which, as already noticed, it holds in the actual weight of animals and plants,—no less than three-fourths of their ponderable bulk. It follows that water is the most abundant substance on the face of nature, covering as it does, to an unknown depth, (unless the recent deep-sea soundings of H.M.S.S. "Plover" and "Herald" have otherwise determined,) at least three-fourths of the earth's surface. Now we employ this pervading—or rather, predominant—element, water, to extinguish fires, which owe their combustion to the presence of oxygen, aware, as we must be, from the small explosions witnessed in the wetted wick of a burning candle,

* Whilst writing the above, we are glad to learn that the Atmospheric Recorder and other celebrated instruments of Mr. Lawson have been erected, and are at work, in Mr. E. J. Lowe's Highfield House Observatory, Beeston, Nottinghamshire.

that there is in this something dangerous; for water is simply composed of this very agent of combustion, oxygen, and of hydrogen; and hydrogen itself is a gas igniting in air, and in all other inflammable media, as in bituminous coal, in wood, in oils, fats, and olefiant gases. It is, in fact, the necessary combustion of hydrogen in the air which forms water, owing to the presence of oxygen in the atmosphere; although the water *thus* formed passes off, in the first instance, in the form of invisible vapour. Here again, then, we have a set of reciprocations, quite as astounding as any disclosures in the rounds of science. The explanation is this: the gases in the atmosphere are merely mixed promiscuously together; whereas the gases concerned in the formation of water are chemically combined,—chemical combinations resulting, in all cases, in the production of a totally new substance; such is the wise provision of Providence. The Almighty Power and Wisdom were never more remarkably disclosed to admiring intelligence, than in this singular economy of elements, this perfect subordination of matter in circulation to the law of total transmutation, by which antagonistic principles are combined into new and neutral products. The common uses and properties of water, in its consumption by animals more especially, reveal at every stage new causes for gratitude and admiration. The cavilling old sententious cynic, who undertook to demonstrate that snow was black, on the *ipse dixit* that it must be so, because it was composed of water, (by the way, he was wrong; that would be *ice*; whereas *snow* is merely frozen vapour,) would have been rather thrown out by the recognition of many colours in water, adopted by modern science:—

“In nature water is never found perfectly pure: that which descends in rain is contaminated by the impurities it washes out of the air; that which rises in springs, by the substances it meets with in the earth itself. In rivers, the impurity of the water is frequently visible to the eye. It is often of a red colour, as it flows through rocks of red marle, which contain much oxide of iron in their composition; it descends milky from the glaciers of Iceland and the slopes of the Andes, because of the white earth it holds in suspension; it is often grey or brown in our muddiest English rivers; it is always brown where it issues from boggy lakes, or runs across a peaty country; it is sometimes black to the eye, when the quantity of vegetable matter is excessive, as in the Rio Negro of South America; and it is green in the Geysers of Iceland, in the Swiss Lakes, among the Islands of the South Sea, and around our own Islands, because of the yellow matters which it every where holds in suspension or solution. Only in clear and deep waters—like those of the Bay of Naples, and in parts of the Pacific, where minute objects may be seen on the bottom some hundreds of feet down—is the real blue colour natural to water in large masses distinctly perceptible. This is the blue which is seen in the azure grotto of the Isle of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, and in the

deep, indigo-like waters of some parts of the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas.”—*Chemistry of Common Life*, vol. i., p. 33.

The purity of the “water we drink,” (Johnston quaintly ascribes some action of our lives to each of his topics, “the air we breathe,” “bread we eat,” “beef we cook,” and so on, till some of them become a little ludicrous,)—the purity of our drinking-water is necessarily interesting. That of Loka, flowing over the hard impenetrable granite of Northern Sweden, is one of the purest. There are some waters in the granite regions of Scotland and in the green sand of Surrey, which, though a hundred times less pure than that of Loka, are nevertheless considered to be our best. Edinburgh and London (Thames water) are respectively supplied with waters from two hundred to three hundred times less pure than that of Loka; and yet these waters are regarded as *comparatively* pure, and very good for general consumption. Why not? excepting that the Edinburgh water, ominously yclept “Crawley,” is run off the dead bodies of the people’s ancestors, the churchyard wherein the Covenanters were interred at the Pentlands having been discovered, one dry summer, with all its headstones, at the bottom of the reservoir: and as for Father Thames, we all know how his morning draught is compounded. The various London Water Companies—with one exception, (New River,) still more impure than the Thames—are not more impure, however, than other drinking-waters. Those of the holy Jordan, “containing seventy-three grains of solid matter to the gallon,” are extremely impure.

Why is the sea salt? Solid matters carried down into it remain in the abyss; whilst mere water enjoys a vapoury resurrection. The rains which descend upon the interior have thus constantly dissolved, and continually carried down, throughout its whole extent, saline matter into the vast oceanic depository, until its waters have attained a saline strength of 2,200 or 2,800 grains to the gallon; the Dead Sea having from 11,000 to 22,000, (ten times as much,) and a small lake, east of the steppes of the Volga, actually three-fifths of its weight of water saline. Now the rain of remote country districts is quite pure; river water is next in purity to rain; next, the water of lakes; next, common spring water; and then the waters of mineral springs. The waters of the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff are only brackish. Those of the great ocean are salt, containing perhaps $3\frac{1}{4}$ *per cent.* of saline matter; whilst the Mediterranean, an inland sea, contains $3\frac{3}{4}$ ths, and the Caspian, the Dead Sea, and Lake Aral, which have no known outlets, are the most briny of any. Where the waters of wells have dissolved organic matter and become unwholesome, the use of carbon, (charcoal,) of chips of oak-wood, or of mere boiling, is often found sufficient to effect a purification,—the matter contained in the water being albu-

minous, and consequently coagulating like the white of an egg by the action of boiling, or of the tannin in the oak. The water of the Seine at Paris may be clarified by a morsel of alum. Travellers carry with them nuts of the *strychnos potatorum* to purify the wells of India. The muddy water of the Nile is clarified in Egypt by rubbing bitter almonds on the sides of the waterpots. Moses in the Wilderness of Shur, when the people murmured against the waters of Marah, "cried unto the Lord; and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."

The soil is the next subject for consideration. We are dust; and all things surrounding us are sprung from the earth, our common mother. Geology, the foundation of all knowledge of this elementary source of visible objects, was until recently the most decried, derided, and disputed of the natural sciences. Still there were glimmerings of the truths to which discovery has so abundantly testified in the minds of the earliest scientific explorers of the earth. It is to the celebrated mineralogist, John Gottlieb Lehmann, that we are indebted for the division of mountains into primary and secondary strata. Humboldt also observed that the primary strata in Europe always inclined towards the north-east, whilst the secondary mountains dipped towards the south-east. Werner considered granite as the fundamental rock. Cuvier founded on his observation of the differences of rocks, and especially of their organic remains, the remark, that the bark of the earth was not made by a single cast, and that the parts composing it had been successively formed or deposited; whilst Brogniart ("*Structure du Globe*") announces, at the outset, the small part of the bark of the globe which we are acquainted with, to be composed of different mineral substances, some homogeneous, some heterogeneous. The first announcement of the distinguishing characters of different rocks ever made in an English publication, was that of a veteran of science over whom the tomb has but recently closed, (Robert Jameson, in 1800,) although his young and ardent successor in the Edinburgh Chair of Natural Science (Edward Forbes) has already followed him to the grave. Dr. Jameson's whole nomenclature, however, comprising the primary, transition, stratified or secondary, and volcanic or alluvial series, consisted in the German words, *Urgebirge*, *Uebergangsgebirge*, *Flotzegebirge*, and *Aufgeschwemmte*, respectively applicable to these. Very different, certainly, were these crude rudiments of classification from the visionary theories of central fires and mundane eggs indulged in by the compeers of Dr. Thomas Burnet of the Charterhouse, and discussed in his curious "Theory of the Earth." A science of the greatest certainty and precision has since then arisen: far from conflicting with the Mosaic cosmogony, its restorations of perished periods of the earth's exist-

ence are found capable of the most singular reconciliation with Holy Writ. But it is to the officinal, rather than the scientific, structure of the earth, that the chemistry of common life and common things recalls us; it is to the *débris* of the strata composing the earth's crust, and the productive capabilities of the mixture of soils, that Johnston directs our attention. The crumbling of rocks produces soil; the overlapping of different rocks occasions intermingling and diversity of composition; rich ingredients are brought to the assistance of poor, and means are furnished for maintaining, in appropriate variety, all the natural products of the earth. Thus, in the south of England, where the plastic clay, chalk, and green sand intermingle, the stiff clay wheat soils pass off into open barley lands, and these into their chalky downs, until restored by the interposition of the upper green sand to wheat soil and celebrated hop-gardens.

Thus the man who of all others cares least for the refinements and distinctions of science,—the farmer, who secretly thinks that all chemistry is good for, is only to detect adulterations in guano and rape-cake; whilst he is contented enough, however, to sack the results of all safe and warrantable experiments,—is forced to admit, that the very groundwork of his labours rests upon this branch of knowledge. It is this which teaches the hopelessness of culture on the poor granite soils of Devonshire and of Scotland; the certainty of success on the rich trap of the Scottish lowlands and the north of Ireland; the still greater fecundity of the old-world lavas of Italy and Sicily; and, in the golden future of Australia, points to “a fertile and beautiful country, the garden of Australia Felix, the rich soil of which (skirting the famous gold-bearing mountains of Victoria) is the product of decomposed lava.”* But the causes which produce and peculiarize soils, are as various as those at work in any other department of the grand laboratory of nature. Rivers wash out, roll away, and finally deposit the rich alluvium; winds assort and distribute the sandy downs; vegetation, decay, and shallow immersion produce peat bogs. These may seem to be all matters of course; but it can be shown that the kinds of husbandry pursued upon the earth, almost the social state and character of its inhabitants, are powerfully modified by the dead rocks and *débris* upon which we tread. The best practical inference to be drawn from this fact is, that, since man is thus far influenced by surrounding circumstances in this world, it is his duty to study closely the nature and causes of these, if he would convert them to his advantage. The discovery of the compatibility of our pursuits with our situation is only to be thus effected. It is shown by Professor Johnston, however, that the influence of long-continued human action overcomes the ten-

* Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society.

dencies of all natural causes. America is the illustration by which he establishes this dogma. He selects the history of that colonial culture—the *vegetable* history of the march of European cultivation over the entire continent of America—in proof of the fact; and proves that, from the Atlantic, the rifled soil first retreated to the Alleghanies and the shores of the great lakes, which have at length been overpassed, and the reckless plunderer, axe in hand, is hewing his way forward to the Rocky Mountains and the eastern slopes of the Andes,—tracts of abandoned land along the Atlantic borders of Virginia and the Carolinas furnishing proof and example of the change and exhaustion. In his “Notes on North America,” the same author brought this fact distinctly before the public, by pointing to the flat lands skirting the Lower St. Lawrence, stretching near Montreal into wide plains, celebrated under the French dominion as the wheat granary of America, but where now the oat and the potato are the staples of daily sustenance to those who live on their own farm produce. Even in New-England, wheat culture has become gradually unprofitable: the New-England States, in 1840, yielded 2,014,000 bushels of wheat; in 1850, only 1,078,000. All this would assuredly go to prove that man is still the victim rather than the modifier of circumstances, were it not that the improver can retrieve all the errors of the exhauster. By his large applications of shelly marl he can restore the herbage of Virginia and the Carolinas; and by thinner sowings of gypsum double and quadruple the yield of previous years of wheat. In Britain itself, the philosopher will scarce give us credit for having avoided the defects and vices of American farming. “A century and a half,” he says, “has changed the whole surface of our Island; and we are indebted to the commercial importation of new chemical riches from all parts of the world, for the replacing those which rains and rivers have been permitted to wash into the sea.”

The constitution and relations of the plant with the soil and the atmosphere require little further consideration. The minute and microscopic apertures by which the leaves suck in the floating gases; and the vascular ramifications by which the sap is absorbed, and ascends from the roots; the chemical agencies at work combining the results of many separate processes going on during the growth of the plant; exhibit a seeming complication and multiplicity, yet, in reality, a certainty and simplicity of mechanism applied alike to rear the most stupendous trunk of the forest, or the minutest hair upon a moss. Amongst the pleasing proofs adduced of chemical changes within the plant, the effects of colour on their flowers are mentioned: charcoal powder darkens and enriches the flowers of the dahlia, rose, petunia, &c.; carbonate of soda reddens ornamental hyacinths, and super-phosphate of soda occasions other alterations.

Colour is indeed a strange item in creation. Chemistry asserts, that all the brilliant green foliage of a large tree in summer is produced by the fractional part of an ounce of colouring matter distributed evenly over its myriads of leaves ! No wonder the chemist in possession of such secrets luxuriates in the puzzling question, Whence the infinite variations arising in plants from the same food taken in from the air, and similar food drawn up from the soil ? some of them, too, sufficiently ingenious, the work of a cunning workman ; such as the spikelet of the stinging nettle, having at its base elastic cells forming a reservoir of formic acid, whence the poison, like that of the serpent's fang, is inserted into the wound made by the spikelet. The true purposes served by the economy of vegetation are magnificent to contemplate. Living or dead, the plant is the ministering servant of men and animals ; serving, while living, to purify the air we breathe, by consuming carbonic acid and pouring forth oxygen salutary to animal life and health ; and contributing, when dead, to nourish and support beasts on the straw, men on the grain, the elephant on forest twigs and leaves, and the lords of creation on the nut and fruit of the tree.

This leads to the question of food, an attentive examination of which solves the paradox why the lower animals can subsist on the less elaborated products, whilst man's organization demands the highest results of produce for his sustenance. Here, may we say, commence the wondrous in our common life,—the phenomena of nourishment. Ever since the rise of Liebig, all Europe has become familiar with the constituents of bread,—the staff of life,—with the relative values of its gluten and its starch. Simple and obvious as this knowledge may appear, few things bear more immediately on the economy of life and the art of living,—an art to which mankind have served a long apprenticeship, in which they have yet much to learn. Honour be to the pioneers of truth who have done so much to promulgate these facts and conclusions of science, that rational arrangements must henceforth either supersede custom and necessity, or the latter must be proved to be in accordance with the rationale of science ! And it is astonishing how amply the slow teachings of experience are justified by scientific investigation. Scarcely is there to be found a well-established practice, creeping in however unaccountably amongst human habits, for which the modern chemist cannot assign sufficient cause, although the discovery may have been as original on his part, as the adoption was intuitive or unwitting on the part of its first observers. The fermentation of bread is perhaps as ancient as the culture of the food-giving cereals ; yet a more curious or recondite chapter does not occur in chemical literature, than that of the action and extension of leaven and yeast. Bread itself has,

indeed, been one of the exciting topics of all populous countries, and often paramount to every other, whether in the classic age of Rome, the well-watched statistics of "*subsistances*" in France, or the unromantic meal mobs and bread riots of our own labouring districts.

But popular errors on the subject are still in vogue. Our teetotal friends, admirers of the big loaf in the abstract, and reformers of "liquor laws" in the concrete, maintain that if a man must really enjoy the alcohol of grain, he has it entire in the bread he consumes. But, alas! the chemist informs us that "the yeast, added to the dough, changes the sugar which the flour naturally contains, into alcohol (spirits of wine) and carbonic acid gas; the latter forces the tough dough into bubbles, which are still further expanded by the heat of the oven, which, at the same time, dissipates the alcohol."* The visionary scheme some time ago started in London, for catching the alcoholic fumes of the oven, and condensing them as in ordinary distillation, was, therefore, founded in reason, though it failed in practice. The heat of the oven promotes even a further change: a portion of the starch becomes converted into dextrine, (British gum,) a more easily digestible substance. And here we have the philosophy of toast; for, "in making toast," says Dr. Bernays, "very much more of the starch becomes thus changed, and a small portion of it, as well as of the gluten, is carbonized." Johnston adds to this, that the heat of the oven also kills the yeast-plant, and causes the fermentation to cease. A weakness for toast becomes excusable, therefore, on sound sanitary principles. Some, however, would prefer bread that is newly baked, from its peculiar softness and tenacity, though generally considered less digestible. The Professor dissipates the existing delusion in favour of stale bread: it is a fallacy to suppose it drier; stale bread contains almost the same proportion of water as new bread which has become completely cold. The only change is in the internal arrangements of its molecules; and he asserts that if a stale loaf be put into a closely covered tin, and exposed for half an hour to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water, on being allowed to cool after the removal of the tin, the loaf again becomes new. Well-baked wheaten bread, in fact, contains forty-five *per cent.* of water, and, being thus nearly one half water, is actually both meat and drink together! Will any body have the assurance to speak of "dry bread" after this? The truth is that, independently of the water naturally contained in flour and grain, one hundred pounds of fine flour take up, in baking, half their weight in water, and yield one hundred and fifty pounds of bread,—a result facilitated by the onversion of starch into more retentive gum, and by the escape

* Bernays.

of moisture being prevented by the formation of crust. Even the waste occasioned by vinous or alcoholic fermentation can be prevented in bread-making by the use of bi-carbonate of soda and hydrochloric acid, (for which Bernays gives a recipe on the authority of a "physician"). There are worse things, too, than these in bakers' bread. There is alum; there is a rage for *white* bread; and the baker can produce it even from inferior flour by the use of alum, which greatly increases its natural tendency to constipation. White bread altogether is a mistake. Upon brown bread and water a man might live; on white bread and water he would languish and die. We speak of wheaten bread as the great staple commodity of consumption in this country, where wheat is certainly the measure, if not the standard, of value. But elsewhere, and for other purposes of consumption, other grains are adopted. Flavour, colour, and appearance are against barley and rye; but in chemical composition and nutritive quality, wheaten and rye bread possess a strong resemblance; rye bread, the chief victualling article of the foreign marine, longer retaining its freshness, even for months, owing to peculiar properties of its gluten. Indian corn, indeed, concurs in this resemblance of composition and quality, with a flintiness, however, which renders hard its loaves, and an unctuosity of flavour, which, though fattening from its containing more oil than our grains, renders it less relished. Oats, in Johnson's Dictionary defined to be "the food of the Scotch and horses," are, it seems, with infinite justice esteemed in Scotland "an agreeable, nutritious, and wholesome food for man," although suspected of producing a cutaneous irritability not unknown in that quarter of the world. Dr. Pereira, a high authority, denies this charge. Rice, possessed of less than half the gluten of oatmeal, necessitates the devouring of enormous quantities to sustain nature: containing little fat, it possesses, also, a binding quality; and, substituted for potatoes in our workhouses, has, in a few months, produced scurvy, probably from sudden change of diet, or the unwholesomeness of unmixed food, rather than from any inherent evil property in the grain.

On the table lands of Chili and Peru, 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, where rye and barley refuse to ripen, the South Americans grow their quinoa; and, prior to the arrival of the Spaniards, thousands of the natives of those elevated regions lived principally on this small-seeded, broad, picturesquely-leaved grain, whose composition is, according to Dr. Voelcker, nearly that of oatmeal. Without this resource the *plateau* of the Andes, like the summer pastures of the lovely Alpine valleys, would only be a cattle run. The small seed of the Guinea corn is grown and consumed in the West Indies. The small dhurra, dhooora, or millet of India, Egypt, and the African interior, has

been more familiarly heard of in this country, and the attempt has even been made to grow it in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh: its proportion of gluten is one *per cent.* higher than that of buckwheat. The whole class of pulse, beans, peas, lupins, vetches, and lentils, &c., possesses a large per-centage (about twenty-four) of gluten, and some trifle (about two) of fat. They are slightly constipating therefore, but nutritious. The Eastern chick pea or grain is especially so; and becomes the food of travellers crossing the Desert, where weight and bulk are found inconvenient. Trees contribute also to human nutrition. The sago palm yields its pith to the native of New Guinea; he rubs it to powder, washes it in a sieve, and bakes a hard cake by placing it for a few minutes in a hot mould. As $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds are said to suffice a full-grown man for a whole day, and each tree (cut down in its seventh year) yields 700 pounds of sago meal, it is computed that a single acre of 300 palms must support fourteen men,—cutting down a seventh of them annually. The Chili pine—the splendid *auracaria imbricata* of the Andes and of Patagonia—will from the fruit of one tree maintain eighteen persons *per annum*. The food, in this instance, is the large seed, contained in the cones, and probably as rich in gluten as our beech-nuts, chestnuts, and acorns. The tropical banana yields bread ready grown, and so profusely, that Humboldt has calculated that the same 1,000 square feet which will yield 462 pounds of potatoes, or 38 pounds of wheat, will produce in less time 4,000 pounds of bananas. In point of nutrition, however, it is but upon a par with rice. The “bread of the desert”—the date—sustains life unaided for an indefinite period; the date-tree flourishes when all other crops fail from drought; in Egypt and Arabia and amongst the oases of Fezzan, nineteen-twentieths of the population subsist upon it nine months in the year. The real bread-fruit tree (*artocarpus incisa*) of the South Seas and Indian Archipelago, is a beautiful object in point of foliage, and its fruit attains considerable size, growing abundantly, and covering the tree with crops, for eight or nine months, in close succession. It is seldom relished raw, and is cooked in various ways. Three trees may maintain a man for eight months.

The proverb, that “little knows the one-half of the world how the other half lives,” receives curious illustration from this glimpse at the varieties of human food. In addition, however, we have roots and tubers, the turnip, the carrot, (there are turnip and carrot meal; the former rather odious in flavour,) the potato, (very analogous in nutritive value to rice and plantain,) even the onion, and the tuber of a lily roasted and eaten in Kamtschatka; besides leaves, such as the cabbage, whose dried leaf contains thirty-five *per cent.* of gluten,—on all which it were, perhaps, as much too curious to dwell, as on the possibility of Cæsar’s or Alexander’s dust “stopping a bung-hole.” One conclusion emanates from

the whole,—that experience has every where led men to a rude adjustment in kind and quality of the forms of nutritive matter essential to supply their wants; but still more distinct and definite seems the fact of a providential adjustment to the wants of animals in the natural composition of the eatable parts of plants.

If the resort to vegetable food be chiefly for the sake of gluten, the resort to animal subsistence is made for the sake of an analogous substance or principle,—fibrine: the starch of the first—nay, the fat of the second—being of much less importance in nutrition, and, indeed, deriving any importance they possess from processes of chemical conversion, whilst gluten and fibrine directly build up the living frame by assimilation. The unprofitable starch of arrowroot, (*maranta arundinacea*.) sago, tapioca, and cassava, (both these last from *manihot utilissima*.) owes its beneficial influence to association with albumen. Starch for its own sake we never but once happen to have heard of any one having consumed; and that was under the spell of delusion, if not of drink; being in the case of a north countryman who had returned home at night steeped in liquor, and had awoke in a raging fever of thirst, some time after having tumbled into bed. Searching for something wherewith to appease his torment, in the dark he stumbled upon a capacious bowl, as he supposed, of milk, exposed upon the kitchen table, and swallowed down its contents at a gulp. Satiated and solaced with this cooling libation, he even essayed luxuriously to anoint his gallant whiskers with what his idle fancy whispered to be the sole remaining relics of the cream. Returning to bed, the unfortunate wight fell comfortably enough asleep; but, alas! in the morning,—O! horror,—he awoke with a strange stiffening sensation about the throat. Incautiously raising his hands to the seat of the disorder, terror and dismay appeared to disclose to him the appalling fact that he was lying, in all probability, with his windpipe severed, in a cold, viscous, glary cement of his own blood,—the last frail tenure that withheld the vital spark being some mysterious coating of the sanguineous fluid. In this agonizing conviction, he dared not move, convinced that the moment in which he attempted it would prove his last. Relief at length reached him from an unexpected source. The good lady of the house arrived upon the scene full of querulous complaint respecting some over-night depredation committed on a bowl of genuine Glenfield Patent, wherewith the good woman had purposed approving herself the wife of her husband's *bosom*, by imparting to it that exquisite gloss and elastic finish which we read of in the advertisements, as certified by the laundresses of the Queen and the Lady Licutenant, and Mrs. William Chambers of Glenormiston. To the intense astonishment of his spouse, the bedrid bacchanal bounded gaily

from his lair, exulting that he "had drunk it." A weight had fallen from his spirit, and, though starched down by the whiskers to the pillow, he contrived to rend his way from this nightmare of capillary attraction. Yet we never learned that his deglutition of starch did him any good whatever.

With fat it is much the same. "This fat," says Johnston, "to a certain extent, represents and replaces the starch in vegetable food." What is worse, the doctors recommend the one, but Dr. Granville and the water doctors of the *Brunnens* all forbid the other, to dyspeptics. Still, do not, gentle reader, we beseech thee, do not mistake us: we despise not fat: fat has its uses. Professor Johnston tells us, "that those varieties of animal food are most esteemed, in which a considerable proportion of fat is present:" and this is, indeed, perfectly true. The whole question, we are afraid, will come to the following issue: Are we henceforth to consult our appetites and inclinations, or to take the *dicta* of chemical science for our future guidance in the economy of human life? Science will, perhaps, tell us to glut ourselves with gluten:—would that be agreeable? Perhaps to build up our bodies systematically with fibrine:—would that be genteel? The proverb lays down an injunction against the use of strong meat for babes, which convinces us that the regimen of strict science will not suit an enormous mass of grown-up babies constituting the people of this world. Circumstances and opportunities, strong will and inveterate custom, conspire to prescribe variations of routine; but, happily, although these appear to conflict with the *dicta* of science, the penetrating eye of inquiry has always, somehow or other, detected the rule of science in almost every seeming exception and deviation; or, rather, so reconcilable are these discrepancies, that the exception literally becomes the rule. Were it not so, it would be difficult, indeed impossible, to conceive why men should resort to the many strange devices of infusing beverages, extracting sweets, and fermenting liquors, indulging in narcotics, and enjoying odours, of all which social phenomena Professor Johnston has treated in sequence due. Viewed singly, or in the *tout ensemble*, these are really strange singularities in the habitudes of man. One grand and striking feature in them points to a single and justificatory law,—the law of adoption; for this feature is their prevalence, their universality. Although research, therefore, may unfold many specialties and details which are peculiar, nay, even facetious, science is yet able to place, for the most whimsical general observance, some satisfactory reason upon record.

We might, it is true, have passed onwards to discuss still more singular items included in Professor Johnston's chapters of Chemical Research. We might have set ourselves to trace, with him, the rule or impulse which leads man, after providing

for his first necessities, to devise the means of indulgence, the processes of refinement, the delights of pleasure. Nay, we might have proceeded to contemplate those strange revolting instances of depraved human habitude, which render custom superior to nature, and enable men to devour earths and women poisons (as in the case of the love-arsenic of Styria) with impunity. Not less amazing should we have found the chemist's revelations regarding narcotics, odours, and even offensive smells, some of which seem to form the most fearful weapons of personal and public malignity; as, a grain of metallic tellurium, administered to a healthy man, will make his neighbourhood intolerable for weeks—nay, months—to come; and as Chinese stink-pots of war, and the *boulet asphyxiant*, with which we are threatened by the Russians should we attack Cronstadt, and which the French are reported, on one occasion, to have tried experimentally with fearful effect at Sebastopol. Much rather, however, would we, in a discussion “on man, on nature, and on human life,” confine ourselves to common things and common concerns. Sitting down with Dr. Bernays, we are best pleased to hear him discourse upon the chemistry of the breakfast-table, commencing with the table-cloth and unfolding its natural history and economy. To us truths appear invariably the most striking, the nearer they are found to the surface, and not to the bottom of the well.

ART. VII.—1. *The History of the Protestants of France, from the Commencement of the Reformation to the present Time.* Translated from the French of G. DE FELICE, D.D., Professor of Theology at Montauban. In Two Vols. London: Longmans. 1853.

2. *The History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the present Time.* By CHARLES WEISS, Professor of History at the Lycée Buonaparte. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1854.

WE gladly welcome the appearance, in an English dress, of these works on a very interesting period of French history. The scope and intention of their authors are widely different. Dr. Félice's History is an account of the inner life of the Reformed in France; so much only of the political history of the period being introduced, as is necessarily involved in its course. Professor Weiss's Lectures follow the Huguenot Refugees, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in their residence among the various States of Europe, and on the

continent of America. The History is a plain, straightforward narrative of facts; and although it may not throw new light upon the period of which it treats, it is the first work which has professed to contain a continuous history of the Reformed in France, and it has attained great popularity among the author's countrymen. The Lectures have struck out a new path, and give evidence of considerable research and ability, which have been rewarded by the Medal of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Both pre-eminently exhibit the French spirit in their different points of view,—the former being written from the religious, the latter from the political, aspect; and in each something more is demanded by the national vanity than an impartial tribunal would concede. But the one proves that the world is more indebted than is generally known, to his countrymen, for their industry and ability in science and the arts; whilst the other describes a series of unparalleled persecutions borne with unflinching heroism.

From the time of Francis I. to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., the history of the Huguenots is almost the history of France, and involves all the intricacies and difficulties of that very complex period. In the intrigues of the Court, in the meetings of the States-General, in the feuds of the great houses, in the various civil wars, religious differences not only form an important item, but were generally the main subject of controversy. They were the occasion of the Catholic League; they were the cause of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; they influenced the policy of Richelieu, and were mingled in the wars of the Fronde; their leaders negotiated with foreign powers, and the whole policy of Europe was powerfully affected by their position; they waged wars, made treaties, and possessed material guarantees for their accomplishment; while their position was so continually shifting, and their prospects so subject to change, that we need a thread to guide us through the maze of such varied circumstances. Of all modern history, that of France is at once the richest, and in this country the least understood; and of all French history, no period requires more illustration than the times of the wars of religion.

Meaux was the first city in France in which the Reformed doctrines were publicly preached, in 1521, the year in which Luther appeared before the Diet of Worms. The leaders of the movement were Lefèvre and Farel, both eminent for their learning and piety; and in Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, they found an important ally. This nobleman had been the Ambassador of Francis I. to the Court of the Holy See; and, disgusted with what he there saw of the Papacy, had endeavoured, on his return, to reduce his diocese to order, and to enforce the

residence of the Clergy. Their reply was a law-suit against him before the Metropolitan. He then collected around him the most eminent of the Reformed, and each in turn preached the new doctrines; and, wishing to base their teaching on the sole authority appealed to by the Reformation, they published the Four Gospels in French. Their effect was at once prodigious; every body took to reading them. There followed a marked improvement in their daily life, and a reformation in manners; and they forsook the intercession of the saints for the alone mediation of the Saviour.

These proceedings attracted first the attention, and then the indignation, of the Sorbonne, which, infuriated by the ridicule of Melancthon, used all its influence to oppose the new opinions. Their views were furthered by the policy then prevalent at Court; for Louisa of Savoy, the Regent during her son's imprisonment at Madrid, was a bitter opponent of the Reformed; and as the Pope's aid was required in the Italian wars, a violent persecution was resolved on.

Dr. Félice here remarks, that this first and the succeeding persecutions are to be attributed to the Italians rather than to the French. But surely we cannot acknowledge this defence of his countrymen at the expense of their Italian coadjutors. The Doctor's nationality seems to have strangely blinded him to the real state of the case. Neither French Kings, Princes, nor nobles showed any reluctance in planning and carrying out designs for the extirpation of the Calvinists. It is not the spirit of Italy, but of Popery, that must bear the blame.

The reign of Francis I. was not a period of unmixed persecution, and the treatment of the Reformed varied with the caprice of the Monarch. Briçonnet yielded to the first storm, though it is not known how far he abjured. But the party had a steadier and more powerful supporter in the King's sister, Margaret of Valois. But this reign closed darkly with the Crusade against the Vaudois of Provence. The simplicity and industry of this people might have pleaded in their favour; but their prosperity inflamed the cupidity, as their tenets did the anger, of the Priests, through whose influence an edict of extermination was passed against them by the Parliament of Aix; and after some delay the King, in an evil hour, consented to its execution.

The heart sickens at the narration of the cruelties inflicted upon this unhappy people. At Mérindol a poor idiot alone survived, who had promised a soldier two crowns as his ransom: D'Oppède, the General, flung the money to his captor, and then shot him with his own hand. At Chabrières the men surrendered on promise of their lives, and were then murdered as they came out unarmed. The women were confined in a barn, which was set on fire, and they were thrust back upon the flames at the point of the halberts. The churches were stained

with foul debaucheries, and the altars polluted with blood; whilst the Clergy of Avignon forbade all quarter, and bestowed their blessing on the murderers.

"Towards the close of the reign of Francis I., and during that of his son Henry II., the Reformation in France grew so rapidly, that it becomes impossible to give all the details. Men of letters, lawyers, soldiers, even ecclesiastics, vied with each other in ranging themselves beneath its banner. Several large provinces, Languedoc, Dauphiny, Lyonnais, Guienne, Saintonge, Poitou, Orléanais, Normandy, Picardy, and Flanders,—the most considerable cities in the kingdom, Bourges, Orléans, Rouen, Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, and La Rochelle,—were peopled with the Reformed. It has been calculated that, in a few years, they amounted to nearly one-sixth of the population, and the very *élite* of it too." The people of the *Tiers Etat* who were best instructed, and the most intelligent artisans, joined their ranks. "Especially," with great *naïveté* says a historian devoted to the Catholic side, "painters, watchmakers, goldsmiths, booksellers, printers, and others who, in their craft, have any nobleness of mind, were most easily surprised." Others only joined the Calvinists in secret, but were recognised in public by their modest demeanour. "I have a mind to turn to the new religion myself," said Catherine de Médicis, "to pass for a pious woman and a prude."

But their affairs did not long remain in so favourable a condition. Under Henry II. the factions began to rise, which subsequently covered France with blood. The King himself, regardless of his father's dying injunctions, openly persecuted the Huguenots. And the year 1551 saw the publication of the Edict of Chateaubriand. It gave cognizance of the crime of heresy to the civil and ecclesiastical Judges, so that, in violation of all justice, the accused, though acquitted by one tribunal, might be condemned by the other. It expressly forbade any one to intercede in their behalf, and cut off the right of appeal against the judgments. It gave a third of the property of the accused to the informer. It confiscated to the King the estates of all who had fled from France. It absolutely prohibited the sending of either money or letters to the fugitives. And, finally, it imposed on all suspected persons the obligation of producing a certificate of Catholic orthodoxy.

This atrocious piece of legislation produced its natural fruits. Infamous accusations were laid, to obtain the property of the accused. But even this was not enough. Paul IV. demanded the establishment of the Inquisition, and Henry was mean enough to acquiesce. The Bull was forwarded in 1557, and the King confirmed it by an Edict. But, to their honour, the Parliament of Paris stood firm. In vain did the King insist upon it in a "bed of justice;" all his violence was spent to no pur-

pose. Yet the affair of the Rue St. Jacques showed that the spirit of persecution was still vigorous; and the superstition of the people was now sharpened by their fears. "The battle of St. Quentin had just been lost. Every one was in dread of seeing the Spaniards at the gates of Paris; and, amidst the common terror, men accused themselves of being too indulgent towards heretics: so again, when Paris was threatened in 1792, after the capture of Verdun, the cry was, that too many of the Clergy and aristocracy had been spared; and then began the days of September."

The affair of the Rue St. Jacques awakened the sympathy of the Reformed party throughout Europe. The Swiss, the Count Palatine, the Elector of Saxony, and other Protestants of the Empire, interceded in their behalf; and Henry was obliged to listen to the prayer of those whose aid he then urgently needed. Nor was this sympathy confined to their fellow Protestants abroad; a large party in the Parliament of Paris saw that the persecution of the Calvinists, now rapidly increasing in numbers, was alike unjust and impolitic. This section, with Anne Dubourg at their head, demanded that the religious differences should be settled by a national council. "It is no small matter," said he, "to condemn those who, from the flames, call on the name of Jesus Christ." The King, infuriated at such tolerance and freedom, ordered Dubourg to be immediately arrested, and declared that he would see him burn with his own eyes: but he himself died by the lance of Montgomery before the trial was completed, haunted, in his last moments, by the remembrance of his injustice and tyranny.

Dubourg's trial was still continued, and he was finally sentenced to be burnt. "His execution," says Mèzeray, "inspired many with the persuasion, that the faith, professed by so intelligent and upright a man, could not be a bad one." Another Catholic writer, Florimond de Remond, then a student in the University of Paris, "owns, that every body was melted to tears in the colleges, that they pleaded his cause after his death, and that his pile did more harm than a hundred Ministers could have done with their sermons." Thus does persecution ever defeat its objects: thus is the blood of the martyrs ever the seed of the Church.

Meanwhile the affairs of the State were becoming more critical daily. The new King, Francis II., was scarcely sixteen years old, and was weak both in mind and body. The different factions of the Court "all took advantage of his youth, and mingled with religious discussions quarrels about their own selfish and ambitious politics." There were three parties in the field. The Guises, at the head of the Catholics, aimed at the extirpation of the Protestants, and the exaltation of the family of Lorraine: the Huguenots, under the Bourbons and Cha-

tillons, were the fiercest opponents of this faction: whilst between them the Politiques, under the Chancellor L'Hôpital and the Constable Montmorenci, counselled mutual toleration and forbearance. Identified with none of them, any further than the interests of the moment might require, Catherine de Médicis, with Italian wiliness, strove to mount to power by all of them in turn; when her vacillation was brought to a sudden crisis by the discovery of the Conspiracy of Amboise. For, goaded by persecution, by insult, and by calumny, the Protestants had long been exasperated against the Guises, and they had plotted to expel the Princes of Lorraine, and restore the real government to their King.

The plot was revealed by a conspirator, and fierce was the revenge of the Cardinal of Lorraine. In his terror he had at first proclaimed an amnesty, but his vengeance grew with his strength. "Twelve hundred conspirators were put to death at Amboise. There was no investigation, nor any form of trial; and as the executioners were unable to get through their work, they flung the prisoners, tied hand and foot, into the Loire by hundreds. The same stream was destined to receive other victims subsequently. Cardinal Charles de Lorraine, and Carrier of Nantes, might shake hands across the interval of centuries."

Despite such wholesale slaughter, the Protestant cause kept gaining ground, and this very year (1560) saw the establishment of public worship by them; whilst, in the Assembly of the Notables held at Fontainebleau, Coligny presented to the King a petition from their party, and undertook to get fifty thousand signatures to it from the province of Normandy alone. To settle the questions in dispute, all parties agreed in demanding the convocation of the States-General, and that measures should also be taken for holding a national Council. For the most enlightened on all sides hoped, by its assistance, to unite the two religions on some common ground. The belief that it was impossible to have two creeds within one State still prevailed in the noblest minds. The States-General were accordingly summoned to meet at Orleans, and thither came the Bourbon Princes. But the Guises had devised a simpler method than discussion for terminating the existing differences. Their first scheme was to murder the two Bourbon Princes in the King's chamber; their second, to put to death or banish every Frenchman who refused to sign a creed drawn up by the Cardinal,—a creed, says Jean de Serres, that *no man of the Religion would have either approved or signed for a thousand lives*. The first was defeated by the King's timidity; the second, by his premature death. Francis died in the seventeenth year of his age, having reigned as many months; and as no one cared for his funeral, in the eager pursuit of their own interest, a blind

Bishop and two aged domestics were all that followed him to the tomb.

The death of Francis II. was, in fact, a revolution; and, for a time, the Protestant influence prevailed, and seemed likely soon to be triumphant. But a Court intrigue restored the Guises to power, and their return was marked by the Edict of July, 1561, which forbade the public assemblies, but sanctioned the private worship, of the Huguenots, and promised a national Council to adjust the religious differences.

Such a Council met in the refectory of the great Convent of Poisy on the 9th of the following September. It was opened by addresses from Charles IX. and L'Hôpital, the latter in a wise and conciliatory tone. After these the Reformed deputies were, for the first time, admitted, rather as culprits than as colleagues in the deliberation. Calvin himself was absent, as the hostages were refused, whom Geneva had demanded for his safety; but his friend Beza filled more gracefully his place, and adorned his arguments by a courtly elocution and address. In the simplest apparel the Reformers entered, and Beza knelt and audibly asked a blessing on their labours. But when they came to the discussion of the separate articles of their Confession, they found, in the doctrine of transubstantiation, an insuperable obstacle to their proceeding, and the cause of a premature conclusion. Both sides, indeed, agreed to a formulary respecting the real presence in the Eucharist; but both sides found that all their learning and rhetoric had been employed in vain. It was now plain that either one or other must be exterminated, or they must continue to live side by side. And the Politiques now first learned, that neither sword nor pen could really gain a final victory, but that mutual toleration and forbearance might make any such victory superfluous.

Still the Huguenots had been gainers by the conference at Poisy. Their tenets became more widely known, and were, in consequence, more widely embraced. Their numbers, at this time, were estimated by the Chancellor L'Hôpital at a fourth of the whole population; and this tolerant and wise Judge drew up the Edict of January, 1562, which permitted them to meet for worship without the walls of any city. Such bare tolerance was, however, highly culpable in the eyes of the Guises. They spared no pains to gain over Antoine de Bourbon, titular King of Navarre, that their faction might enjoy the powers which he wielded as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. Seduced by the prospect of becoming King of Scotland, of Sardinia, or of Tunis, (all three were temptingly suggested,) he avowed himself a convert to Popery; and, with all the rancour of a renegade, joined in a conspiracy to introduce forces from Spain for the extirpation of heresy, and even volunteered an attack upon the Calvinists of Paris.

To support this enterprise, the Duke of Guise was on his way to Paris with a band of armed retainers, and, in passing through Champagne, he heard the church bells of Vassy summoning the faithful to their prayers. "They shall soon Huguenotize in a very different manner," cried the Duke, and he ordered an attack upon them. The Reformed defended themselves with the stones which lay around them, with one of which the Duke was struck in the face. In his anger he gave the command to charge, and sixty were slain, and two hundred more wounded. Their Pastor was taken prisoner, and the Duke ordered him to be hung, but no one could be found who would become his executioner. In the affray there was a volume carried from them to Guise. "Look," said he to his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, "look at the titles of these Huguenots' books." "There is no harm in this," replied the Cardinal; "it is the Bible." "The Bible!" he replied, "how can that be? You see it is not a year since this book was published, and they say the Bible has been published these fifteen hundred years and more."

The news of this massacre roused the blood of the Reformers. Condé and their other leaders in vain demanded justice and the punishment of this flagrant violation of all law. The arts of Catherine were exhausted in evasion and vague promises. Beza appealed to Montmorenci to exert his authority as Constable; but Antoine of Navarre apologized for the Duke, and accused the Huguenots of striking the first blow. "Sire," replied Beza, "the Church is rather wont to be smitten, than to smite; but remember it is an anvil on which many a hammer has been broken." Yet with that Church Guise now engaged in deadly conflict. He seized the persons of Catherine and Charles IX., and kept them in a gentle, but strict, captivity. The triumph of his party was, however, short-lived,—it was a triumph promptly and fearfully expiated. With the massacre of Vassy, and the seizure of the King, commenced the fierce contest of the religious wars, and the darkest era in the dark history of France.

Both sides appealed to foreign Princes for aid; both professed fealty to their lawful Sovereign. The Huguenots demanded vengeance for the massacre of Vassy, the liberation of their Monarch, and the expulsion of the Guises. They ranged themselves under Condé, as being of the blood-royal, and their first efforts in arms were crowned with success. To these attempts the Catholics replied with vigour: they acted with promptitude, decision, and energy, whilst Condé lost his opportunities in vain negotiations. At length the deaths of Antoine of Navarre and the Duke of Guise offered an opportunity of making peace, and Condé was lured, by the promise of becoming Lieutenant-General, to accept for his party very unfavourable terms. Even these were not registered by all the Parliaments, and Catherine

de Médicis withheld from him his promised reward. In his anger he would at once have renewed hostilities, but was restrained by the more prudent Coligny. "I see perfectly well," said the latter, "how we may light the fire, but I do not see the water to put it out."

But that fire only smouldered, and soon burst forth in undiminished fury. Suddenly the Duke of Alva appeared with an army at Bayonne, and the Huguenots flew to the standard of their King. Catherine courtcously declined their assistance, promised to maintain the struggle at her own expense, and advanced with her forces to meet the Spaniards. While the Reformed supposed she was preparing to act against the Spaniards, she had been gathering an army to act against themselves; and now, laying aside the mask, she hailed Alva as a friend, and prepared, with his assistance, to crush her opponents. Their imminent danger at last roused them from their credulity, and nothing was left save an appeal to arms. On the plain of St. Denis the Catholics triumphed, though the Constable Montmorenci died from a wound received upon the field. Marshal de Vielville truly described the result of that conflict to Charles IX.: "Neither your Majesty nor Condé have won the battle, but the King of Spain."

Thus war was once again kindled throughout France,—a war which, to all the horrors of a civil contest, added all the rancour of theological hatred. The accounts present to us scenes of bloodshed and treachery on both sides, succeeding one another in horrible monotony. All sense of shame, all regard for honour, all the sanctity of oaths, seemed now to be forgotten. Catherine had often boasted that, with her tongue and a few sheets of paper, she could effect more mischief than all the lances of her army. And no sooner did the Huguenots obtain some slight advantage, than she offered terms of peace, to which, in despite of their leaders, they agreed. At length the Prince of Condé, seeing his army melt away, was compelled to sign the Peace of Longjumeau (1568). "It left his party," Mézeray says, "at the mercy of their enemies, with no other security than the word of an Italian woman."

But the treaty in reality never existed, save on paper. Measures were still taken entirely to crush the Calvinists. The pulpits proclaimed that no faith should be kept with heretics; and riots and massacres were the result of their teaching. In three months' time more than ten thousand perished. L'Hôpital, having in vain endeavoured to get justice for these murders, retired from the Chancellorship into private life. Marshal Montmorenci was removed from the government of Paris, being suspected of moderation and humanity. Condé's *maître d'hôtel*, while carrying the terms of peace to Languedoc, was seized and murdered, in defiance of the King's safe-conduct.

Once more the Huguenots assembled in arms, and eight thousand men gathered around their standard. Their imminent peril had added to their strength, by terrifying even the more timorous to action; and Coligny repeated the saying of Themistocles: "My friends, we should have perished, had we not been ruined." Yet on the bloody field of Jarnac that ruin seemed complete. The Prince of Condé was murdered in cold blood, and his lifeless body was insulted by the victors; whilst Pope Pius V. sanctioned these excesses, quoting the example of Saul smiting the Amalekites, and representing every emotion of pity as a snare of the devil. The position of the Huguenots seemed desperate indeed. Yet Coligny still survived, and the youthful son of Jeanne d'Albret, the future Henry IV., was dedicated solemnly to *the Cause*, and recognised as their leader. "I swear," he cried, "to defend religion, and persevere in the common cause, till we gain our longed-for liberty by victory or death." Once more his party rallied, and gained some advantages at Roche-Abeille; but their German allies mutinied, and forced the reluctant Coligny to engage the royal forces on the field of Moncontour. Of all their bloody contests it proved the most disastrous. Of twenty-five thousand men, but eight thousand escaped, carrying with them their leader, covered with wounds. The vanquished party in vain called for quarter; D'Andelot, Coligny's brother, was left among the slain; on Coligny's head the price of fifty thousand crowns was placed; his dominions were plundered, and himself treated as infamous by his enemies, who supposed that the Protestants were now crushed for ever. But the Admiral's spirit rose with the danger, and, thirteen days after his defeat at Moncontour, he addressed the following letter to his children:—

"We must not rely too much on what we call wealth, but rather place our hopes elsewhere than on earth, and acquire other resources than those we can see with our eyes, and touch with our hands. We must follow Jesus Christ, our Captain, who has marched before us. Men have stripped us of all they could; and if this is still the will of God, we shall be happy, and our condition good, seeing that this loss has not happened to us through any injury we have done to those who have inflicted it, but solely through the hatred they bear towards me, because it has pleased God to make use of me to aid His Church.For the present it suffices that I admonish and conjure you, in the name of God, to persevere courageously in the study of virtue."—*Félice*, vol. i., pp. 192, 193.

Such calm confidence in the providence of God remained unshaken by misfortunes which would have overwhelmed others. From words Coligny proceeded to action; and Catherine beheld him, with mingled surprise and terror, at the head of a still stronger and better appointed army. Accordingly she once more offered peace, which was agreed to at St. Germain's,

August 8th, 1570, on more favourable terms than the Huguenots had before obtained. "Liberty of worship was accorded in all places actually in their possession, besides two cities in every province, amnesty for the past, equal right of admission to office, permission to reside in any part of the kingdom without molestation on the ground of religion, and four cautionary towns, La Rochelle, La Charité, Cognac, and Montauban."* Catherine made a show of generosity, and Coligny gladly acquiesced in the arrangement; while France, bleeding at every pore from this intestine conflict, demanded an interval for binding up her wounds.

We cannot pretend here to decide the much-agitated question, as to whether Catherine de Médicis and the Lorraines had already planned the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Without giving the Queen-mother credit for scruples either of conscience or of pity, of which she had never exhibited any symptom, there does not seem any sufficient reason for supposing that foul deed of blood to have been as yet resolved on. The royal party had every thing to gain by peace; and for a time Charles IX. seemed to feel a real respect and liking for Coligny. The veteran warrior was admitted to the Monarch's counsels, and unfolded to him schemes for the aggrandizement of France and the humiliation of the Spaniards, which were subsequently adopted by Henri Quatre and by Richelieu. But this semblance of reconciliation was either altogether feigned, or was confined to the breast of Charles IX. alone. The Guises and Catherine dreaded the growing power of the Reformed, and determined to terrify and crush them at a blow; and, it may be, their designs were hastened by the influence which Coligny seemed to be acquiring over his youthful master's heart. Their plan was first to bring matters to extremity, and then to persuade Charles that retreat was now impossible. As Coligny returned, on Friday, August 22d, from an interview with the King, he was fired at by Maurevel, formerly a page of the Duke of Guise. Charles IX. was at first furious, and indignantly commanded Guise to leave the Court; but his family urged that the Protestants would attribute the attempted murder to himself, and that it was the better policy to break with them entirely. Still unpersuaded, and with many a qualm of conscience, the Monarch angrily exclaimed, "Well, if you think it best to kill Coligny, I agree; but you must, in that case, slay all the Huguenots besides, that not one may remain to reproach me with his death."

At one o'clock on the Sunday morning following, Catherine gave the order for the preconcerted signal; and at the sound of the great bell of St. Germain Auxerrois, the assassins set forth

* Félice, vol. i., p. 193.

upon their errand. Each man's arm was bound with white, to show that he was a good Catholic; all without this badge were to be slaughtered without mercy. Guise proceeded in person to Coligny's lodgings, accompanied by the Duke d'Aumale and the Chevalier d'Angoulême. A creature of the Duke's came out and declared the deed completed; but they were not satisfied, without seeing their yet living victim thrown from the window to the court below. In his dying grasp he clung to the window-frame, and violence was required before they could fling him down. "That is he; I know him," cried the Duke, as he wiped the blood from his features, and with a kick he left him, and rushed out to hasten other murders. "Sixteen years and four months from this date, in the castle of Blois, the corpse of this very Henry of Guise lay before Henry III., who kicked it in the face." Besme was rewarded for this murder of Coligny with the hand of the *daughter* of the Cardinal of Lorraine.

"The sun rose at Paris, August 24th, on a scene of general tumult, carnage, and disorder; large streams of blood flowed down the streets; the corpses of men, women, and children blocked up the doorways;" whilst the blasphemies and curses of the executioners were horribly mingled with the prayers of the dying. Throughout all France like scenes were enacted, and at a moderate computation fifty thousand perished.

Of all the dark crimes with which modern history is acquainted, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew is the foulest it can record. Its victims were the fellow-countrymen, the brothers of its authors, who had been solemnly admitted to a covenant of peace, had sat with them side by side in the council-chamber and at the banquet. They were first lulled to security by an outward show of kindness, and then murdered in the confidence that kindness had inspired. Its authors were not a maddened and infuriated populace, whom long oppression and wrong had goaded into crime. No ignorance, no want of education can be pleaded. It was no sudden burst of passion wrought in the moment of frenzy. Plotted with deliberation, planned in the royal palace, executed without mercy, and justified in the name of piety, no other crime involved in a like degree the violation of all law, human and divine. In England, Scotland, Germany, and Switzerland, the name of "Frenchman" was held in detestation; and when Lamothe, the French Ambassador, appeared to vindicate the deed before the Court of London, the Queen and all her courtiers received him clad in mourning. He stammered out the odious apology, and retired, without a word of recognition. In Scotland, the voice of Knox thundered forth the vengeance of Heaven against the King of France, and denounced impending woes upon his race, and that his name would remain an execration to posterity: whilst at Rome, after singing *Te*

Deum with the College of Cardinals, the Pope caused a *feu de joie* to be fired from St. Angelo. "A picture of the massacre was added to the embellishments of the Vatican; and, by the Pontiff's order, a medal was struck to signalize the Church's triumph over its foes."

The Catholics had flattered themselves that the Huguenots were exterminated; they were speedily taught that they were not yet subdued. The Calvinists revolted, and held out obstinately against an enemy whom no oaths availed to bind, no treaties to restrain. New theories of government and resistance were broached among them, and augured ominously for the future. In the midst of these troubles, Charles IX. expired in frightful agony of mind and body.

In his successor, Henry III., such contradictory qualities were united, as have rendered his character an inexplicable problem. His youth of martial daring was followed by a feeble and voluptuous manhood. He united the most abject and extravagant superstition with the utmost impiety and disregard of religious restraints. Faithful as he was to his worthless associates, he vacillated when honour and prudence called for energy. Gifted with talents of a high order and with a kingly presence, he yet became the object of his people's hate and scorn. He fostered the cause of Rome, but fell a victim to its Clergy; he persecuted the Reformed, but died a martyr to their cause. Whilst his throne was imperilled by treason and revolt, he spent his time and treasure on processions and menageries. Yet, when grossly insulted by the Duke of Guise and the citizens of Paris, he braved them both openly before the assembled States-General, and threatened them with punishment he had not power to inflict.

In this reign, the Catholics founded the great League, whose object was to overthrow the liberties of the Gallican Church, and to place the Guises on the throne. The Calvinists and Politiques combined, on their side, to weaken the royal authority, and had concluded an agreement to set up in the State a species of republic, with its own laws for finance, for commerce, and religion; whilst Catherine and Henry were dubious which side they ought to join, their only care being that that side should prove victorious. To solve these varied problems, and to aid their own intentions, all three desired the Convocation of the States-General; and, on the 6th of December, 1576, the Deputies appeared at Blois, in answer to the royal summons.

Yet their meeting only increased the Monarch's difficulties and indecision. He desired nothing more earnestly than war with the Reformed, and the Deputies were not unwilling to authorize its commencement. But with his usual vacillation, despite the States' concurrence, despite his own inclinations,

Henry shrank from the renewal of such a deadly conflict. His reluctance was fully justified by the event. In war his forces were routed on the field of Coutras, which crowned Henry of Navarre with immortal fame. In peace his person was insulted by the Leaguers, who blamed his toleration of the Calvinists, and openly preached rebellion against him. To stem this torrent of disaster and of shame, he again summoned the Deputies of the States-General to Blois. Their attitude and decisions were in open defiance of his commands, and were evidently guided by Henry, Duke of Guise, who had now but one more step to mount, that he might place himself upon the throne of France. That step the hero of Jarnac and Moncontour had already determined to anticipate by his murder. Early on the morning of December 23d, 1588, the Lorraines were both summoned to the royal chamber, and were assassinated in the King's presence, as they crossed the threshold; whilst Henry, presenting himself to his indignant subjects, triumphantly exclaimed, "At length I am a King!"

It was but a small remnant of the royal authority that Henry III. still retained in his power. He had sown to the wind, and he was now to reap the whirlwind in accumulated disasters, indignities, and shame. The League stirred up the Parisians against him, and openly preached regicide from their pulpits. Paris and half France at once revolted, and he was even forced to beg the aid of his hated foes, the Huguenots, to enable him to support any semblance of authority. We regret to say, that Henry of Navarre allied himself with a Monarch who had told the States of Blois that they were not to believe him, even if he promised with the most sacred oaths, that he would spare the heretics. We regret still more to add, that Dr. Félice justifies that alliance as expedient for the Reformed. The King's affairs, however, took a favourable turn, and the rebels were defeated in several engagements, when the League vindicated, by the knife of Jacques Clement, the doctrines of their Priesthood, and the murder of their chief.

"Henry III. died of his wound in the course of eighteen hours, August 10th, 1589. In him terminated the house of Valois. Francis I. died a dishonourable death; Henry II. was mortally wounded in a tournament; Francis II. did not attain to manhood; Charles IX. expired in convulsions of a hitherto unknown malady; the Duke of Alençon hastened his end by vice and debauchery; Henry III. died by the hand of an assassin. The Valois bear on their brow the ineffaceable mark of St. Bartholomew's massacre."

Nor had this unfortunate race of Princes the goodwill of the party which they laboured to support; the Guises were always opposed to the royal family, unless their influence was prevalent at Court. It was to them, rather than to the reigning Monarch,

that the Catholics had been wont to look for their leaders. Francis II. and Charles IX. were in reality the prisoners of the Princes of Lorraine; whilst Henry III. was foiled at every turn, and insulted by the Leaguers and the Duke of Guise, their chief. Stained with the blood of civil war, with the disgrace of violated oaths, with the odium of the Huguenots, and the distrust of the Papists, they felt the heavy burden of royal responsibility, unsweetened by their own or their subjects' esteem; whilst the last of their race died with the execrations of that vast conspiracy, to whose charter he had placed an unkingly hand. The character of the Court is mainly affected by the reigning Monarch; and, during this period, the morals and superstition of the Court of France were equally revolting to reason and religion. Astrology and secret arts were held in estimation, and all the most sacred truths of Christianity were parodied in blasphemous and immoral shows. The Cardinal of Lorraine, and many of the Prelates, openly violated the rules of decorum. The Duke of Guise was returning from a night of debauchery, when he was summoned to the royal presence, and assassinated. The ladies of the Court led open lives of scandalous immorality. Superstition and bloodshed were, as usual, combined, and an assassin's address might be obtained as easily as a perfumer's. The cup of iniquity seemed already full; but the monks of Paris crowned it to overflowing.

"Jacques Clement was canonized in all the pulpits as 'the blessed son of Dominic, the holy martyr of Jesus Christ.'.....When his mother came to Paris, the monks applied to her the words of the Gospel: 'Blessed is the womb which bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked!' and Pope Sixtus V., to complete the infamy, declared, in full Consistory, that the martyrdom of Jacques Clement was comparable, in its bearings on the salvation of the world, with the incarnation and the resurrection of Jesus Christ."—*Félice*, vol. i., p. 260.

With the reign of Henry IV. commences a new era; it is the termination of the Middle Ages. Sickened with the narrative of bloodshed and crime which we have been sketching, we turn with relief to the altered state of things. What a change from the selfish policy of Guise, or the frivolity of the Mignons, to the fidelity of Duplessis Mornay, and the enlarged and statesmanlike views of Sully! What a transformation from the weakness of France under the House of Valois, to the commanding influence in European politics which she at once acquired under Henry of Navarre! But these events belong rather to the general history of the country, than to that special branch which Dr. Félice has undertaken; and he, consequently, seems, on a cursory reading, scarcely to do justice to the first Bourbon King. This want of justice is, however, only in appearance; for, whilst the learned Doctor sternly and rightly condemns the abjuration of his creed, he fairly admits the

estimation in which, even after that event, Henry was held by his Protestant subjects, and declares that "the twelve years which elapsed from the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes till the death of the King, were one of the most peaceful eras of the French Reformed Church."

It might have been supposed that, at Henry's accession, Protestantism would have become the dominant religion of France; but difficulties apparently insuperable were in the way, and, as King, Henry found himself hampered and fettered, and began to think of gaining his enemies at the expense of his friends. Even his decisive victory on the field of Ivry brought him no nearer to the throne of France; and he seemed like St. George upon the sign-posts, "always on horseback, but never advancing." What the issue might have been, had Henry possessed the indomitable spirit of Luther, is but matter of conjecture; but in truth the gallant Monarch was no such stern hero; and the failing of his race, the yielding to unlawful passion, both scandalized his party, and weakened his convictions. The different parties of Politiques, of moderate Catholics, and of Leaguers, all agreed in rejecting the rule of a Protestant. Among his own immediate friends, there were not wanting those who urgently pressed on him the policy of being united to the Romish Church. The sagacious Sully was the foremost of these advisers, and devised the theory that a man might be saved in any profession, if he held the Decalogue and the prime truths of Christianity; and Henry yielded, because he elevated human reasoning and expediency above God's plain and immutable commands.*

* The apostasy of Henry has found so many apologists, and is so much defended on political grounds, that we are tempted to quote the sterling remarks of a living historian in reply:—"The reverence due to so great a man, and all the probabilities of the case, require us to reject the hypothesis that he was a hypocrite, even when leading the Huguenots in the fields of Coutras and of Ivry. His real responsibility is, that of having acted on the belief that, by disavowing his faith, he would best promote the interests of his people, of his descendants, and of himself.....Doubtless it was not without some plausible sophistry that he reconciled to himself so wilful and so solemn a departure from the sacred obligations of truth. Doubtless he believed it to be, on the whole, expedient for others and for himself. But that it really was inexpedient we know, because we know that, by the divine law, it was unequivocally forbidden. What the future history of France would have been if Henry had clung to his integrity, is known only to the Omniscient; but, with the annals of France in our hands, we have no difficulty in perceiving that the day of his impious, because pretended, conversion was among the *dies nefasti* of his country. It restored peace, indeed, to that bleeding land, and it gave to himself an undisputed reign of seventeen years; but he found them years replete with cares and terrors, and disgraced by many shameful vices, and, at last, abruptly terminated by the dagger of an assassin. It rescued France, indeed, from the evils of a disputed succession; but it consigned her to two centuries of despotism and misgovernment.....If any prophetic voice could have disclosed to Henry the events really depending on his purchase of his crown by his apostasy, would that purchase have been made? If he had sought for guidance in the sacred Book, which was the cornerstone of the faith he abandoned, would it not have reminded him, that 'the lip of truth shall be established for ever; but that a lying tongue is but for a moment?'"—*Stephen's Lectures on the History of France*, vol. ii., pp. 144, 145.

Once established on the throne, Henry was enabled to place the Huguenots in a position of security and freedom. For this purpose the Edict of Nantes was published in April, 1598, and the religious and political assemblies of the Reformed were placed under the sanction and guidance of the King. These assemblies were, in fact, an *imperium in imperio*, and are contrary to our ideas of government and good order. At the same time we must remember that, at the period of their establishment, the Reformed were excluded from the protection of the law. The Edict of Nantes recognised their anomalous position, by giving them certain towns as material guarantees for its fulfilment. Without a clear idea of the Edict itself and of these assemblies, the position of the Calvinists cannot be fully understood: they are thus described by the two Professors:—

“In the preamble of the Edict of Nantes, the King acknowledges that God is adored and prayed to by all his subjects; if not in the same form, with the same intention, in such manner that his kingdom shall ever merit and preserve the glorious title of ‘most Christian.’ The Edict was declared to be *perpetual and irrevocable*, as being the main foundation of the union and tranquillity of the State. It granted the following concessions in brief:—Full liberty of conscience to all; the public exercise of the Religion in all those places in which it was established in 1597, and in the suburbs of cities; permission to the Lords High-Justiciary to celebrate divine worship in their castles; and, to the inferior gentry, to admit thirty persons to their domestic worship; admission of the Reformed to office in the State, their children to be received into the schools, and their sick into the hospitals, and their poor to share in the alms; the concession of a right to print their books in certain cities; mi-party Chambers in some of the Parliaments; a Chamber of the Edict in Paris, consisting entirely of Catholics, with the exception of one member, but yet offering adequate guarantees for its fulfilling the special purpose for which it was instituted; four Academies for scientific and theological instruction; the convoking of Synods, according to the discipline of the Reformed Church, authorized; and lastly, a certain number of cautionary towns. . . . This was not religious liberty, nor even bare toleration, as we understand these words in the present day; it was one treaty more, between two peoples in juxta-position on the same soil. There were two rights, two armies, two judicial establishments, and each side had its cautionary towns. Henry IV., as head of the State, performed the part of umpire between the two camps. Still it was a great step in advance.”—*Élélice*, vol. i., pp. 283, 284.

Our account of the religious and political constitution of the Protestants is taken from M. Weiss’s book; he describes it as perfectly developed at the Assembly of Saumur, and we shall at once recognise its republican character:—

“The religious constitution of the Protestants reposed upon the Consistories, the Colloquies, the Provincial Synods, and the National Synods. Every Church formed a Consistory,—that is to say, a little

democratic Council, composed of Ministers, Deacons, and Elders. It met weekly. At its meetings took place the division of alms collected in the assembly of the faithful. Faults committed by members of the Church were denounced, especially those contrary to ecclesiastical discipline. It was investigated whether the guilty persons were deserving of private exhortation, or of public excommunication. In case of disobedience, the delinquent was denounced to the Colloquy.

"The Colloquies met every three months. They were composed of two Deputies from each Consistory of a certain district, and they decided the affairs which the first Council had been unable to terminate. In them were fixed the sums that should be paid to Protestants persecuted for religion's sake. Censure was passed on Elders, Deacons, aspirants to orders, and Ministers who had gone astray from their duties; and all members of a Consistory who had been guilty of prevarication were dismissed from their functions.

"The Provincial Synods met once a year. In them each Colloquy was represented by two Deputies, and all the affairs of the province were discussed. Young Clergymen, who desired promotion to the Ministry, were examined. The rate of payment of the Pastors was fixed, according to the amount of the sums received in the general collection made by the Consistories. To each parish its Minister was assigned, and choice was made of Professors of Theology.

"The General, or National, Synods, were convoked every three years; but political circumstances often prevented their meeting. These assemblies were composed of lay and ecclesiastical deputies from all the provinces of the kingdom. They elected the Moderator, or President, by a plurality of voices. They judged the appeals of the Provincial Synods. They gave final decisions in questions of dogma and discipline; and the statutes they enacted, had the force of law in all the Churches.

"The government of the Reformed Church was, it is here seen, arranged entirely upon the representative system; for it consisted of assemblies, subordinate one to the other, and all formed by means of election. The Consistories were subject to the Colloquies, the Colloquies to the Provincial Synods, the Provincial Synods to the National Synod. The lowest rank of this Hierarchy were in immediate contact with the people. The Consistories were composed of Pastors and Elders named by the people, or at least admitted into those assemblies with the people's publicly-expressed adhesion. The Colloquies were formed of Deputies named by the Consistories; the Provincial Synods, of Deputies named by the Colloquies; the National Synods, of Representatives designated by the Provincial Synods. In the hands of a minority, which was only too frequently oppressed, such a Government had naturally great vigour. Discipline was maintained as a means of union for all the adherents of the Reformed religion, as a means of defence against a dominant and jealous Church. There was mutual observation and watchfulness; and the measures adopted were rapid and efficacious, because they were susceptible of being carried into immediate execution, and always conformable to the general interests of the party."—Pp. 10-12.

The religious and political elements were so inseparably interwoven in the policy of the Huguenots, that we should expect to

find the political institutions formed on a like principle to those just described. And such was the case. They were governed by Provincial Councils, Circular Assemblies, and General Assemblies, formed in the following manner:—

“The Provincial Councils were composed of the Notables of each province, charged to watch over the maintenance of the rights and privileges granted to the party. They looked into complaints preferred by those of their religion, and transmitted their succinct exposition to the *Deputies-General*, charged to obtain from the King redress of their grievances. The Provincial Councils were anterior to the assembly of Saumur; but their regular meetings dated only from that epoch, and subsisted, notwithstanding the opposition of the Court, until the taking of La Rochelle. The *Circles* established by that Assembly in 1611, on the model of those of Germany, were each composed of several provinces. The name of ‘*Circular Assembly*’ was given to the meeting of the Delegates from the Provincial Councils. Any province of the Circle had a right to convoke it, when danger menaced one or several Churches, or the generality of Churches of France and Béarn. Did the danger become too pressing, the assemblage of Circles, intending upon the royal prerogative, took upon itself to convoke a General Political Assembly.

“The General Assemblies were held in a somewhat irregular manner. They were preceded, and sometimes succeeded, by the Provincial Political Assemblies. In the first case, these named the Deputies of the future General Assembly, and digested the documents that were to be submitted to its deliberations. In the second case, they received a Report on the decisions adopted. The Edict of Nantes permitted these General Assemblies, but on the express condition that they should be authorized by the King. Without such authorization, they lost their legal character, and were held to be seditious. (That of Saumur, in 1611, was the last that was licit and regular.) And the last, that of La Rochelle, in 1620, degenerated into a revolutionary assembly, and gave the signal of that civil war, which cost the Protestants all their political liberties.

“In principle, the General Assemblies had but one well-defined object,—it was the election of the *Deputies-General*, and, subsequently, the designation of six candidates to the General Deputation, from which the King selected two Commissioners of the Reformed religion to be present near his person in the interval between the Sessions; but, in fact, their functions extended to all things that concerned the party. As long as Henry IV. lived, they did not overstep the restricted circle allotted to them; but under the reign of Louis XIII. they constituted themselves sovereign Assemblies,—following the example of the Dutch States-General,—and provoked disturbances and rebellion.”—*Weiss*, pp. 13, 14.

The period from Henry’s murder to the fall of La Rochelle, were years of mutual distrust and suspicion. The Court was unfavourably disposed to the Reformed, and their ill-will was confirmed by the intrigues of the Calvinist nobles. On the other hand, the rights of the Huguenots were so constantly

infringed on, that they were easily induced to take up arms against the Court. In the States-General of 1614, the Clergy and nobles openly declared against the heretics, even to the interdiction of all exercise of their religion. It would have needed men of much constancy and faith to guide them in safety through such perils; but it was ever their misfortune to be ruled by selfish and intriguing nobles, who led them into rebellion for their own advantage, and then, deserting them, made terms with the Court for themselves alone. On the side of the Catholics were vigour, union, and no hesitation as to the cruelty of the means which they employed; on the side of the Reformed were divided councils, discordant chiefs, and faithless leaders. Besides, no means were left untried by the Government to bring over seceders of all ranks to the bosom of the Catholic Church. To the nobles these inducements took the form of Court favour, and a share in the wealth and honours which Princes can bestow: to the people they offered a release from persecution, and a small pecuniary reward for their apostasy. On one side were wealth, advancement, and privileges; on the other, exclusion, penalties, persecutions. None, whose faith was not grounded on the true foundation, could long resist such assaults. The little flock became smaller daily.

From 1616 to 1620 the Government prepared to deprive the Protestants of their political organization. For this purpose every engine was set in motion. The pulpits resounded with fierce invectives against them, and roused the people to still fiercer outrages. At Lyons, at Moulins, and at Dijon, the mob drove away their Ministers, burned their temples, and disinterred their dead. In vain was justice demanded against the perpetrators of these acts, and the last hopes of their party seemed quenched by the re-establishment of Catholicism in Béarn, the ancient kingdom of Jeanne d'Albret. In vain did the Parliament of Pau remonstrate. Louis XIII. declared he would go in person, and have the Edict registered; and he kept his word. Yet the submission of the country was but apparent. The Marquis de la Force, its Governor, openly encouraged the people to resume the Church property, and La Rochelle convoked the General Assembly within its walls. Against this illegal act the most eminent of the Calvinists loudly protested. "Were I in a state to be carried to the Louvre," cried the Duke of Bouillon, then ill at Sedan, "I would drag myself, all crippled as I am, to the King's feet, and would ask him pardon for the Assembly." But these wise counsels appeared but timidity to those who had seized on the direction of affairs. They parcelled out the kingdom among their chiefs, levied taxes, and performed other rights of sovereignty; and, in fact, proclaimed a Protestant Republic on the model of the United Provinces. Such a policy was

sheer madness, unless followed up by a like vigour in the field. But though individual towns and leaders showed the utmost heroism, the majority of their chiefs were not hearty in a struggle undertaken in despite of their advice. Lesdiguières abjured, and delivered up Dauphiné in proof of the sincerity of his conversion. Of the rest, the Dukes of Soubise and Rohan were alone devoted wholly to their cause; whilst all Catholic France was indignant at this division of the empire, and heartily supported their King.

Under these circumstances, resistance, though prolonged, could not be lasting. Saumur, all Poitou, and St. Jean d'Angély successively submitted to Louis. Montauban alone resisted all attacks; and when winter and disease had thinned the royal ranks before its walls, the Peace of Montpellier was signed (1621). By its terms,—

“The exercise of the two religions was re-established in all places, where it had been interrupted; but the Protestants had to discontinue their political assemblies, to content themselves with their religious meetings, and to deliver up their strongholds, with the exception of La Rochelle and Montauban. The King promised, however, not to garrison Montpellier, nor to construct a citadel to keep the town in check, and to demolish Fort Louis, recently built at the gates of La Rochelle.”—*Weiss*, p. 69.

Yet these last conditions were not observed, and we may well doubt whether they were made in good faith. A garrison was established at Montpellier, and Fort Louis was daily strengthened; whilst to all remonstrances it was answered, that the King “makes no contracts with his subjects, least of all with heretics and rebels.”

M. Weiss unhesitatingly condemns the Huguenots of this period for their democratic tendencies, and their endeavours to dismember the kingdom of France. The integrity of that kingdom is so sacred in his eyes, that no sufferings of the Reformed could warrant its disturbance. Those who wish to know by what means a loyal people were brought to desire a republican form of government, will find in M. Félice's pages an account of the false position of both sides at this juncture, and of the way in which the Calvinists became a political party. As, in the days of our own Charles I., there were many in England who loved monarchy, but less dearly than their liberty; so many a Frenchman under Louis XIII., when driven to the choice, esteemed his country less sacred than his creed. The Catholics of France never hesitated to accept the aid of their co-religionists of Spain, of Italy, and of Germany; and why should we wonder that, in the hour of their peril, or when an occasion offered of securing their liberties, the Protestants made use of the assistance which presented itself from any quarter? The mistake of M. Weiss is in expecting the duties

of subjects from those to whom the Government affords none of the rights of protection. Had the Edict of Nantes been still faithfully observed, their party would still have been contented, peaceable, and loyal.

It was while matters were thus involved, that Richelieu succeeded to the helm of government. It was no fault of his that the Huguenots were discontented, and that their opposition weakened the royal authority; but the object of his policy, the humiliation of the House of Austria, was impossible, until that authority was strengthened. He at once perceived that the King could not be powerful abroad, until his Government was respected at home. And as the position of the Reformed was now one of defiance, he determined to make peace with his foreign enemies, and attack the stronghold of the party, La Rochelle. Its ancient privileges, its maritime importance, its independent spirit, and its great strength, had made it the bulwark of Protestantism. Though frequently attacked, it had never been taken, and within its walls fugitive Princes and rebellious Assemblies found a secure asylum. But they had now to deal with a vigorous adversary; and its fall was hastened by the failure of promised succours from England, and by the lukewarmness of the rest of the party in France. "At length, when all hope was gone of obtaining succour from any quarter; when two-thirds of the inhabitants had perished, and the streets were choked with the dead, whom the living had not strength to bury; when men could scarce be found able to sustain the weight of their arms, or to walk without a stick,—the city surrendered;" and with it fell the political privileges of the Reformed. Richelieu, though a devoted Romanist, was not a bigot; and he was too closely allied with the Protestants of Germany to push matters to extremities at home. In their estimate of his motives for toleration, our authors differ widely. He is lauded to the skies by M. Weiss, whilst from Dr. Félice he gets but scanty praise. To us more seems due to his prudence than is attributed by the former, and more to his generosity than is conceded by the latter.

The fall of La Rochelle and the Edict of Pardon definitely terminated the religious wars of France. For the next thirty years the Calvinists employed themselves diligently in the varied arts of peace and commerce, and, under Richelieu, Louvois, and Colbert, were the first in agriculture, in manufacture, and in trade. Excluded from Court employment, and from nearly all civil posts, they could not impoverish themselves by luxury and idleness; and in the results of their industry and ingenuity they were abundantly compensated for the former restraints. The agricultural districts of the Cevennes and Vivarais; the vineyards of Berri and the Pays Messin; the wine-trade of Guienne, of Brouage, and of Oleron; the cloth-markets of Caen;

the maritime trade of Bordeaux, La Rochelle, and the Norman ports; the looms of Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné; the paper-mills of Auvergne, Ambert, and Angoumois; the fine linens of Normandy; the silks and taffetas of Lyons; with many others, far too numerous to mention,—were almost entirely in their hands. They introduced the system of associate manufactures; they carried improvements into every branch of trade which they pursued; and they united, even by the testimony of their enemies, the best qualities of the citizen with the Christian's love of truth and observance of God's laws.

Nor were they wanting in the higher walks of polite literature. Their Preachers excelled in the characteristic eloquence of their country. They had colleges in all the principal cities except Paris. The foremost rank, again, of the military heroes of that martial land is crowded with the names of Huguenot commanders. Amongst others, Marshal Guébriand, the conqueror of Alsatia; Rantzau; De la Force; and Chatillon, the conqueror of Hesdin and Arras; Turenne, the greatest tactician of his age; and Duquesne, the Admiral, styled by the Mussulmen, "the old French Captain who had espoused the sea, and whom the angel of death had forgotten."

We mention these facts to show the real importance of the Reformed, and that an estimate may be made of the folly, as well as wickedness, of attacking so important a portion of the State. Richelieu and Mazarin had felt their worth, and had employed them without scruple for the advantage of their country; whilst Fouquet and Colbert put them in places of importance, as they ever proved themselves capable and trustworthy in finance. And during the first years of his reign, the Grand Monarque himself followed their example, and was disposed to treat them with some degree of lenity, as is shown by his own letters and those of Madame de Maintenon.

It were tedious to tell how a change gradually came over the policy of Louis XIV., and how the advancing years of his reign saw increasing enmity against the Reformed. In 1662, he ordered more than twenty of their churches to be destroyed. This was followed by a clause forbidding the burial of their dead, even at day-break or night-fall. Presently obsolete and barbarous laws against converts were revived; and naked corpses were seen drawn upon hurdles, amid the outrages of the populace. Then the Romish Priests were authorized to present themselves at the bedsides of dying Protestants, and their last agony was tormented by their importunity; whilst the declaration that a man had changed his religion at the last moment, was held sufficient to order his body to be buried in the Catholic cemetery, and his children to be taken to attend the mass. Soon, even more odious regulations were put in force, which interfered with their

fortunes, and carried discord to their hearths. Several professions were closed against them. Their schoolmasters were bidden to confine their instruction to reading, writing, and ciphering. Protestant Magistrates were forbidden to occupy places in their temples, or to wear in them their insignia of office like their Catholic colleagues; which privileges were to be restored to those who should be converted. The mixed Chambers of Justice were suppressed; and the Calvinists had but little chance before a Catholic tribunal, where the justification, "I plead against a heretic," was held sufficient. By-and-bye their places of worship were removed to a distance from the towns, and soon afterwards their schools were ordered to be held close to them, that the scholars might have to accomplish long journeys backwards and forwards daily. An edict of 1681 allowed children to abjure Protestantism at *seven* years of age, without their parents being permitted to offer the *least hindrance*, on any pretext whatever; and thus all paternal authority was undermined, as the father was obliged to make provision for a child that had been brought over to Popery. The next blows were aimed at their Pastors and the circulation of their books. In short, every petty insult which could make the blood of a brave people boil, every little slight that could afford annoyance, every minor indignity that would cut to the quick, was studiously added to their greater wrongs.

"Thus was the condition of the Protestants reduced to the limits of the narrowest tolerance. They had no longer any rights left, save those they could not be deprived of without outraging humanity; such as the right of contracting marriages, burying their dead, bringing up their children. They no longer exercised any other professions but those of traders, manufacturers, agriculturists, and soldiers, which could not be interdicted them without detriment to the State. Even these last limits were soon to be overstepped."—*Weiss*, p. 59.

The final catastrophe, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, may be attributed to two measures especially,—the purchased conversions and the *dragonnades*. To the first there was a regular fund appropriated: six livres a head was the average price paid; and a detailed account of the disbursements was placed before the King himself. Stratagems and pious frauds were constantly employed; and many poor Calvinists, having received a small sum, as they supposed, in charity, and placed a cross, as their mark, at the foot of the receipt, found to their surprise and terror that they were held to have abjured, and had become subject to the horrible penalties of the law against relapsed converts. The success of Pelisson in these conversions earned for him the name of *Convertisseur*, then first used, and excited the envy of Louvois, who proposed to extend his own influence by giving to the army, which he directed, the principal share in the annihilation of heresy. For this purpose troops were sent into the

districts in which the Reformed abounded, and were quartered in their houses. Then ensued those frightful scenes of cruelty and persecution with the details of which most of our readers are familiar. The sufferings of the unhappy Calvinists were prolonged day after day with a fiendish constancy, until, enfeebled by mal-treatment and the disease consequent upon it, a bitter, oft-times a frenzied, assent was given. The soldiers said they were permitted every licence save rape and murder; and new cruelties were invented to prolong the rigour of their torments, and weary out the patience of their victims. Some were kept constantly awake,—their jaded bodies being deprived of sleep by every device which barbarity could suggest. All their study, was to contrive cruelties which should be torturing without being mortal. Painful as it is to dwell upon such enormities on the part of an ignorant soldiery, it is still more painful to turn to the mingled cry of selfishness and blasphemy with which the accounts of the result were received at the polished Court of Louis XIV. Madame de Maintenon, in her Letters, mixes such expressions as, “Pray God that He may enlighten them all,” with entreaties to her brother to enrich himself by the purchase of the lands which the Huguenots were deserting. “Land in Poitou,” she writes, “sells for nothing; the desolation of the Huguenots will cause more to be sold.....you may easily make a great establishment in Poitou.” Nor was it only from the mouth of the King’s mistress that there was heard approbation of these horrid persecutions and their results. The leading names of the time in France, Le Tellier, Massillon, and Flechier, will be found among those who extolled the King’s measures: we blush for human nature when we add, that the great Arnault and the eloquent Bossuet did not hesitate to declare themselves on the same side.

The Edict of Revocation was carried out with rigour; and but one feeling now possessed the minds of the Reformed, to make their escape from that devoted land. Disguised in every form which ingenuity could suggest, by every outlet that could any where be made available, through every hardship to which the majority were most unaccustomed, the crowd of fugitives pressed forward eagerly from their once dearly loved country. It is impossible to estimate with accuracy the number of the refugees; M. Weiss thinks that about 300,000 departed. How much more is it impossible to estimate the loss in intelligence and industry! Vauban wrote, only a year after the Revocation, that France had lost 60,000,000 of francs in specie, 9,000 sailors, 12,000 veterans, 600 officers, and her most flourishing manufactures.

The hospitable shores of our island-home had long before this period furnished an asylum to the fugitive Huguenots; and under Elizabeth, James I., and even Charles I., they had met with kindness and assistance from the Government. As early

as 1581, annual Colloquies and Synods had been held in London, attended by Deputies from the Huguenot Churches of "Canterbury, Norwich, Southampton, Rye, Winchelsea, Hampton, and Thorney Abbey." At each of these places (and many others might be mentioned) colonies of French Calvinists had been established, and had prepared this country to receive the Refugees whom Louis XIV.'s cruelty compelled to fly from France. Both Charles II. and James II., though from different reasons averse to giving them any protection, were obliged to bend to the current of public opinion in their favour; while the people at large gladly welcomed the arrival of such a body of active and intelligent fellow-Protestants.

"The Refugees who sought asylum in England were from all the provinces of France, but principally from Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, and Guienne. It is impossible to ascertain their exact number, even by examining the registers of all the Churches in the kingdom; for the Consistory never rendered complete lists to the higher authorities, lest they should give umbrage to a nation which, although truly hospitable, is excessively jealous of the integral portion of its territory, and who might, perhaps, one day have closed it to new emigrants. Judging, however, from the registers of the Church in London, to which most of those unfortunates addressed themselves on landing in England, we may estimate at about eighty thousand the number of those who established themselves in the kingdom, during the ten years that preceded or followed the Revocation."—*Weiss*, p. 214.

The old churches failed to contain the throng of the faithful, and to the five temples already existing in the metropolis twenty-six others were successively added, almost all founded in the reigns of William III., Anne, and George I. Yet London only received about one-third of the Refugees: they spread in every direction, especially in Devonshire, where they formed Churches at Plymouth, Stonehouse, Barnstaple, Bideford, and Exeter. The quarter of Edinburgh called Picardy, and French-Church Street in Cork, bear witness to their settlement in those cities. Others joined the colonies of Waterford, Portarlington, and Lisburn, where their descendants still spoke French but little more than fifty years ago.

It will at once be understood that so large an immigration must have had a powerful influence upon the country they adopted; and M. Weiss follows out, with much research, their services in literature, science, and art. But by far the most important result of their arrival was the impulse they gave to English trade and manufactures,—an impulse of which we feel the effects, and are reaping the advantages, at the present time. It is ascertained that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent about seventy thousand manufacturers and workmen into the British dominions; many of whom settled in St. Giles' and

Soho, then suburbs ; still more in lonely Spitalfields. Here they established a manufactory of silks, made on looms, copied from those of Lyons and of Tours ; and they taught the English how to make “brocades, satins, paduasoyes, velvets, and stuffs of mingled silk and cotton.” The names of the three Refugees have been preserved, to whom the manufactory of figured silks may be ascribed,—Lauson, Mariscot, and Monceaux ; as well as that of Beaudoin, the artist by whom the patterns were designed. From another workman they learned the secret of imparting a lustre to silk taffety,—a secret which had been accidentally discovered by Mai, and which had enriched not himself only, but the whole of Lyons :—

“Up to that time the English had annually bought about two hundred thousand livres’ worth of black lustrings, manufactured on purpose for them, and known as English taffeties. Often they had imported, at one time, as much as one hundred and fifty cases, worth four hundred to five hundred livres each. After the Revocation, the British Government tripled the import duty on this article. Soon it amounted to fifty-three *per cent*. In 1698, the import of these silks was entirely prohibited. D’Herbigay, the Intendant, pointed out, with grief, to Louis XIV. the progressive ruin of this important branch of the Lyons manufactures. ‘French Refugees,’ he wrote in 1698, ‘having, for some years past, established in England manufactories of taffeties, Parliament has forbidden their import from abroad. This manufacture has not made great progress, and it is not believed that it can attain the perfection it has got to in France ; nevertheless, it is to be feared that, in course of time, the English will be satisfied with taffeties made in their own country, or that, some other fashion replacing that of taffeties, they will get accustomed to do without ours. It would be a great loss for Lyons.’”—*Weiss*, pp. 253, 254.

The Intendant’s fears were, by no means, idle. The English manufacturers soon sufficed for the home demand, and supplied, besides, the foreign markets which France had before enjoyed. Through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries we have steadily increased the profit from this manufacture, which we owe to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

“In 1820, the declared value of the silks exported to Germany, Belgium, Holland, the United States, and even to France, was £371,000 sterling. In 1847, it was £978,000 sterling. In 1849, the exportation, to France alone, of those English silk-manufactures, upon which there is not a prohibitive duty, amounted to a value of four millions of francs.” (*Weiss*, p. 254.) This gain was as unexpected as it was profitable. Before Louis’ fatal mistake, Lyons had beaten the looms of Italy, and seemed destined to monopolize the silk trade of Europe ; whilst, in 1698, the number of looms in that city had decreased from “18,000 to 4,000 ; at Tours there were but 1,200, instead of 8,000 ; 70 mills, instead of 700 ; 4,000 workmen, instead of 40,000 ; less than 60 ribbon-looms, where 3,000 had before existed ;

and, in the capital of Touraine, the consumption of silk had sunk from 2,400 bales to 700 or 800."—Page 216.

Nor were these the only benefits derived from Louis's folly. The Refugees introduced the manufacture of fine linen, of Caudebec hats, of printed calicoes, of Gobelín tapestry, of sail-cloth, and of paper. Many of these articles had hitherto been obtained solely by importation; and, where native manufactures were already in existence, they were of coarser material and less perfect design. In that day, as at present, our French neighbours excelled us in the elegance of their designs and the fine quality of their fabrics. In some branches there were secret inventions by which their superiority was attained, and these were transferred, with their possessors, to this country. The Paris hats, now so generally in demand, owe their existence to a hatter named Matthieu, who carried back by stealth to France the secret of the liquid composition which serves to prepare skins, and which had been lost to that country for more than forty years.

"Before this lucky larceny, the French nobility, and all persons making pretensions to elegance in dress, wore none but English hats; and the Roman Cardinals themselves got their hats from the celebrated manufactory at Wandsworth, established by the Refugees."—*Weiss*, p. 260.

"According to Macpherson, the importations from France into England diminished, in the interval from 1683 to 1733, in silks of all kinds, to the amount of £600,000; in linen cloths, sail-cloth, and canvass, £500,000; beaver hats, glass ware, watches and clocks, £220,000; paper of all kinds, £90,000; hardware, £40,000; Chalons serges and Picardy and Champagne stuffs, £150,000; French wines, (for which those of Portugal were generally substituted,) £200,000; French brandy, £80,000. Thus the manufactures taken to England by the Refugees, and the great development they attained, deprived France of an annual return of £1,800,000 sterling."—*Idem*, p. 261.

The descendants of the Huguenots long kept themselves a distinct people, and entertained hopes of a return to their country. But as years rolled by, these hopes grew fainter; whilst, by habit and interest, they became more united to the English. The great crash of the first Revolution finally severed all the ties that bound them to France, and the Royal bounty (reduced in 1817 to £1,200,) was the chief remnant of their former condition. In the active antagonism which sprang up between the two nations, the Refugees would no longer avow their origin.

"Most of them changed their names by translating them into English. The Lemaître's called themselves Masters; the Leroy's, King; the Tonnelier's, Cooper; the Lejeune's, Young; the Leblanc's, White; the Lenoir's, Black; the Loiseau's, Bird. Thenceforward the French colony in London no longer existed. At the present day,

the only vestige of it that remains, is in the Spitalfields district, where a few thousand artisans, for the most part poor, still betray their origin, less by their language than by their costume, which bears some resemblance to that of the corresponding class in Louis XIV.'s time. The architecture of the houses they inhabit resembles that of the workmen of Lille, Amiens, and the other manufacturing towns of Picardy. The custom of working in cellars, or in glazed garrets, is also borrowed from their original country."—*Weiss*, pp. 283, 284.

The ability, the ingenuity, the industry of the Huguenots were lost to France by the folly of their King; they went to enrich the States with whom that King was at war, to enable them to bear more easily the struggle against his enormous power, to rival and excel his country in branches of commerce and manufacture in which it had hitherto commanded the trade of the world. No sooner were they lost than the fatal error was perceived, and fruitless endeavours were made, and large sums in vain expended, to restore to France that useful band of citizens. It was no false alarm which spread its gloom over the heart, and darkened the declining years, of the mighty Louis XIV. It may be called unphilosophical to trace his misfortunes to the crimes he had suffered to be committed in his name; but the pages of history have been written in vain, if we fail to see in them the judgments of a retributive Providence. It is a fact, that the fortunes of Louis declined from the period when his persecution of the Protestants commenced. The power of his empire was immeasurably weakened by his want of sagacity in thus striking out its very sinews. The sympathies of Europe were aroused against him, and the Refugees met every where with a warm reception. The policy of Richelieu, of Mazarin, and of Henry IV. was reversed, and William of Orange combined those Protestant powers against France, which they had employed to humble the House of Austria. *Quem Deus vult perdere, priùs dementat.* And a more frantic act of folly, to say nothing of its wickedness, was never committed, than the abolition of toleration in France. The sun of Louis's glory, which had been hitherto unclouded, went down in disaster, defeat, and shame; and the triumphs of Rocroi, of Nordlingen, and of Sens, were reversed at Ramillies, at Malplaquet, and at Blenheim.

But the effects of Louis's intolerant policy may be traced in still remoter and deadlier results. The monstrous doctrine of unqualified submission to the Monarch produced, as its offspring, the still more monstrous theory of the absolute power of the people; and the enormities committed by the servants of the Grand Monarque were precedents for the wholesale butcheries of the Republic. The minds of men, confined within too narrow limits, and compelled to avow obedience to the decrees of Rome, took refuge by running into the opposite

extreme; and the age of universal bigotry was followed by an age of universal atheism. Unchecked by the presence of an opposing faith, and secured in the possession of the entire kingdom, the Romish Priesthood in France fell into disorder, and crowded the ranks of libertines and infidels. The loss of the manufacturing and commercial classes, which was the immediate consequence of the Edict of Revocation, both removed all checks upon the Sovereign and nobles, and lessened the resources from which they were supported. On his death-bed, Louis declared that he had acted by the advice of his Confessors, and they alone must be answerable for his decrees; but it is vain thus to endeavour to shake off responsibility, and to make such a separation between the agent and the act. The real onus of their united deeds must be shared between the King and his advisers; and their crime met its due punishment in their own humiliation, and in the sufferings of their descendants, at that Revolution which was the fruit of their measures. In Dr. Félice's History there are some significant hints, that even the minor details of the persecution of the Huguenots have their counterpart in the sufferings of the Priests under the Republic. But, to pass over these, and regard the matter in a broad and extended view, we do not hesitate to declare, that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the principal cause of the first Revolution.

We cannot follow our authors any further, although both contain matter of great interest; but from the history of the period which we have rapidly sketched, we may, in conclusion, draw an important lesson,—a lesson which, we think, may fairly be deduced from its perusal; a lesson which it were well that our statesmen should lay to heart,—that, however the circumstances of the times may seem to require a departure from it, or however such a policy may be termed “expedient,” yet for States, as for individuals, the law of morality and of right is immutable. We see the fruits of the apostasy of Henry IV. in the miseries of the Protestants under Louis XIV.; and the results of the latter Monarch's iniquitous policy may be as clearly traced. So true is it that crime is ever followed by its punishment, however long the appearance of that punishment may be delayed; so true is it that “righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.”

ART. VIII.—1. *The West Indies before and since Emancipation.*

By JOHN DAVY, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: W. and F. G. Cash.

2. *Papers relating to the Affairs of the Island of Jamaica.* Blue Books. 1854.

3. *Papers and Reports of the Anti-Slavery Society.*

THE condition of our West-Indian Colonies at the present moment, is one of intense interest to the statesman, the political economist, and the philanthropist. Overwhelmed with a complication of social evils, for the cure or avoidance of which the colonists themselves have hitherto appeared perfectly powerless, those splendid and fertile possessions, once considered the pride and ornament of the British Crown, and the source of almost boundless wealth to its subjects, seem to be on the eve of sinking into utter ruin and desolation; and, unless something can be devised to avoid the catastrophe, it is probable that a large portion of these Colonies will soon be wholly abandoned by the present proprietors, and either revert to their pristine wilderness state, or be cultivated exclusively by that once enslaved, oppressed, and despised race, who have already taken the initiative in rescuing a portion of the soil from the hand of nature.

There are two parties deeply concerned in this question, by whom, however, very different causes are assigned for this singular decadence of one of the most favoured regions, so far, at least, as nature is concerned, on the face of the globe. The one, consisting of the planters and their supporters, the merchants, called collectively the "West India Interest," assert that the reverses are owing entirely to the Abolition of the Slave-Trade in the first instance, and to the Act of Emancipation in the second; both of which measures, they say, have wholly failed of the objects for which they were passed. The other party, embracing the great body of the British nation, allege, with far more truth and justice, that whatever evils have overtaken the West-Indian Colonies, their foundation was laid in the condition of Slavery itself; and in the fact, that since the Emancipation of the Negroes, the *principle* of Slavery has been cherished and retained by the planters, all of whose measures have had for their object the re-establishment of that principle, in a new and modified state, it is true, but still in direct contravention of that compact with the Imperial Parliament, by virtue of which they had received compensation to the amount of twenty millions sterling. It is to the consideration of these two opposite opinions that, with the aid of the works named above, and such other materials as lie within our reach, we shall now address ourselves.

In accounting for the present condition of the British West

Indies, it will be necessary briefly to revert to their past history, with which it is so intimately connected. It would appear, that up to the period of the Restoration, the islands had enjoyed almost uninterrupted prosperity. The system of colonization consisted, in a great measure, of grants of land, of about two acres each, to poor settlers and white servants who had fulfilled their term of indenture. Long, in his "History of Jamaica," written about 1774, says, that Barbadoes, in 1676, was reported to have maintained 70,000 whites and 80,000 blacks; in all, 150,000. These small properties were gradually bought up, their owners seeking their fortunes elsewhere in the adjoining countries. (Barbadoes, be it recollected, is about the size of the Isle of Wight.) The prosperity of these Islands is justly ascribed to the fertility of the virgin soil, and the zeal, industry, perseverance, and frugality of the early settlers. Towards the end, however, of the reign of Charles II., the increase of production, without a corresponding or adequate increase of consumption, coupled with the imposition of high duties, began to affect the price of produce; and from that period may be dated the continuous and growing distress which has been the prevailing tenor of reports from the Islands. In the "Groans of the Plantations," a quarto volume published in London in 1689, the principal causes of the early prosperity and its decline are well deserving attention even now. "In former times," say the "Groans," "we accounted ourselves a part of England, and the trade and intercourse was opened accordingly. But upon the King's Restoration, we were, in effect, made foreigners and aliens, a custom being laid upon our sugar amongst other foreign commodities." The "Groans" go on to state the various restrictions and monopolies then instituted, which obstructed trade, and involved the planters in double expenses. In addition to these, there was the "war of elements," the hurricane, the tornado, the shipwreck, droughts and floods, followed by short or no crops, destruction of property and life, civil dissensions, and, to crown all, *bad management*.* Things went on in this fluctuating way, with alternate seasons of prosperity and adversity, until 1772, when it appears a rapid decline commenced. The following statement, which we extract from the Report of Richard Hill, Stipendiary Magistrate at Spanish-Town, dated January 23rd, 1854,† will explain it:—

"I have looked back into the Annual Reports transmitted to the Home Government from the Island Legislature, and I find insolvency was not a casual occurrence, but a constant calamity. In a Report of November 23rd, 1792, we are told that, in the course of twenty years, which at once sets us back to 1772, one hundred and seventy-seven estates in Jamaica had been sold for payment of debts; and

* Davy, pp. 5-9.

† "Blue Book," No. VI.

that ninety-two more were in the hands of creditors ; and that executions had been lodged in the Provost-Marshall's office to the amount of £22,563,786 sterling.

"In a Report for November 23rd, 1804, it is stated that every British merchant who holds securities on Jamaica estates, is filing Bills to foreclose ; although, when he has obtained a decree, he hesitates to enforce it, because he must himself become a proprietor of the plantation, of which, from fatal experience, he knows the consequences : that all kind of credit is at an end ; that if litigation is at an end, it is not from increased ability to perform contracts, but from confidence having ceased, and no man parting from property but for immediate payment ; and that a faithful detail would have the appearance of a frightful caricature.

"In another Report, November 13th, 1807, after setting forth that the distresses of the sugar-planters have already reached an alarming extent, and are now increasing with accelerated rapidity, it states, 'The sugar estates lately thrown up, brought to sale, and now in the Court of Chancery, amount to about one fourth of the whole Colony ; and that the Assembly anticipates, very shortly, the bankruptcy of a much larger part of the community ; and, in the course of a few years, that of the whole class of sugar-planters.'

"In a Petition of the House of Assembly to the Prince Regent, dated December 10th, 1811, it is therein detailed, that estate after estate has passed into the hands of mortgagees and creditors absent from the island ; until there are whole districts, whole parishes, in which there is not a single resident proprietor of a sugar plantation.

"The first three of the Reports here quoted take up the period when a flood of enterprise was pouring into the Colony with every fresh cargo of slaves from the coast of Africa. The Memorial to the Prince Regent embraces the period when all the foreign Colonies, except those of Spain, were in the hands of England ; and the entire monopoly of colonial produce in the hands of her merchants."

In 1812, the ruin of the original proprietors was represented as completed. In 1813, it was stated in the House of Commons by a merchant of the name of Marryatt, that there were comparatively few estates in the West Indies that had not, during the preceding twenty years, been sold or given up to creditors. Thus, in twenty years preceding 1792, and in the twenty years following, the ruin and distress of the West-India planters was continuous, as well *before* the abolition of the Slave-Trade (in 1808) as after. It must be borne in mind, too, that during the latter period the cultivation of sugar had been wholly suspended in St. Domingo by the Revolution, and was never resumed,—a circumstance which drew off a supply of 70,000 tons of sugar *per annum* from the markets of Europe, and consequently benefited, in the same proportion, the other Colonies, all of which, except those of Spain, fell into the hands of the British by conquest during the second period of twenty years ; so that the British planters absolutely enjoyed as complete a monopoly of colonial produce, especially sugar, as it is possible for any body of merchants to

wish for. But, in spite of this, "ruin, distress, and bankruptcy," was the universal cry, year after year.

We must now advance a further period of nineteen years, which brings us to 1831, when the distresses of the planters are described as having reached a climax "alarming and unprecedented." Strong representations were made to the Home Government on that occasion; but both it and the country had now their eyes opened to the true state of the case. And in a Dispatch of the 5th of November of that year, Lord Goderich, the then Colonial Secretary, meets the alarming Report with the following trite and pithy reply:—

"The great and permanent source of distress which almost every page of the West Indies records, is to be found in the institution of Slavery. I cannot but regard the system itself as the permanent spring of those distresses, of which, not only at the present merely, but during the whole of the last fifty years, the complaints have been so frequent and so just."

This Dispatch, of which the logic is so good, that we do not feel disposed to quarrel with the grammar, brings us up to the period, when the boon of twenty millions was granted by Parliament in exchange for the freedom of eight hundred thousand human beings held in bondage on British territory, in defiance of the principles of Christianity, as well as of the Constitution, of both of which Englishmen were wont to boast their possession. This sum paid off, at least, a large portion of the mortgages and other encumbrances on the West-Indian estates, and thus relieved the planters from an amount of interest which must have trenched deeply upon their profits. And here let us pause a moment, to see if we cannot find a cause or causes for this continuous distress, more particular and in detail than the Dispatch of Lord Goderich supplies.

We need not go further back in this investigation than the year 1792, when, whatever may have been the disadvantages under which the planters had previously laboured, the disturbances in St. Domingo produced a change in their favour, which, if rightly improved, might have redeemed the Islands from their embarrassments. "In 1790, St. Domingo exported to France 150,685,000lbs. of sugar, 45,274,000lbs. of coffee, 3,845,000lbs. of cotton, 1,948,000lbs. of indigo, and 600,000lbs. of cocoa."* This supply ceased entirely in 1800, and the whole sugar trade of that Island was thrown into the hands of the other West-Indian Islands; whilst, as we have before noticed, the capture of all the rest of the foreign Colonies except the Spanish, a few years after, still further augmented their profits. For, although the Berlin and Milan Decrees of the first Napoleon aimed at the entire exclusion of our colonial produce, the seaboard of Europe

* Minutes of the Sugar Trade of the British Colonies. Davy, p. 11.

was too extensive, and the wants of her people too pressing, to admit of a strict blockade or exclusion; and, on the other hand, the high price of sugar on the Continent (from five to seven francs *per kilogramme* of two pounds) was a sufficient temptation to the smuggler. The West-India planters and merchants, therefore, were making enormous profits, from 1800, at least, to the end of the war, and they ought, upon the common principles of trade and commerce, to have redeemed themselves from distress. The causes which appear to us to have prevented this result, may be reduced to the following: 1. Absenteeism; 2. Improvidence; 3. The heavy expense of slave labour; 4. The interest paid upon mortgages; 5. The neglect of improvements in both agriculture and manufacture.

1. Absenteeism in the West Indies, like that of its prototype, Ireland, but with more semblance of reason, has been the bane of the planter's prosperity. The estates, committed to the hands of attorneys and managers, were at once involved in expenses actually unlimited in amount, although nominally defined. For instance, the attorney's salary for overlooking the whole business of an estate is about £150 a year; but how is it that, one way or other, these gentlemen contrive to become the purchasers of the estate, whilst the owner is compelled to sell out? Basking in the precincts of the House of Commons, and worrying each successive Ministry with the complaints of failures to which their own reckless extravagance seemed to give the lie, whilst in reality it furnished the explanation, the proprietors went on borrowing to keep up their splendid establishments at the "West-end;" and, on the other hand, their proxies in the Islands imitated the greatness of their masters, and made the most of their opportunities, regardless of the profits. The following humorous description of the expenses of the estate of an absentee sugar-planter, published some years ago, which we believe to be true to the very letter, will explain, far better than any words of ours, how such an estate is rendered unprofitable.

"A WEST-INDIAN ESTATE.

"A LARGE sugar plantation, in Jamaica, will consist of many thousand acres of land; some in wood, some in pasturage, some planted with canes, some with Indian corn, but by far the greater part uncultivated altogether. This kingdom is governed by an agent living in Kingston or Spanish-Town, who receives the pay of a Colonial Governor for making an annual visit to it, riding over the grounds, attended by all the subordinate officers, and giving dinners, during his stay at the 'great house,' to all the country round about, at the expense of the estate. The Lieutenant of this 'magnifico' is the overseer or 'busha,' who has a house provided for him, and a salary of £100 or £150 a year. Under him are three or four subordinates or book-keepers,—sallow-faced young men, educating for overseerships, each with £50 or £60 salary, and all living in the house, with their board

provided for them. On the same establishment, there is also frequently a doctor, and not unfrequently an English carpenter, or engineer, brought out to teach the 'blackies' the use of tools. Each of these officials has a brown lady in residence with him, and most of the brown ladies have got a retinue of 'piccaninnies.' The ladies and the piccaninnies are not paid salaries like the rest, but they live equally at the expense of the proprietor, and get 'pickings' in a variety of shapes, which none know better than the brown ladies how to scrape together; and 'Massa pays for all,'—'Massa' who is at home, poor man, at Clifton, or at Cheltenham, anxiously expecting the next mail, and hoping it may contain, '*This my first of exchange*,' from the Kingston agent; who, most probably, is just preparing to send him, instead thereof, a bill of expenses caused by the 'late hurricane.'

"We have described only the staff. If we go on to speak of the working force of the estate, we have more extravagances to unfold. There are the Negroes, each family occupying a house, and having an allotment of ground whereon to grow provisions: we say nothing of the pay of these Negroes. Before the Emancipation, the proprietor had to feed and clothe them; every week salt provisions were distributed amongst them; and every year they were to be provided with coats, trousers, hats, handkerchiefs, and other articles of costume. We set all this against the present pay of the effective labourer. But to carry on a sugar-estate upon the present system, there must be cattle and machinery. The proprietor is both a herdsman and a manufacturer. There are perhaps thirty or forty oxen, as many horses, and twice as many mules, on the estate. The oxen are required for ordinary agricultural operations, and to take the sugar for shipment to the coast; and the mules are needed to bring the canes from the 'hill pieces,' and generally for the upland work of the estate. The horses are less profitably employed. Usually they are for the riding of the 'busha,' the doctor, the engineer, the carpenter, the bookkeeper, and the brown ladies. The first three, perhaps, will have a pair or two of the best of them for their phaëtons. The overseer's lady, possibly, may have a couple of ponies for her carriage, and to take the piccaninnies a drive. It is needless to say, that all these animals are bred, reared, fed, and physicked on the property, all at the expense of 'Massa,' who is enjoying himself in the 'Old Well Walk,' or, if it is winter, at the fireside in 'Widow Joseph's Coffee-room,' at Cheltenham.

"Then there is the machinery. The mill is generally, in the West Indies, a very complicated concern. It may be a steam, water, or cattle mill. The last requires an extra herd of cattle. Under either of these systems, however, it not unfrequently happens that the 'mill' is brought to a stand-still in the very midst of harvest, and then all the canes that are cut grow sour, and are useless for sugar-making. So 'Massa' at home is disappointed again; his year's profits are gone, and he has nothing left but to console himself with another glass of No. 4 at the pump-room, by way of washing off the extra bile occasioned by the news, that there is a deficiency, instead of a surplus, in the annual accounts of his estate.

"'Massa,' in fact, pays for all. He pays for it out of—what?

The profits of the sugar-cane; nothing else, remember. The houses are not profitable to him; they are maintained for the benefit of the agent, the 'busha,' *et hoc genus omne*. The timber is not for him, though the forests of Jamaica abound with precious trees, dyewoods and guaiacum, ironwood and braziletto, mahogany and cedar. The fruits are not his; pines and pomegranates, oranges and citrons, these are wanted for the 'great house' table. The plants are not grown for his consumption, neither the yam, the banana, the sweet potato, nor the cassava; these are required for the 'busha' and his tribe; and the capsicums and peppers are the brown ladies' perquisites. The Guinea corn or maize is not grown for his advantage; that is wanted to feed the 'busha's' horses, and to cram the ducks and chickens in the brown ladies' aviary.

"If these things be true,—and they cannot be gainsaid,—is not a retrenchment necessary, far beyond the small retrenchment of salaries that Colonial Legislatures now propose? We have not told one-half of the story of West-Indian extravagance; but we have said enough to show what is the source of the evils which cause us to receive, by every packet, such terrible accounts of West-Indian ruin. 'Ruin!' of course there *is* ruin under such a system; what else can be expected?"

2. Improvidence was the natural consequence of the facility with which a planter could borrow money, whether upon his estate or his coming crop. Such facility made him reckless in his expenditure. We have seen that, in 1792, independently of the estates that had been sold or seized, debts to the enormous amount of nearly twenty-three millions sterling had been placed in the Provost-Marshall's Court for recovery. During the period of renascent prosperity, namely, from 1800 to 1815, we have reason to believe that this amount was increased rather than diminished, if we can credit the accounts of distress laid before Parliament. In the meanwhile, the absentee proprietors were living in splendour in England, many of them Members of Parliament, the better to protect the "interest," where they found means to work upon the House to grant them protection and privilege at the expense of the country, to enable them to maintain their position. Thus they went on, year after year, mortgaging their estates to the money-lenders, and forestalling their crops with the merchant in Mincing-Lane, until, having wearied both, the property was brought to sale, and most probably the attorney was the purchaser, or the manager; both of whom had been "working the oracle" to such a result. Whilst the Slave-Trade lasted, the slaves were paid for usually by bills at three years' date; and this easy way of procuring human "cattle" led their employers on the estates to work them to the utmost,—a process which soon used them up, so that a constantly renewed importation was needed.

3. The heavy expense of slave labour. It is unnecessary to

enlarge further on this topic, otherwise than to notice the entire disregard of human life during the period of Slavery. After the abolition of the "Trade," common prudence and self-interest induced a greater economy of Negro life; but still, on many estates, the same "driving" system was pursued at certain seasons of the year, destructive of life, as is shown by the diminution of the population under Slavery. During the "Trade," Brydges states, that in ten years seventy thousand slaves had been imported into Jamaica.* This diminution, or excess of deaths over births, applies to all the Islands, with the exception of Barbadoes, in which Island the slaves were better treated than in any other of the colonies, and which is now reaping the benefit of the more humane system pursued.

4. The interest paid upon the mortgages and other encumbrances on the estates, must have materially affected the prosperity of the islands. Paid to parties who had no aim beyond that of exacting the largest rate of interest, the most usurious bargains were submitted to by the borrowers, and a per-centage exacted, enough to sink any ordinary business. The advances also of the merchants upon the crops subjected the planter to interest, besides placing him at the mercy of the party who would have the disposal of the crops. These two sources of expense may well account for the decline of prosperity.

5. The neglect of improvements. This is a standing stigma upon the planters, even to the present day, though some are more alive to the importance of the subject than others. On some of the Islands, not even the plough or scythe has been introduced, the only agricultural implements being the hoe for stirring the ground and planting the cane, the knife for cutting grass, and the basket for carrying, indifferently, manure or produce.† In the manufacture of sugar also, the same indifference to improvements which would lessen manual labour is, with but few exceptions, displayed, and the same wasteful method of manipulating the cane. We shall have occasion to go more closely into this branch of the subject as we proceed; but if the same adherence to the clumsy system ‡ of the early days of colonial history retarded the prosperity of the Islands under Slavery, how much more is improvement needed, now that the scarcity of labour has become the real obstacle to success!

Such were some of the causes of that distress which, at short intervals, was rung in the ears of Parliament up to the year 1832, when the insurrection in Jamaica alarmed the Home Government, and led to the memorable Apprenticeship plan, as a preparatory stepping-stone to emancipation. The exciting

* History of Jamaica, vol. i., p. 499.

† Davy, p. 135.

‡ Davy, p. 12.

cause of the revolt was the belief of the blacks, that their masters had received orders to manumit them, but refused to do so. These suspicions were confirmed by the bullying declaration of some planters at parochial meetings in 1831, that they would "renounce their allegiance to the British Crown rather than give freedom to their Negroes." * An Order in Council also, for enforcing the amelioration of the condition of the slaves, was treated with the greatest contempt; one planter proposing that it should be burnt by the common hangman; and another planter declaring that, "if the British Government attempted to enforce the Order, they had eighteen thousand bayonets to meet them." This was in 1831; and it led to that insurrection which resulted in a frightful sacrifice of life, unheard-of cruelties, and the devastation, by fire, of the western portion of the Island.†

The famous Apprenticeship scheme, which constitutes a kind of interregnum between legalized Slavery and actual freedom, was enacted in 1833. We say "legalized Slavery," because, whatever may have been the intentions of the Imperial Government, the planters were determined, as far as possible, to frustrate them, by retaining the *principle* of Slavery, whilst they gave up the name. The Act of prospective Emancipation, which was accompanied with a bonus of twenty millions sterling, paid down at once, was to prolong the reign of the planter, for four years in the case of the house slaves, and six years in that of the predial slaves. It was ostensibly intended to prepare them for freedom. Had it been continued, it would have proved rather a preparation for the grave! Sir Lionel Smith, the Governor of Jamaica, declared, in his message to the House of Assembly on the 29th of October, 1837, that "the Island is subject to the reproach that the Negroes, in some respects, are in a worse condition than when they were under Slavery." So convinced was Lord Sligo, who was Governor before Sir L. Smith, and also a planter, that the apprenticeship was a mockery, and that the slaves were fit for freedom, that he manumitted his own apprentices, and wrote a pamphlet advising his brother planters to do the same. This humane and politic course was also taken by the planters in the Island of Antigua, which, like Barbadoes, stands out in bold relief, in point of humanity, from all the rest.

"During Slavery," says Davy, "nowhere in our West-Indian possessions were the Negroes treated with more humanity than in Antigua. Of this there are various proofs, greatly to the credit of their masters, and, in its influence, not less to their advantage. They were the first to allow their slaves to receive religious instruction ;

* Evidence of Duncan before the Commons' Committee.

† The West Indies in 1832. By Sturge and Harvey.

the first to permit them to marry ; the first, not only to tolerate, but to encourage, the labours of Missionaries ; the first to grant the slave the privilege of trial by jury ; and, lastly,—and it was the crowning measure,—when the Act of Emancipation was passed, they—and they were a solitary example—graciously and generously granted them their liberty, sparing them the galling and irritating trial of apprenticeship, a second and hardly less (cruel) bondage, as the disappointed considered it.”—*Davy*, p. 388.

Who can doubt this feeling of disappointment for a moment, who reads the Reports of the Commissioners appointed by Government to inquire into the working of the Apprenticeship system ? or the account given by Messrs. Sturge and Harvey, who took the trouble to cross the Atlantic on a “ tour of inspection ” in 1837 ? It would appear from these accounts, that the planters, in desperation, were determined to wreak their revenge upon the Negroes, because they were unable to reach the British Government. Not only were the apprentices subjected to still more onerous toil than ever, but the most cruel punishments were resorted to that the malignity of human fiends could contrive, to worry a fellow-creature out of life. The friends of the Negroes—finding that, not content with the old coercive methods of forcing the maximum of labour out of the slaves, the planters had invented new species of torture, to which even pregnant women were subjected, and that nothing would satisfy them, short of the last drop of blood, the last fibre of sinew of their victims, ere Emancipation arrived—recommenced the agitation ; and the Home Government, with all their leaning to the “ interest,” and dread of their power in Parliament, could not shut their eyes and ears to the damning facts, brought by every mail, of the abominations practised under the Apprenticeship system. They therefore judged it prudent to succumb to the clamour that began to arise, and the 1st of August, 1838, was appointed for the cessation of the transition state, and the final and entire Emancipation of the Negroes.

The apprehensions of the planters, (and well might they entertain them,) that the first burst of freedom would be ushered in by acts of violence, in revenge for former wrongs and sufferings, led them to take precautions against them. This was all very well, being no more than a measure of common prudence, which any one would exercise under similar circumstances. The planters, indeed, had no right to expect much favour from the Negroes, nor could they look for much consideration on the score of morality or religion. All the lessons *they* had taught them were of a character little calculated to lead a body of men, suddenly and simultaneously passing from the most galling and abject bondage to entire freedom, to a consideration of claims, the knowledge of which had been withheld from them, and the observance of which the planters themselves had never regarded.

The latter, therefore, we say, armed themselves at all points, and waited in breathless anxiety, prepared to shoot down, hang, burn, and otherwise inflict summary punishment, as of yore, upon the frantic, wild, and lawless multitude who were about to retaliate upon them, at one fearful blow, the centuries of wrong and injury perpetrated upon their race. Eight hundred thousand untaught, unreasoning "human cattle," or, as they were wont to be called, "brute Negroes," were to be turned loose at once upon a small society of different race, by whom they had been treated as beasts of burden, ruled with a rod of iron, and trampled upon as the very offscouring of humanity. "Let them look out; for if we hear the whisper of a cry indicating mischief, we will shoot them down like wolves or foxes." Such was the language of the planters, crouching in the cowardly attitude of fear.

Well! the 1st of August at length arrived, and the eight hundred thousands of human chattels were at once transformed into freemen, subjects, like their former masters, of the British Crown. On the 31st of July, so far as the colonial *lex non scripta*, which commonly overpowered the statute law, was concerned, the planters had the power of life and death over them; but, as soon as the clock struck the hour of twelve that night, they were the masters of their own flesh, and blood, and bones, and sinews, and, what was of still more importance, of their own souls; and their chains were broken off for ever. Now let us see how this great change was received by the newly made men.

Sir Lionel Smith, the Governor of Jamaica, thus wrote home to Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary:—

"The vast population of Negroes of this Island came into the full enjoyment of freedom on the 1st of August. The day was observed, by Proclamation, *as one of thanksgiving and prayer*; and it is quite impossible for me to do justice to the good order, decorum, and gratitude, which the whole of the labouring population manifested on the happy occasion; not even the irregularity of a drunken individual occurred."

Sir Charles Metcalf, who, unfortunately for the Island, succeeded Sir L. Smith, said,—

"The conduct of the labouring population generally is represented by the Stipendiary Magistrates as being orderly and irreproachable; and I see no reason to doubt the truth of these representations. The general tranquillity of the country, *without any police*, is a strong proof of the present peaceable disposition of the people."

Strong indeed, Sir Charles! and it would have been well for the Island at large, if you, instead of acquiescing in, had refused your sanction to, laws then enacted,—as unjust as they were mischievous, and to which may be ascribed much of the evil now exhibited by society in Jamaica. We will give only one more testimony, written on the 10th of September after the event, by Sir L. Smith:—

"The reports of the Stipendiary Magistrates will show your Lordship, that although there has been considerable cessation from labour" (on the part of the slaves) "since the 1st of August, it has nowhere been wanting *when encouraged by fair offers of wages*; whilst their orderly conduct and obedience to the laws has been most extraordinary, considering their treatment under the recent operation of the Apprentice law in this Island, and the many provocations they have had to resentment."

Such were the testimonies of the two Governors of the Island most likely, from its antecedents, to be the scene of disorder and outrage on such an occasion. Of all the multitude of the emancipated Negroes in all the Islands, not one instance of outrage, insubordination, or intemperance is alleged. The day was spent in rejoicing and praise as a religious festival; and the absurd and guilty fears of the former masters were at once dissipated, and a new era commenced in the history of the Islands, which ought to have constituted the spring-tide of its prosperity. We shall see, in the sequel, how far the planters themselves have been to blame, if the opportunity was lost.

The first question which came before the Negroes after Emancipation was, that of the price of labour; a very important one, and which it behoved the planters to establish upon just and equitable principles. There were, in fact, rules to guide them in ascertaining the value of this essential commodity, which they would have done well to have attended to. In the bargain between themselves and the Government for Emancipation, the estimated value of a slave's labour was declared *on oath* to be a dollar a day; and this was the standard by which the value to the planter, of the Negro himself, was estimated. Of course the Government would not stand to haggle with the planters about a sixpence or a shilling a day. The principle was at once admitted, and the Negroes were estimated and *paid for*, like an acre of land, on so many years' purchase, at one dollar *per day*.

But, having thus made one good bargain, they had instituted another rule by a fresh one; namely, with the apprentices. By the Act of Abolition the Negroes could compel their masters, at any period of the apprenticeship, to have a valuation of their remaining term made by three Magistrates, two of whom were planters, and one Stipendiary. Many of the Negroes, becoming impatient of the galling yoke still round their necks, determined, with the assistance of their friends the Missionaries, to purchase their remaining terms, the value of which, set by the three Magistrates, was estimated at the rate of *2s. 6d. per day*;* and Mr. Knibb stated that he himself paid £32,000 sterling for a thousand of the apprentices at that rate.† Thus, the planters,

* Parliamentary Papers, West Indies, 1839.

† Proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Convention, Knibb's Speech.

having in the first instance been paid at the rate of a dollar a day by the Government, and in the second *2s. 6d. per* day by the Negro, for labour, they had themselves established a rate of wages which the Negroes would have been quite satisfied with. Let us see how this rule was observed:—

In the first place, the general price offered for labour was *1s. 8d.* currency, or *1s.* sterling, *per* day. The Negroes reminded the planters of the standards they had themselves fixed and received. “You have charged the Government a dollar *per* day for our labour for so many years, and some of our friends *2s. 6d. per* day for the remainder of their terms; we have a right, at least, to charge you at the latter, if not the former, rate, and we will not work for less.” Let it be borne in mind that, wherever this latter rate was admitted, the Negroes went cheerfully to work. These cases, however, were few, and the majority of the planters resisted the claim, to their own undoing.

The next attempt was to mix up the question of rent with that of wages, by making the former a part of the latter, with the power of doubling it, if the Negro tenant worked off the estate. The principle of this measure will be clearly understood by the following notice usually affixed to a receipt for rent:—

“*Every first-class labourer who has been working off the property, will be required to pay 1s. 8d. per week, and all above ten years of age 10d. per week, and must work five days in the week, otherwise 1s. 8d. will be charged (additional) to the first class, and 10d. to the second, for every day they absent themselves without a satisfactory reason.*”

To show the working of this planters’ law, even when the labourer *did not* leave the estate, we annex the following “Account current,” delivered to a Negro, for occupying a miserable hovel which he had built himself, and a patch of ground which he had planted, cultivated, and cropped, himself.

“December 31st, 1849.

“William Wordsworth

“To William Hassack, Proprietor, Buff-Bay-River Estate.

	£.	s.	d.
“For use and occupation on said estate, for one year to date, of one garden and one house, at <i>1s. 8d. per</i> week each	8	13	4
“For four cocoa-nut trees on ditto, at <i>5d. each per</i> week	4	6	8
“For one ground, feeding self and children, at <i>1s. 8d. per</i> week	30	5	8
	£43	5	8

We quote this from Mr. Knibb’s speech at the Anti-Slavery

Convention,* where he held the account in his hand; but we confess our ignorance of the arithmetical rule on which it is constructed. We have no doubt Sambo was as much mystified as ourselves with it; but we accept it as a specimen of West-Indian correctness and moderation.

The third measure of the planters was the "Small Debt Act," which enabled them to dispossess the Negro, by a summary process, of his dwelling and land, and to turn him and his family into the road.

The fourth and crowning measure was the "Vagrant Act," by virtue of which the planter, after having turned a refractory labourer—that is, one who would not work for him at his own price—into the road, could order him, "*if found destitute, to be taken up and worked in chains on the roads for sixty days.*"

Here we have as complete a Slavery code of laws, enacted by the Colonial, and, we blush to say, sanctioned by the Imperial, Government, as the veriest pro-Slavery man could desire. We shall next give the opinions of various parties respecting it. The late excellent Joseph John Gurney, Esq., in his "Winter in the West Indies," says:—

"In case of any misunderstanding between the overseers and labourers on the subject of work, either as to its duration or price, threats of ejection have followed. These threats, in many cases, have been put in forcible execution. Cottages have been unroofed and even demolished; cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees have been cut down; provision-grounds have been despoiled by the hand of violence, or trodden underfoot of oxen..... We have often heard of these instances of violence, and *seen* something of them; yet I would charitably believe that they have been comparatively rare. *Not so the plan of doubling or trebling the rent, or even multiplying it four-fold, upon the arbitrary decision of the employer, or of charging it per capita upon the husband, wife, and each of the children, as a penal exaction to compel labour: the screw for this purpose being completed in many cases by distraint of goods and imprisonment of person.*"

Dr. Davy makes the following remarks on the same subject, which, although not entering so fully into the merits of the case, are sufficiently explicit:—

"So long as the labourers hold their cottages as tenants at will, liable to be expelled at a day's notice; so long as the planters are insecure of their labour from day to day; so long as land is apportioned to the labourer in lieu, in part or altogether, of money wages; neither the planter nor labourer is likely to be contented, nor fair and honest labour attainable."—*Davy*, p. 528.

The late Daniel O'Connell thus expressed himself upon this subject; and no one understood law better than he did:—

"Ordinances are all vain as the idle wind so long as you permit them to be administered by the master towards the person of the slave.

* Proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Convention, p. 365.

Look at the laws which the Legislature of Jamaica has passed: the blacks are free in point of law; they were free by eternal right before; yet you have a slave-code actually enacted under the auspices of that unworthy successor of Sir Lionel Smith. I like to call things by their right names. I say that Sir Charles Metcalf is mischievous in his situation. He had a noble example set him, which he has taken care to imitate in one way; that is, by going in a directly opposite course; or he never would have given one moment's sanction to those laws made to swindle us out of our money."—*Proceedings of Anti-Slavery Convention*, p. 381.

The next quotation is from a speech of Mr. Prescod, a gentleman connected with Barbadoes. Speaking of the good conduct of the Negroes, he says:—

"I regret to say that in none of the Colonies, and particularly [not] in Barbadoes, has that good conduct met with the response it deserved in the conduct of the planters. A contract law came into operation in Barbadoes simultaneously with the Emancipation Bill: the law implied a contract from the circumstance of one week's continuous labour in one place. The people were unwilling to enter into specific contracts, and they were therefore turned into the roads, with their wives, children, and aged parents; and, as Sir Edward Cust truly observes, 'when a labourer is turned out of his hut, he finds it exceedingly difficult to get a settlement and employment elsewhere.' 'That was the conduct of the planters when the Negroes obtained their freedom; and such has been their behaviour up to the latest moment of my leaving the Island to come here.....I have seen enough in the Colonies the last two years to convince me, if I ever doubted the fact, that Slavery demoralizes and debases the slave-holder much more than it does the slave; and that if a law was required to prepare us for freedom, *the slave-holder, and not the slave, needed the preparatory process.*'"—*Proceedings of Anti-Slavery Convention*, p. 404.

Again, "The laws which have been enacted there (Barbadoes) since the period of freedom, are far more oppressive than those passed in Jamaica. Throughout the length and breadth of the Island, there is scarcely a cottage which the labourer can rent.....I have known the ejected labourers, with their wives, their children, and their aged and infirm parents, compelled to lie in the roads for days together. Such has been the humanity of their friendly employers. These sudden ejectments were illegal. By the Common Law of England these people had a right to three months' notice before they could be ejected.....But last year, (1839,)—and this, with other abuses of the planters, has thrown the country into great agitation,—a law was brought into operation by which these ejectments were legalized. By this law the Magistrates are invested with power to eject after twenty-four hours' notice."—*Proceedings of Anti-Slavery Convention*, p. 525.

The Governor, Sir L. Smith, writes on the 24th of September, 1838:—

"So far from the labourers resorting to the woods to squat in idleness, they are submitting to the most galling oppression rather than be driven to quit their homes."

And in May, in the following year, he says:—

“They (the labourers) had not fair play, as was exemplified in many of the Magistrates’ Reports sent to your Lordship’s office, where *more rent was charged than wages paid*, thus endeavouring to extort work for worse than nothing, since the excess of rent brought *the labourer in debt*. The charging of rent for house and ground for every individual of a family is still continued.”—*Parliamentary Paper, West Indies*, 1839.

The foregoing is, we conceive, quite sufficient to establish the fact, both of the good disposition of the labourers, and of the suicidal and unjust conduct of the Colonial Legislatures and the planters: we therefore refer the reader to Mr. Davy’s work for further information, in regard to the willingness of the Negroes to work at fair wages. That they would not be *driven* to work by the whip, as when under Slavery, or that, having acquired independence, many of them would only work in a desultory way, we admit; and we question whether any class or race of men would not act in the same manner. The love of ease is inherent in all, whether white or black; and why, under a tropical sun and with a fertile soil, especially with the example of the planters before them, the Negroes should be expected—much less compelled—to work like slaves for the sole benefit of their masters, we have never seen any reason given. We will, however, state an instance or two in proof that the charge of indolence and extortion, brought against the labourers, is false. On the Kinloss Estate in Jamaica, forty Negroes had resisted the coercive measures, and had, with the assistance of the Missionaries, purchased land and erected cottages upon them. The attorney, or proprietor, we do not know which, finding the estate destitute of labourers, changed the overseer, and a Mr. Simpson was appointed. This person called the Negroes together, and said to them, “You have been treated shamefully, and I will pay up your arrears, which amount to £130.” The men instantly replied, “We will take you at your word;” and out of the forty families, *not one left*; although the land purchased for them was only two miles from their home.* Again:—

“I took a contract for building a chapel, which a white gentleman stated he could not erect for less than £2,000. I sent round to the estates, and offered the men higher wages than they were receiving, because I knew they deserved it. I gave them just what their masters swore they were worth when slaves. I paid the carpenters half-a-crown or three shillings a day sterling; and we built the chapel for £800 less than the white man said it could be done for.”—*Proceedings of Anti-Slavery Convention*, p. 369.

We have enlarged the more on this subject, because Mr. Davy has but glanced at it, although, in our opinion, it lies at the

* Proceedings of Anti-Slavery Convention, p. 368.

foundation of the reverses that have befallen the planters. The Negroes, finding their former masters determined to fix the shackles upon them again in a new form, appealed to their friends the Missionaries, who offered to purchase land for them, and thus render them independent of the planter. This plan was carried into effect, and, by the assistance of friends in England, estates were purchased and divided into small lots, on which the Negroes built their cottages. Thousands of these humble but comfortable dwellings, forming towns and villages, sprung up, chiefly in the mountainous districts, becoming the abodes of security, peace, and abundance. The following descriptions will convey to the reader a good idea of the condition of these new freeholds.

J. J. Gurney writes :—

"Here" (at Clarkson-Town) "we were refreshed by the hospitable people with draughts of lemonade. We found them industriously engaged in cultivating their own freeholds. Many of them had long been labourers on a neighbouring estate, from which they had at last been *forced away* by ill-treatment. Their cocoa-nut trees had been felled, their huts demolished: what could they do but seek a new home? They crowded round us, and expressed the most entire willingness again to work on the property, if they were but treated with fairness and kindness."

Another writes :—

"Where besides, in the whole wide world, is there a peasantry so circumstanced, or that, with so little toil, has such a command of the good things of this life? They deserve it all; they use their means handsomely; they live well; they dress well; they send their children to school, where schools are near; they build chapels, and contribute to Church-purposes, as I can easily prove, to the extent of £80,000 or £100,000 *per annum*."

Lord Elgin writes from Jamaica, in 1846 :—

"In many and most important respects, the expectations of the friends of Emancipation have been unquestionably more than realized by the results of that measure. The peaceable demeanour of the recently emancipated classes, their general deference for the law, and their respect for religious observances, have formed the theme for repeated and well-merited eulogy."

Lieutenant-Governor Campbell writes, from St. Vincent's, to Sir C. E. Grey :—

"The predominant feeling evinced by the rural population, is a desire of possessing a house and a patch of land; the result is, that small villages and hamlets have sprung up in various quarters of the island. Upon the first establishment of these, alarm was excited amongst the agricultural body. It was feared that the system, by encouraging other pursuits, would tend to an abstraction of field-labour; but experience proves the supposition to be groundless. I

consider that it should be fostered and encouraged, as one that must be productive of great general advantage: the certain benefit to the estates to which villages are adjoining, is obvious. Considerable prices are realized for land unfit for the cultivation of sugar; and a peasantry capable of carrying on their cultivation, located at convenient distances."

Sir Robert Horsford wrote, in 1846, to Lieutenant-Governor Cunningham, from Antigua, as follows:—

"The energies now exhibited on all sides in the erection of their cottages, and the pride they naturally feel in their independence, and in the possession of property of their own; the solicitude with which they strive to raise themselves in the ranks of social intercourse, and to promote the advancement and welfare of their children,—are all indications of a newly-awakened spirit, which would have slumbered to the end of time, under a state which debarred them of those laudable objects of enterprise which form the very key-stone of civilization."

Mr. Davy, after speaking of their weaknesses, says:—

"With all their failings, however, they are not without good qualities. They are little addicted to drunkenness, less than the European; they are naturally sociable, cheerful, and friendly; self-supporting, doing well without parochial relief or poor-laws; kind to those connected with them, the sick and aged, rarely forsaking or neglecting them. Though passionate, they are not commonly revengeful; and though assaults are common, murders are of extremely rare occurrence, not excluding child-murder.

"Physically considered, their condition since Emancipation has been peculiarly good, and they fully appreciate and enjoy the change. Having hitherto had good wages, the industrious can obtain not only the necessaries of life, but many of its comforts and luxuries. Their houses, commonly of wood, consist of two rooms, and are wholesome and tolerably furnished; a good bed, tables, and chairs, are considered essential. Few of them are without a cow, a pig, or a goat, or without poultry; and the former whether they have land or not. They have abundance of cheap food, living chiefly on vegetables. No fire is required except for cooking, and fuel for this purpose is almost always obtained from the estate on which they work. Little clothing is required; they have commonly more than they need, two or three suits,—one for working days of the coarsest kind, others for Sundays and holidays, and occasions of ceremony, such as marriages, christenings, and funerals."—*Davy*, p. 100.

Again:—

"Since Emancipation, owing to the abundance and cheapness of land, and the natural love of possessing it and independence, the number of freeholders, and persons residing on freeholds, has increased very rapidly. These, it is estimated, now exceed *one third of the total population*. According to Mr. Harfield, Commissary of Population," (for British Guiana,) "the first conveyance by 'transport' of such lands was in 1838; in 1844, the number of such holders, including their families in the number, amounted to about 19,000; in 1847,

29,000; at the end of 1848, to about 44,443. The number of freeholds he states to be about 446, on which are erected 10,541 houses, containing 44,443 inhabitants, averaging something more than four persons to each house.”—*Ibid.*, p. 364, *note*.

In speaking of the charge made against the Negro of indolence, our author says:—

“This, I have no hesitation in saying, is a mistake founded on ignorance. What I have witnessed, convinces me of it:—the vigorous quick walk of the Negro going to his work; the untiring zest and exertions made by the Negro lads on a holiday at cricket, not in the shade, but fully exposed to the sun; the extra labour of the Negro when cultivating his own plot of ground in propitious showery weather, often commencing before dawn by moonlight, and recurring to it after a day’s work; the amount of work they willingly undertake. In India or Ceylon, each riding or carriage horse is attended by at least two persons,—a groom, called in the latter ‘a horsekeeper,’ and a grass-cutter; in Barbadoes, one man will, with the aid of a stable-boy, or sometimes without any aid, *take charge of three horses*, act also as coachman, and make himself otherwise useful. These are circumstances which have fully convinced me that he neither hates labour, nor is naturally indolent, when he has a motive to exertion.”—*Ibid.*, p. 91.

We could go on, and quote from many other writers on this subject; but we have given sufficient authorities to establish the fact, that, so far as the Negro population—for whose especial benefit the Act of Emancipation was passed—is concerned, that measure, instead of having failed, as the “West-Indian Interest” would make this country believe, has succeeded beyond the expectations or anticipations of its advocates; and *that* in spite of the attempts of the advocates of Slavery to make it a failure, by a re-enactment of Slavery in various forms. We challenge the most strenuous defenders of the planters to produce an instance, in the whole world, of a body of men elevated, in so short a period of time, from a condition of the most degrading and debasing bondage, to such a state of quiet and peaceable independence, and cheerful, steady prosperity. On the other hand, if the planters have not benefited by the change, the fault has rested with themselves. We have shown that, by their inveterate love of slave-holding, they debarred themselves, in the first instance, from the services of the *only* source of profitable labour,—the emancipated Negro population, whom they drove to independence by their harsh injustice. Abundant evidence exists, that immediately after Emancipation *colonial property rose in value*, and was in request. Thus Mr. J. J. Gurney states, in 1840:—

“In all the Islands which we visited, real property has risen and is rising in value. In the towns, both the enhancement and improvement of property are very extraordinary. In the country, the value

of slaves, to say the least of it, is already transferred to the land. Remember the declaration of our friend in St. Christopher's, who had bought an estate before Emancipation for £2,000, and now would not sell it for £6,000; and that of our friend in Jamaica, who sold G— estate for £1,500, and now remarks that it is worth £10,000. Landed property in the British Colonies has touched the bottom, has found that bottom sound and solid, has already risen considerably in value, and is now on a steady ascending march towards the recovery of its highest value. One circumstance which greatly contributed to produce its depreciation, was the cry of interested persons, who wished to run it down; and the demand for it which has arisen amongst those very persons, is now restoring it to its rightful value. Remember the old gentleman in Antigua, *who is always complaining of the effect of freedom, and always buying land.*—*Winter in the West Indies.*

Mr. William Grant, a Stipendiary Magistrate for the parishes of Clarendon and Manchester, Jamaica, states thus to the Governor in 1839:—

“I have remarked that the persons who are loudest in proclaiming the deplorable state of the country, are the very persons who grasp most firmly the property they have in it; and, if they have the means, are most willing to purchase more. I know one who purchased a property about three years ago. He was lately offered treble the amount he gave for it. Did he take it? No; but in the same breath he would assert that the country was ruined.”—*Blue Book*, 1850.

Again, Mr. Wemyss Anderson, a solicitor in Jamaica, and a Member of the Legislature, states in 1841:—

“I am not a planter myself, but it frequently happens that I have the disposal of estates; and in all those cases, I have been perfectly beset by people requesting the preference of purchasing these estates. And no longer ago than on my voyage to this country, (England,) I was solicited to obtain the preference for a gentleman to whom I had been under some trifling obligation, for the lease of a valuable estate for which he was disposed to give a handsome rent. The value of property in the neighbourhood of towns has, in many cases, doubled; and I have bitterly repented of many sales of property I have made, in consequence of the increase of its value.”—*Proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Convention*, p. 385.

Another person from Barbadoes states, in 1841:—

“The clamour of ruin finds little countenance and no belief in the Colonies. It is intended exclusively for the ears of the British Government; and, from the earliest period in the colonial history, it has been the usual accompaniment of the improper demands of the planters, and of their opposition to all proper reforms. It has not been my fortune to meet a single resident colonist of any reputation, and but tolerably observant of passing occurrences, who seriously apprehends general ruin, or even general embarrassment, as a consequence of Emancipation; and my experience leads me very much to

doubt whether such a one could be found. There is, on the contrary, in Barbadoes, (which, by the way, Sir Edward Cust, in his amusing pamphlet, gives as a lucid exception, amidst the gloom of colonial despair,) and in all the Islands which I have visited, and to which my inquiries through confidential and trustworthy correspondents have extended, a general admission that they have never been so prosperous, and so likely to prosper, as at present."....."I will here read one or two instances, by way of illustration. Shortly before the abolition of Slavery, in 1833, Plantation Skelton, in Berbice, was taken over by Messrs. Ross, merchants, I believe, of Edinburgh, for a debt of £40,000 sterling, but with little prospect at that time of its ever realizing any thing like that amount. In fact, they would have been glad to get rid of the bargain for half the debt in cash. The crop of 1835, and the compensation money received in that year for the slaves upon the property, cleared off £36,000 of the debt, and left the estate almost clear profit."—*Proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Convention*, p. 523.

Such were the testimonies of men of the first respectability, as to the condition of the planters, and the value of property in the Islands, up to the year 1841; and certainly it presents a view of it very different from a failure, even as regards the proprietors. If any of these suffered from Emancipation, it was the consequence of their own injustice and imprudence in not at once meeting the labourers as free men, and offering them a full and fair price for their labour. At this period, however, a new phase in West-Indian policy presented itself; and it is to the consideration of this that we shall now direct the reader's attention. We refer to the immigration scheme, which, from what we *know* of it, was conceived in folly, brought forth in fraud, and resulted in ruin.

Having thrown away the only chance they had of securing efficient and continuous labour, by their attempts to re-enact Slavery, the planters applied to Parliament for leave to import Hill Coolies from India. They had previously procured labourers from England, Ireland, Scotland, Malta, Madeira, and other places. But all these immigrants, with the exception of the Maltese and Portuguese, being natives of a colder climate, were found unable to stand the labour of the Colonies under a tropical sun. The greater number of them died of the diseases incident to the country, especially to the new comers; and of the remainder, very few proved of any value to the planters. At St. Christopher's, a small remnant of English, left out of upwards of two hundred, petitioned the Colonial Secretary, in a simple and melancholy memorial, for means to return to their native country.* Such, we have reason to believe, was the case in every instance where European labourers were introduced: very few of them lived to return home, and they were rather a burden than an acquisition. The colonists, therefore, made

* Davy, p. 449.

application to Parliament to be allowed to go to India for a supply of labour.

This insidious scheme originated at the Mauritius, where, of yore, Slavery existed in the highest perfection. The planters in that Island had, by fraud, obtained compensation for thirty thousand more slaves than there were on the Island, and then, under pretence that the Negroes would not work for them, petitioned to be allowed to import the Hill Coolies. Agents were employed to entrap these men, under the most flattering representations, and by the immediate payment of a small sum in advance. As soon, however, as they were on board, the payments were taken from them, and they were so barbarously used and starved, that numbers of them died. Upon their arrival, they were compelled to bind themselves to the planters for a term of years, were not allowed to leave the estate after the hours of labour without a pass, and were imprisoned and flogged for the most trifling offences. The result was, that of 25,000 Hill Coolies imported, only 18,000 survived at the end of four years. So pleased, however, were both the planters and the British Government with the result, that the system was allowed to be extended; and in 1846 the number imported had arisen to 90,216, of whom twelve *per cent. per annum* died,—a rate of mortality that would depopulate the world in fifteen years. The *success* of the Mauritius planters induced the West-India planters to make a similar application to Parliament, in 1840, for leave to extend the importation to their Islands. This attempt was frustrated, for the time, by the opposition of Dr. Lushington, O'Connell, and other friends of freedom, seconded by strong remonstrances from the East-India Company, who were decidedly hostile to the measure. A second attempt, however, was successful,—not with Parliament, for Lord Grey, the then Colonial Secretary, took the matter upon himself, and extended to Jamaica the permission to import to the number of 5,000, which was subsequently increased, until it was found, that so worthless were they as labourers, that the expense of importing and keeping them involved a dead loss to the planters. Of their treatment, the following extract from a resident's letter to an editor of a London journal, will give the reader some idea :—

“The Coolies, both men and women, work in the field, many of them in a state of nudity, and hardly any of them decently clothed. Many of them are suffering from severe sickness, and are so covered with sores, as to be unable to work. According to agreement, these ought to be provided for; but such, it is reported, is not the case: those who cannot work, get no pay. Their complaints on the subject of wages are loud and numerous, and they generally state their determination to leave their employment as soon as they are free, their belief being that they are slaves. By their own driver, or superintendent, they are often beaten severely, and many of them have

lately run away from their employment on this account. They work in gangs by themselves, and the Negroes appear sincerely to pity them."

A Jamaica paper, the "Falmouth Post," gives the following dismal account of them:—

"The melancholy objects that meet our eyes in every direction, and the wretched beings who people our prisons, and crowd our hospitals, are the miserable evidences of an unwise and unnecessary resolution on the part of our Representatives, to add to the population of the Island, by expending large sums of money for the importation of people *who never will be of any use to us*. In fact, the scheme was conceived in ignorance, born in folly, and nurtured in the lap of flagrant and mercenary selfishness."*

Thus, the various schemes of the planters to supply the place of that labour which they had recklessly thrown away, resulted in their being again plunged in ruinous debts and endless taxation. In twelve years they imported into the West Indies 60,000 immigrants, consisting of English, Irish, Germans, Chinese, Portuguese, Maltese, Hill Coolies, and Africans. This was up to the year 1847; and in those few years the tide of prosperity, of which we have spoken and alleged proofs, was rolled back; so that, in 1848, nearly one-fourth of the Jamaica estates, consisting of 168,032 acres, and employing 24,000 labourers, who produced 14,000 hogsheads of sugar, were abandoned; and in the same period, 465 coffee plantations, comprising 188,400 acres, on which were nearly 27,000 labourers, were also thrown up and the works demolished.

In 1848 the Immigration Act expired and was not re-enacted. In this abortive scheme, which was but a renewed effort of the planters to obtain compulsory labour, we find the solution of that distress which has come upon the West Indies since Emancipation. The expense to Jamaica alone, in eleven years, amounted to £180,252 for importation, independently of that entailed upon the Island, of supporting the wretched beings who were thus inveigled from their homes, and reduced, as they justly alleged, to slavery. Such, in fact, was the effect of the harsh treatment they met with, that in 1852 more than half the entire number (upwards of 100,000) had died, and a large proportion of the remainder were literally beggars, the planters having refused to fulfil their contract to take them back to India when their terms of indenture expired.

* In 1847, a code of "Ordinances" was sent out to the West-Indian Colonies which might with justice be called, "*a code of slavery*." This was done *without* the sanction of Parliament, and reflects indelible disgrace on the then Imperial Government, in which Lord Grey held the office of Colonial Secretary. Under these Ordinances, we have no hesitation in saying, the immigrants were as complete slaves as the Negroes before Emancipation; for it was impossible for them to comply with those requirements in the Ordinances which would have liberated them from the bondage which it was the object of the "Ordinances" to inflict.

Dr. Davy speaks favourably of the Coolies, at least of those who are able to work, although he admits that they have not the physical strength of the African. He also qualifies his opinion of the adaptation of the former to the climate of the Islands, by quoting the close of the Governor's Report respecting them,—that the rate of mortality amongst them is very small, “if taken due care of; for here, (British Guiana,) as in Trinidad, *where they have been neglected, there has been great suffering, and a fearful mortality amongst them.*”* In Jamaica, at least, this “due care” has not been exercised, if we are to credit the statement of Anthony Davis, Stipendiary Magistrate for the parishes of St. Mary and Metcalf. In his Report to the Governor, he says, “No proper provision has hitherto been made for the reception of immigrants, *and this Island has literally been a charnel-house to the greatest number of those who have arrived.*”†

Of late years, the plan adopted for the supply of labour has been to convey the Africans found on board the captured slave-ships to the Islands, and bind them to the planters for a term of years. This is but one degree better than letting them proceed to their destination on the slave Islands; and, at best, affords but a scanty supply. So much is this the case, that the late Joseph Hume, who was a Trinidad planter himself, urged the necessity of a modification of the Emancipation Act, so as to enable the planters to purchase Negroes from the Coast of Africa. To this we say, “If the salvation of the West-India sugar-planters depends on the re-enactment of Slavery, *perish every estate on those Islands rather than such an iniquity should be perpetrated!*”

We have now come to the period when the Imperial Government, in accordance with the principles of free trade, instituted measures for gradually reducing the protective duties on foreign colonial produce, so as to bring them upon an equality with that from our own Colonies. This measure was passed in 1846, and by its operation slave-grown sugar was, in 1853, admitted to the United Kingdom at the same duty of ten shillings *per* cwt. as the produce of free labour. There are two questions involved in this measure, perfectly distinct in their character, but of which one could not be settled without the other; the one being partly a question of morals, the other of political economy.

With regard to the first of these, it is alleged with truth, that by the admission of Cuban and Brazilian slave-grown sugars, we encourage Slavery, and, in the former case, the Slave-Trade. The result has proved this to be the case; and by the measure the British Government has placed itself in the anomalous position of, first, having paid Spain upwards of half a million of money to suppress the Slave-Trade; then, of having spent nearly a million *per annum* for forty years, to prevent her from carrying

* Davy, p. 365.

† Parliamentary Blue Book, Jamaica, 1854.

on that trade in defiance of her engagement; and, finally, of giving her a bonus to keep up both Slavery and the Slave-Trade, by admitting her sugars on the same terms with our own free-labour sugar. Such is the morality of statesmen, and such the clumsy and roundabout method of compelling a felonious neighbour to fulfil an engagement for which she had received compensation; the non-performance of which has now cost us the enormous sum of nearly forty millions sterling!

The second question is that of protection to the West-India sugar-planters; on which ground we do not feel disposed to argue the propriety of a differential duty. The planters have no right to expect it, nor do they require it, as we trust we shall be able to prove.

This measure created a great sensation both in the Colonies and at home. The planters charged the Government with a breach of faith, in that they had, by the Act of Emancipation, deprived them of the means of competing with the foreign slave Colonies, and therefore were bound to protect them against the competition; that the scarcity and consequent high price of labour took from them the power of growing sugar on equal terms with those who had an unlimited and continuous supply of labour; and that the latter would infallibly increase their growth of sugar, and swamp the markets of Europe, and bring down the price so low, as to shut out the free-labour sugar entirely.

It cannot be denied that the allegation has proved correct, so far as the increase of Cuban and Brazilian sugars are concerned; and, also, that the price in the British market has been reduced by the measure. But it has *not* shut out free-labour sugar; nor has it lessened the growth of sugar in our own Colonies. It is true that in the six years from 1847 to 1853, there had been 391,187 acres of plantation land thrown out of cultivation in Jamaica alone.* But this was so common an occurrence, even in the most palmy days of West-Indian prosperity, that we can lay no stress upon it as a proof that the land, with proper management and economy, would not pay for cultivation. For, on the other hand, the increased consumption of sugar in Europe, and especially in the United Kingdom, partly from the reduction in price, and partly from the increase of population,† has rendered it absolutely necessary, in the estimation of our statesmen, to throw open the trade, in order as well to insure an adequate supply, as to complete the working of free trade measures.

It is, however, a fact worthy of remark, that, notwithstanding the large number of estates abandoned in our Colonies, the quantity of sugar from them has increased simultaneously with

* Distributed as follows:—In sugar estates, 128; coffee ditto, 96; pens, 30; total, 254 estates. Besides which there were 159 estates partially abandoned.

† The increase of the population in Europe, since the Peace of 1815, is estimated at from 80 to 100 millions.

that from the foreign slave-Colonies, as the following statements will show. In the first, for the sake of convenience and brevity, we take the quantities at intervals of five years.

SUGAR IMPORTED INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM.		
	British Colonies. Cwts.	Foreign. Cwts.
In 1840	3,230,666	805,179
1845	4,908,969	911,921
1850	4,941,012	2,296,305
1853	5,306,933	1,977,449

And, further, to show that this increase is not partial, but is distributed over the whole of our colonial sugar possessions, we give the following details:†—

	1850. Cwts.	1851. Cwts.
Antigua	123,485	200,235
Barbadoes	524,651	583,840
Dominica.....	51,816	60,239
Grenada	92,803	121,381
Montserrat	1,607	7,675
Nevis	15,508	33,309
St. Christopher's.....	70,717	122,029
St. Lucia.....	33,903	69,930
St. Vincent	139,567	163,409
Tobago	44,297	45,130
Trinidad	366,214	441,772
British Guiana	325,297	595,200
Tortola	1,406	3,070
Mauritius	1,003,296	1,000,269
British India	1,359,690	1,574,473
Jamaica	574,796	627,823
Totals.....	4,949,053	5,649,784

From this it appears that, so recently as the years 1850 and 1851, with the exception of the Mauritius, there has been an increase in the growth of sugar, which certainly proves any thing but general ruin. We are aware that the season has much to do with production in the West Indies, as well as in Europe; but we have other grounds for concluding that sugar-cultivation is still profitable, when conducted with economy, and with that regard to improvement, in both agriculture and manufacture, which, in the present day, whether at home in the growth of corn, or in the West Indies in the production of sugar, is essential to success. Wherever failure has taken place, we are the more disposed to attribute it to a disregard of such improvements, from the facts that wherever they have been introduced they have been eminently successful, and that where a proper conduct has been maintained towards the labourers,

* "Returns of the Board of Trade."

† Davy, p. 546.

there has been no indisposition on the part of the latter to work for the planters. In British Guiana, owing to the judicious management of the Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, the Colony is become settled and prosperous; and even in Jamaica, the worst conducted, and, *hitherto*, the worst governed, of any of the Colonies, Sir Henry Barkly, in his Dispatch to the Colonial Secretary, writes as follows:—

“This much, however, I may safely assert, that the impressions produced upon my mind by my tour, were, on the whole, of a more encouraging nature than I had, from the gloomy accounts given by all parties, ventured to anticipate; and I certainly returned with a higher opinion of the capabilities of the Island, and a more hopeful estimate of its social position, than I had when I started.

“The prospects of the cultivators of sugar especially appear to me by no means of the desperate character which, unfortunately, it has become usual to ascribe to them. The worst effects of competition with the whole world in the production of their staple, are now realized; and yet, speaking dispassionately, and with an earnest desire to represent things in their true light, so far as my information goes, I do not believe that any plantation in the Island which was, at the beginning of the year, in tolerable order, and on which no extraordinary outlay for repairs to works or extension of cane-fields had to be incurred, will entail a loss on its proprietors. To go further, wherever the cultivation is on a sufficient scale to yield, say 150 hogsheads and upwards, I am confident the plantation will leave a handsome return, even when carried on by hired agency alone.”—*Blue Book, Jamaica*, 1854, p. 54.

In another part of the same Dispatch, he says:—

“Still less am I disposed to refer the unexampled depression which now prevails in Jamaica, exclusively, or even principally, to the effects of the competition with slave-labour products in the home market.

“Other Colonies, as your Grace has recently pointed out, have more or less surmounted the difficulties occasioned by the precipitancy with which the protective duties on sugar were reduced; but by a policy widely different from that which the Legislature of Jamaica has seen fit to pursue. Mr. Hill, indeed, describes this Island as suffering under some special disqualification for the competition in question; and speaks of ‘the misery and demoralization of a community ceasing to labour, because it is worth no man’s while to pay for labour that yields no profit.’

“I am not, however, aware that there is any soil under heaven so sterile as to yield no return for labour expended upon it; and certainly should not look for it amid the tropical luxuriance of this lovely and fertile Island.”—*Blue Book, Jamaica*, 1854, p. 7.

Dr. Davy’s invaluable work, which refers, however, to the Westward and Leeward Islands and British Guiana only, fully confirms the opinion of the worthy Governor, in regard to the returning prosperity of those Colonies. He has minutely described the social condition of each of these; and although

abstaining from comments upon the impolitic conduct of the planters towards the Negroes in the earlier period of Emancipation, he has done ample justice in every instance to the latter, both in regard to their social condition and intellectual capacity. With respect to the latter, indeed, he speaks like the man of science as well as of reason.

"The time is past," he says, "that the Negro was held to be hardly human,—rather a connecting link between the monkey and man. It is interesting to see how truth ultimately prevails; and how science—exact knowledge—aids the cause of humanity. One after another, most of the traits which were adduced as distinctive, and as separating the races, have been made light of, and put aside; and so I apprehend they will be all."—*Davy*, p. 82.

Again:—

"By many it has been asserted that this organ (the brain) in the African is below par in volume and weight, compared with that of other varieties of the human race. This assertion is founded on inaccurate observation, as has been shown in a clear and conclusive manner by Professor Tiedemann and Sir William Hamilton, whose researches on the subject, so carefully and laboriously made, appear free from all objections. The former states that he could detect 'no well-marked and essential difference between the brain of the Negro and the European;' whence he concluded, that 'no innate difference in the intellectual faculties can be admitted to exist between them.' Sir William Hamilton, from his extended inquiries, has come to the conclusion, not only that the brain of the Negro is not below the average in weight and size, comparing it with the brain of other races, but more than that, namely, (to use his own precise words,) 'That the Negro *encephalos* (brain proper and after-brain) is not less than the European, and greatly larger than the Hindoo, Ceylonese, and sundry other brains.'"—*Davy*, p. 86.

In regard to the future prospects of these fertile Islands, the great and only want of the labouring population is education, and religious instruction. In the normal condition in which they were left by Slavery, it would have been wise as well as just in the local Legislatures, to have made these points matters of the first importance; but nothing was further from their thoughts or designs. What education or religious instruction the Negro population have received, has been chiefly through the Moravian, Methodist, and Baptist Missionaries, who have been indefatigable in their exertions, and whose success, under discouragements of no ordinary kind, has been gratifying. It is to these gentlemen that the present prosperous condition of this class is to be ascribed; and if they have not visited upon their former owners the retaliation they so much feared, it is owing to the instructions of the despised Missionaries, who taught them a more excellent way.

We believe that a better feeling towards the Negroes begins

to manifest itself amongst the planters generally, superinduced by a knowledge of their worth as labourers, found out when it was almost too late. It is, however, to the next generation of planters that we must look for that complete emancipation from the spirit of Slavery, which has proved such a bar to their success. In this respect, there has been a marked superiority in the coloured race over their white masters. Without any advantages beyond a strong physical conformation, and such mental ability as nature had bestowed upon them, they have exercised moderation, industry, prudence, and economy; and by these means they are gradually rising in the scale of social respectability and consideration, as well as in property: and, had the planters shown the same traits of character from the time that the Act of Emancipation passed; had they, instead of attempting to re-enact Slavery in a new form, met the Negroes as free men, and treated them as such in their labour contracts, their own condition would have been very different from what it is. We are glad, however, to find, from Dr. Davy's work, that the evil is rectifying itself; and, although the Negroes will never again work exclusively for the planter, having become independent of him, there may yet, by the substitution of machinery for hand labour, be labour amply sufficient for the purposes of the sugar states. We see no reason why these should require three or four times the number of hands that a farm of equal size requires in England; and the plough will turn over the ground in the West Indies as well as in Norfolk.

In respect to the manufacturing process, with some partial exceptions in a few of the Islands, the old Spanish system is still in vogue. This is the case, according to Dr. Davy, in Antigua, St. Christopher's, Nevis, Tobago, St. Vincent, &c. Even in Trinidad, Barbadoes, and British Guiana, where improved methods have been introduced, their adoption is very partial and imperfect. The mode of crushing the cane is an instance. The quantity of saccharine in the cane is eighteen to twenty *per cent.* But not more than from eight to nine *per cent.* of this is rendered available, the rest being thrown into the furnace as fuel, with the pressed canes. By the imperfect mode of curing the sugar, too, a loss of from twelve to fifteen *per cent.* is sustained by the draining of the hogsheads during the voyage to England, the drainage being pumped up with the bilge-water. These two items alone, if economized, would have turned the scale from a loss to a profit on many an estate heretofore abandoned. Other changes in economizing the produce we could mention, which would materially affect the prospects of the planters, if adopted.

It will be said, probably, that the Imperial Government ought to interfere, to save the Islands from ruin. We entertain a very different opinion, and think that Government has interfered

already a great deal too much : its interference, in fact, has been one main cause of the evils which exist ; and the best way in which it can serve the planters is, by extending its general protection over all classes and races alike, without favour or affection, or regarding one " interest " more than another. The future, in fact, depends on the planters themselves. If they resolutely set about those improvements which the hand of science has revealed, they will save themselves, and make the Islands what they have never yet been,—the abodes of intelligent industry and steady prosperity. Without this, coupled with perseverance and economy, they will assuredly see that once despised and down-trodden race, whom they have rashly driven from them, become the lawful possessors of the soil which was watered with their tears, and enriched with their sweat and blood.

ART. IX.—*The Colonization Herald*. Conducted by the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, Philadelphia. January to April, 1855.

THE President of an independent Republic, opening the Session of 1854, addressed the gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives in a speech, the first words of which were as follow :—" Every revolving year brings with it cause of congratulation and thankfulness to God, that the great work in which we are engaged, of rearing up on these barbarous shores a Christian State, is onward in its march, by gradually developing its practicability and excellence." Farther on in his speech the President makes use of these words,—words such as have not often fallen from the mouth of a chief magistrate upon an occasion of state :—" But above all, God has been pleased to bless the people with a gracious visitation of His Churches, inspiring them with a spirit of pure and undefiled religion, thereby wonderfully extending the inestimable benefit of Christianity among the idolatrous tribes of this land, and dispelling the gloom of moral night which has so long overshadowed them."

The Republic of Liberia, from whose President's speech we have transcribed these lines, has already taken an honourable position among the nations of the earth. To quote once more :—

" We continue to receive from her Britannic Majesty's Government assurances of friendly concern for our welfare. From the French Government we are also receiving tangible proofs of the interest his Imperial Majesty feels in the future prosperity of this infant State. As a present to this Government, the French Minister of War has for-

warded recently one thousand stand of arms, to be followed shortly—as advised by our agent in Paris—by an equal number of equipments for our Militia. I am happy also to inform the Legislature that, during the year just passed, the independence of Liberia has been formally recognised by his Belgian Majesty, accompanied with expressions of friendship, and warmest wishes for our success and happiness.”

An increasing interest is taken in the colonization and evangelization of Africa, especially its Western Coast, by the American Churches and people; and we are led to believe that the information conveyed by such publications as that above mentioned, will not be without interest, in this country, to the survivors and the descendants of a generation whose Anti-Slavery exertions constitute the noblest *epos* of the age. We believe that the fulfilment and glorious triumph of Anti-Slavery effort will be worked out by means of communities, of which Liberia is the most important, though not the only, specimen. The regeneration of Africa must proceed from her own sons; to them alone will it be possible, in the exercise of a legitimate commerce, to introduce those influences which civilize a people; they alone can stand beneath her burning sky to proclaim the Gospel of truth. The white Missionary is soon struck down by sickness; but the coloured emigrants sent out by the various Colonization Societies of America speedily become acclimated. The mysterious sympathies which bind together individuals of the same race, will serve as the channels of an ameliorative influence; and we may assume that the numerous educated and Christian free blacks who are now flocking to the country of their fathers, will draw from their abominable practices, and elevate in the scale of humanity, tribe after tribe of the population of Africa, until the cruelties and idolatries of its abject millions shall be replaced by the blessings of civilization and religion.

There is, indeed, no organization which commends itself with stronger force to the sympathies and support of the Christian public, than the various American Colonization Societies. These Societies present a platform on which the followers of Christ, of every denomination, can stand and co-operate, without the least disturbing influence to mar their harmony, or interrupt their combined action. The cause is one of unequalled grandeur; it contemplates nothing less than the evangelization of the whole of Africa. For the accomplishment of this sublime object it presents, as it seems to us, the only feasible plan. The Colony of Liberia thus far has prospered beyond all that its friends anticipated. It is now a flourishing Republic, governed by wholesome and wisely-framed laws. Its President is a man of acknowledged ability, and its Legislature will compare favourably with that of any of the old established State Legislatures of America. Many of the friends of these Societies look only to

results connected with the ultimate abolition of American Slavery. This is itself an object of incalculable importance. It is, indeed, a matter of rejoicing, that present results are not unlikely sensibly to hasten that happy consummation, since they open channels through which owners of slaves can liberate them, and give them homes where they will have not only equal civil rights, but equal social advantages. But it is the missionary aspect of the movement which forms the strong ground of our confidence in it. In its probable future we see melting away the vast mountains of difficulty which impede the progress of truth and happiness amongst the victim-nations of a mighty continent. England sends to America that truth which always and every where makes free. Its influence is felt by the poor slave, who is raised to feel the longing desire for all the rights of humanity. It is felt also by men mixed up with the most appalling evils by which Christians were ever surrounded; and they lend a hand to help the African, thus prepared for a great work, to reach the shores from which he or his ancestors were violently torn. Thus is presented an antidote to much past, and a preventive of much future, evil; thus is paid the first instalment of that mighty debt which the Anglo-Saxon race owes to the unhappy children of Ham.

We do not think it necessary to give a detailed account of the early history of Liberia; but feel pleasure in transferring the following remarks from an able article in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*:"—

"A single effort in favour of the Negro has succeeded; that is, the establishment of Liberia, on the coast of Africa. This Colony, composed of Slaves redeemed or emancipated, is now a little independent State which prospers, and to which a Society really philanthropic conveys annually a certain number of Negroes. This enterprise has had two adversaries,—the slave-merchants and the excited Abolitionists; but it has not been discouraged, and the progress of Liberia has not been retarded from its commencement up to the present day. If it is to the English we must attribute the origin of Slavery in North America, it is just to say, that to them belongs the honour of the first commencement in Africa. After a Decree of 1787, pronouncing that there could be no longer any slaves upon the English soil, they conveyed to the coast of Africa 400 blacks and 60 Europeans. It was to this Colony, which in 1828 numbered 1,500 Africans, that Jefferson proposed to admit emigrants from the United States. He had entertained this intention since 1801. Already, in 1816, this project had occupied the attention of the Legislature of Virginia: the American Colonization Society was organized in 1817, by Mr. Finley. When objections were addressed to him, he replied, 'I know the design of God.' A lady gave 60 slaves to the Society—a planter liberated 80—another 60. The Colony had difficult times, but overcame them courageously. A petty African King, who sold to it some lands, fearing, with some reason, that its presence would be an obstacle to the

Slave-Trade, wished to destroy it : happily it had for its Chief a resolute man, named Jehudi Ashmun. He explained to the colonists in simple and strong language, full of confidence in God and in their good right, the necessity of an energetic resistance. They abandoned 154 houses which they could not defend, they surrounded the remainder with a palisade, and, after several attacks valiantly sustained, the enemy was repulsed. Since then the repose of the Colony has not been any more troubled. In 1847, she proclaimed independence, which has been acknowledged by France and England. The Government is modelled after that of the United States. The actual President, Mr. Roberts, came to London and Paris. He is a most intelligent mulatto. The Republic of Liberia occupies a space of 500 miles along the coast of Guinea. Little numerous still, she extends her protection and her influence over more than 200,000 natives whom she civilizes. She has a flag, custom-houses; has commenced and devoted herself to agriculture;—all her fields are well cultivated. In general, the blacks labour, and are happy and contented with their condition. One of them said, ‘Here I am a white man.’ There are in Liberia schools and newspapers, and we see that the Negro race emancipated is not every where the same that it has exhibited itself in Hayti. The establishment of Liberia offers several advantages: it is upon this part of the coast a great obstacle to the Slave-Trade; it tends to introduce civilization among the barbarous nations which surround it; it offers, in fine, a true country to men who, in coming out of slavery, would not have found one in the United States.”

The bearing of the various Colonization Societies upon American Slavery, though, as we have said, secondary in comparison to the grand result of evangelizing Africa, is yet of present and unspeakable importance. In the Southern States a strong jealousy prevails, lest an “institution,” which they consider exclusively their own, should be disturbed, their peace destroyed, and their safety endangered, by the zeal of its enemies in other parts of the Union. In the North, an universal alarm prevails, lest Slavery should invade territory hitherto free, and lest the power of the Government should be wielded by the friends of this peculiar “institution.” Under these circumstances the Societies have pursued the even tenor of their way, without meddling with the question whether Slavery shall be abolished, or whether it shall be perpetuated,—whether it shall be restricted within narrower limits, or shall be allowed to occupy a wider sphere. While such questions agitate the Union, and in the opinion of some threaten its dissolution, these Societies follow out their noble objects, without becoming the means of party strife. They see a numerous class, scattered through the length and breadth of the land, who are free without the privileges of freedom; whose numbers are continually increasing, and whose condition in the United States seems without hope of improvement. The condition of the Africans, both in the Northern and Southern States, is indeed much to be deplored. In slave-

holding States they have fewer privileges, but they enjoy a climate more congenial to their physical nature, and are less isolated in their condition. In the non-slaveholding States they feel the baneful influence of a prejudice which deprives them of many rights, and banishes them from the society of those among whom they dwell. These Colonization Societies do not stop to inquire whether or not they are suffering injustice at the hands of their fellow-men. They are equally entitled to commiseration in either case, and to relieve their miseries will be equally meritorious. They have no power to punish their oppressors if they are suffering wrongfully; nor can they elevate their condition while they continue in America. But a way is opened by which all the ends of benevolence will be accomplished, without disturbing any section of the Union, and by means of which both the white and the coloured race will receive immediate relief. The way is one which required no genius, but that of benevolence, to discover. It is the plain and obvious way of restoring the free coloured race to the land of their nativity, where is territory enough to accommodate all, a climate calculated to insure life and health, and a soil fertile enough to sustain them and their posterity.

Though we are not in a position to give the very latest statistics of the Colony, the following figures are not without interest:—

“The Colonization Societies have sent, at their own expense and by the request of those who have gone, (up to the close of 1853,) 8,968 colonists. The United States Government have sent 1,044, who were *recaptured slaves*, making, in all, 10,012 colonists established in Liberia, both by the Colonization Societies and the Government of the United States. Of those sent by the Colonization Societies, 783 were sent during the year 1853.

“The expense of sending a colonist to Liberia, and supporting him there for six months after his arrival, together with a homestead of five acres of good land, &c., is from sixty to eighty dollars each one, both old and young.

“The Colonization Society gives the passage, furnishes provisions and medical aid, with a comfortable house, for the first six months, and longer, when necessary, to each and every emigrant going to the Republic of Liberia, besides the gift of a homestead of five acres of land.”

All the materials for commercial prosperity are gradually accumulating in Monrovia and its sister towns. Steam-engines and saw-mills, and machinery for expressing the valuable oil from the palm nut and kernel, are rising in every direction. The necessity for the former is found in the great variety of timber which abounds in the Colony; the latter is required to develop a most important export trade, capable of almost

boundless expansion. As a specimen of the rapid progress already made, we quote the following from a private letter, dated "Monrovia, December 23rd, 1854:—

"Our mill is in full operation, and we expect to send some lumber to New York, by Rev. Mr. Pinney, not that we cannot find sale here for it, but to have it tried by some of their first-class mechanics. We have cut some seventy or eighty thousand feet of lumber since we commenced, and are yet driving ahead with all our might. We have found sale for all we have sawed, up to this time, and the demand is still increasing. We hope, by the time the year is out, to have cleared our entire mill, and the expense of setting it up. We hope, too, to be able to pay off our loan of two thousand dollars before it is due. This, no doubt, is our hardest year, inasmuch as we have had the mill to set up, and a stock of logs to lay in; but I am in hopes that after we get through with this year, we will be able to do much better."

We look upon every evidence of progress in this young community with interest. Amongst the recent items of news, we find an account of the Honourable D. B. Walker's (fancy a black Honourable!) new and elegant vessel, "T. L. Randall," of thirty-five tons, "the largest and finest vessel ever built in Liberia." The usual ceremony of christening was gone through; the vessel "glided down beautifully into the water," amid the vociferous cheers of the multitude; the accustomed speeches were made; and the whole affair reads like the account of an ordinary launch on the Clyde, the Mersey, or the Thames. Such an occurrence has its significance: those who are little affected by moral considerations, can yet foresee the inevitable result of an extended and prosperous commerce.

The power of combination is beginning to be felt in the Colony. Commercial Companies, among the most prominent of which may be mentioned the Liberia Enterprise Company, have begun to develop the resources of the country, to open out roads, to navigate rivers, and even to lay down railways. With natural wealth in such profusion all around, who shall prophesy the ultimate result?

But the evidences of the interweaving of Christian principle and effort with the secular progress of the Colony, afford the most pleasing of the glimpses given by these recent publications. We stand by, and view with delight that procession, with the Rev. Alexander Cummell, B.A., and Hezekiah Green, at its head, marching to lay the foundation-stone of Trinity Church, in which an Episcopalian congregation will, probably for ages to come, give utterance to the words of their noble Liturgy, in the worship of God. We sympathize with the zeal of the Bishop, who writes:—

"Thus, while I would have at Cape Palmas, Sinou, and Bassa Cove, High Schools, I would establish at Monrovia a *regular College*. And

I would have this work begun in the year 1855. When Trinity Church at Monrovia shall have been completed, or before, the announcement of our intention *to establish an Episcopal College there* would soon elicit, from parties waiting for some such opportunity to bestow their goods, such contributions as would encourage the Committee and us here to go forward in this good work."

We are rejoiced to observe the earnestness with which the Baptists are watching and watering the seed they have sown in various parts of the country. We read, with a smile perhaps, but certainly not with a sneer, those addresses and lectures, in which some dark-coloured orator, with all the energy of Demosthenes, but in a style as luxuriant as the vegetation around him, strives to excite the patriotic aspirations of the young Americo-Liberians. And we may be pardoned if we peruse with unusual gratification, and some degree of pride, the list of Stations of the Ministers appointed by the Liberian Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met at Greenville, Sinou. The Circuits are arranged in four Districts,—Monrovia, Grand Bassa, Sinou, and Cape Palmas. An increase of members and probationers, to the amount of 119, is stated to have taken place during the year; and the oft recurring words, "One to be sent," not only present a strong family likeness to lists of Missionary Stations with which we are familiar at home, but show that fields of Christian labour stand ready to the harvest, to tax and stimulate the best exertions of the Church.

Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, contains about three hundred houses and two thousand inhabitants, and is built upon a depression of the ridge which sweeps inland from Cape Mesurado. The houses are detached, being built upon lots of a quarter of an acre each. They are of good size, many of them two stories high. In almost every yard there are fruit-trees, mostly the lime, the lemon, the banana, the papaw, and the coffee-tree. Oranges are good, but scarce; the lemons large and fine. The suburbs present many fine views, particularly from Fort-Hill. Of the appearance and conduct of the inhabitants Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States, remarks, in his description of a recent visit:—

"There are five churches, all well attended. Indeed, I never saw a more thorough-going church community, or heard a greater rustling of silk, on the dispersion of a congregation, than here: all were, at least, sufficiently attired; and the dresses of the children were in better taste than those of their mothers. One of the most gratifying things I noticed, was the great number of well-dressed and well-behaved children in the schools and about the streets. The schools are also numerous and well attended."

In conclusion, he remarks:—

"I must say that the town presented a far more prosperous appearance than I had been led to anticipate. From its fine situation, it

must evidently be a salubrious one. The sea-breeze, at all seasons, blows directly over it; and in this respect it is far preferable to Sierra-Leone."

The *soil* of Liberia, like that of other countries, varies in appearance, quality, and productiveness. There is, however, no poor land in Liberia, and most of it is very rich, not surpassed, perhaps, by any other in the world.

Among the numerous agricultural products of the Colony, we may specify, as *exportable* articles, rice, coffee, cotton, sugar, arrow-root, ginger, pepper,—all of which can be raised so as to rival the similar productions of other countries, both in quantity and quality. Indian-corn, or maize, grows well on some lands; not so well, however, as in certain parts of the United States. Fruits in great variety grow luxuriantly and plentifully: amongst them are the pine-apple, lime, orange, papaw, cocoa-nut, tamarind, the plantain, and the banana. Domestic animals can be raised, of every necessary kind, and in any required number, with less trouble and expense than in the United States,—such as cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, geese, turkeys, &c. In addition to these resources, numerous kinds of wild game, including deer of several varieties, are found; and, finally, fish are obtained in all the waters of the territory. To the industrious agriculturist, therefore, Liberia offers an inviting home,—a home in which all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries, of life may be procured with less labour than in most lands.

Any amount of *free-labour* coffee can be grown in Liberia, with suitable capital and labour. But palm-oil is the great staple of Liberia at present. This article is exceedingly high in price, and the consumption in Great Britain and the United States is rapidly increasing. Ground-nuts, for the manufacture of oil, form also a very important article of export for our allies, the French, and one which is getting more into demand in this country. In France, this oil is employed as a salad oil, and also for lamps, and for lubricating machinery. Cam-wood, (a dye-wood,) ivory, arrow-root, and some gold dust, are the principal other articles of export from Liberia. But sugar can be made to any amount, and good cotton grows indigenously: both these valuable products can be supplied in unlimited quantities, by the due application of capital and labour.

The *climate* of Liberia is, on the whole, healthful and pleasant, and well adapted to the constitution of the Negro. The extremes of the thermometer may be set down at 65° and 90°. The mean temperature for the year is about 80°. The only recognised division of the year into seasons is the wet or rainy, and the dry season. During the half of the year commencing with May much more rain falls than during the other half commencing with November. As a general rule, however, it

may be stated that some rain falls during every month in the year.

The Republic has a length of sea-coast exceeding five hundred miles, with an average depth of fifty miles. One or two smaller Colonies upon this coast have already been absorbed, by the voluntary act of their inhabitants, into this growing State. A movement is now taking place, however, of great importance; we refer to the attempt to induce the British Government to give up Sierra-Leone, and allow it to form a part of Liberia. Should this take place, the sea-coast line will be extended to more than seven hundred miles. Very much may be said in favour of granting this concession, and we hope and believe the Government will give the subject its best attention. Both Colonies are the result of the same spirit of benevolence. A moral necessity gave birth, in each case, to the enterprise. The suffering and degraded condition of the coloured people in various parts of the British Empire, moved the hearts of Wilberforce, and others of kindred spirit, in 1787, to devise means for their relief and improvement, and the Colony of Sierra-Leone was the result; an example which was influential upon the American Colonization Society, when, in 1816, Liberia, the germ of a future empire, sprang into life. The two Colonies are, therefore, the offspring of the same benevolent spirit; working by the same means to the same great ends. What more natural than that their union should be solemnly pronounced by the British Government? A possession which, in our hands, has no value but what arises from its answering its benevolent design,—and even that value is greatly lessened by the unsuitableness of the climate to European constitutions,—would thus become a source of greatly increased strength to its younger brother and successor. The splendid port and harbour of Sierra-Leone would be a great gain to Liberia; and, indeed, its acquisition is the grand motive to the movement. Let us hand over our possessions on this coast to an *independent* African Government. With its orderly rule we are well acquainted, and our growing commercial relations will always give us influence in its counsels. Our moral support will serve at once as guide and defence in its future career.

The country greatly differs from the usual representations. The scenery is nowhere uninteresting, and every where presents something pleasing to the eye. It is diversified by mountains, hills, and vales,—all embellished by mighty trees, or elegant shrubs, clad in thick and luxuriant foliage of perpetual green. The banks of rivers and smaller streams are decorated with magnificent festoons and natural grottoes, formed by creeping plants, hanging from the tops of the tallest trees to the water's edge. Large farms of rice, Indian corn, and yams, are often to be seen; and many vegetables belonging more properly to tem-

perate climates grow well. Beans, peas, cabbages, tomatoes, cucumbers, and water-melons may be cultivated without difficulty. The cucumber attains the size of fourteen or fifteen inches; the yam is found three feet long, and weighing from twenty to thirty pounds.

A tolerable idea of the interior settlements may be gathered from the following extracts from a letter written by Bishop Payne, during a recent episcopal progress through his extensive diocese. Speaking of *SINOUE*, he remarks:—

“This is a Liberian settlement, intermediate between Cape Palmas and Bassa, and about ninety miles distant from either place, the apparent prosperity of which was far greater than I had anticipated, flattering as had been the accounts of it. Greenville, the sea-port town, presents altogether the most pleasant and respectable appearance of any in Liberia. Not so large by half as Monrovia, nor having so large a number of good buildings, it is yet more compact, has more good houses together, and the style of building is better and more uniform. This arises from the fact, that the inhabitants came chiefly from the cities of Charleston and Savannah, and are many of them men of means and excellent mechanics. I believe all the trades are there represented, from the goldsmith to the blacksmith. A fine steam saw-mill has been erected, and is in operation, on the Sinou River, immediately in the rear of Greenville, and on the border of a heavily timbered forest. Besides the town of Greenville, there are four other villages or townships on the Sinou River, namely, Farmersville, Lexington, Louisiana, and Reedsville. They extend to the distance of seven miles from the sea-shore, and have an aggregate population of about 1,500. These settlements are receiving a yearly accession of population from the United States; and are, I think, destined to improve as fast, and increase as rapidly, as any other places in Liberia.

“The *BASSA COVE* station may now be regarded as fairly commenced. The settlement of Fishtown, in connexion with which so much difficulty had occurred, and upon which incipient operations had in some measure depended, has been effected. More than two hundred people are on the ground; the city has been laid off, lots drawn, and buildings carried rapidly forward towards completion.

“*FISHTOWN* is three miles from the mouth of the St. John’s River, and the present settlement of Bassa Cove. With the settlement and the intervening plain, it constitutes the city of Buchanan. The project of a railroad to connect the two settlements is in agitation.”

The mercantile interest of the Republic seems to be in a healthful state: the merchants are extending their operations by opening up new sources of commerce; and not only are their efforts producing very satisfactory results in reference to products and trade, but the prosperity attending these branches of industry and enterprise has given an impulse to general improvement decidedly encouraging. The steam communication lately established between England and Liberia, is causing to spring up between the two countries a considerable traffic.

The rivalry of America is of course to be looked for, and there is a movement now going on there to establish a line of steamers direct from the Chesapeake to Monrovia, at short intervals. Our American friends are not willing to let the important trade which they foresee will soon arise with the West Coast of Africa, fall altogether into the hands of the English. But rapid transit is the best way to bid for trade. They will thus have to compete with a mode of communication so quick, that President Roberts lately landed at home on the twenty-second day after leaving London. The more of this rivalry the better for Liberia. Let England and America contend, in a friendly spirit, as to who shall buy the cam-wood, the ivory, the palm and nut oil, the sugar, cotton, and coffee of Liberia, and sell her what she may want of cotton, woollen, and silk fabrics, salt, crockery, and ironmongery;—such competition will but work out and develope that prosperous future for Liberia, which we conceive is destined to be attended by such vast results.

We find satisfactory evidence that their educational institutions are in a prosperous state, and are fully appreciated by the people; and preparations are making to introduce a higher order of establishments,—those of the collegiate kind.

We cannot too much commend the principle on which the colonization movement is based. Mankind have ordinarily been led to the colonization and settlement of new countries by motives of commercial advantage. Such was the case in ancient Greece, and such was the origin of the greater portion of the American Colonies, mingled, it is true, in some instances, with a desire to escape from religious persecution. But the cause of African civilization was based upon no such ground. Its object and aim was to benefit a race entirely distinct from that to which the founders and friends of the Societies belong. They were established upon principles of the purest benevolence, and are thus worthy of the sympathy and support of Christian philanthropists of every country. Liberia has already accomplished much for African freedom, and proved a powerful instrument in the suppression of the Slave Trade. She has concluded treaties with many of the native Chiefs of the interior, by which the latter have bound themselves, not only to discontinue dealing in slaves, but to refer to arbitration those inter-tribal differences which prove so frequent a cause of war, and which furnish the principal sources whence the Slave Trade was fed. Let the civilizing influences of commerce have but a fair field, and the Slave Trade, as well as domestic slavery, will disappear from the coast.

The close connexion between African colonization and African Missions is apparent throughout the history of both, at least so far as regards the Western Coast of Africa. The constant growth of the latter, under the fostering influence of the

former; the glorious missionary agency already at work, both in Sierra Leone and Liberia; the rapid multiplication of Churches and Missionary Stations along thousands of miles of the African coast; the gradual extinction of the Slave Trade, and the preparation of Africa for the reception of the Gospel;—these are all encouraging proofs of the happy union and mutual influence of the two great movements. And if we take into the account the facilities in the United States for preparing, and that rapidly, the descendants of Africa to become teachers and guides of their dark-coloured brethren,—we see laid down a mighty circle of influence, which shall pour a current of scriptural truth through the whole of that vast and populous continent.

One grand result which the success of Liberia has already produced, is the solution of the problem, *Is the coloured man capable of self-government?* We lately noticed some elaborate attempts, upon the part of certain American ethnologists, to prove the natural inferiority of the Negro race. We may almost decline to bandy arguments with such men, when we can point to an example like Liberia. Men who can, year after year, go on exercising the highest functions of the Christian citizen, may well pass over such attacks with just scorn. The successful black merchant, the prosperous black agriculturist, may be pardoned if he treats with merited contempt the ravings of these white sciolists, whose claim of superiority is founded neither upon personal nor family merit, but upon the somewhat diluted merit of race. The problem above referred to is now being practically and beautifully solved by the ability and fidelity of the coloured man himself, aided, it is true, by Christian philanthropy. He is carving out for himself, his children, and his race, a NATIONALITY, commanding the confidence and respect of the civilized world. Wherever the coloured man lives, and however deeply he may be called to suffer in legal slavery or social serfdom, while he can point to that prosperous Republic, and say, "There is the country and home of my brother: he constructed its stable Government, preserves its integrity, and promotes its prosperity and power, by his own hand, his own virtue, his own enterprise;" whether personally he be bond or free, whether in the United States, Canada, the West Indies, or Brazil,—that man can never hereafter be held to belong to an inferior race. The ban and the darkness of ages are removed; the true light shines; Ham is not cursed of God, as men would have him cursed; the *theory* fades before the brightness of the *fact*.

Look, again, at the door of escape which Liberia affords to the free coloured population of the United States. It is difficult to realize the sensations of the free black in the States, who may possess wealth and education. An eternal barrier, as it

seems, shuts him out from all that wealth and education procure for their possessor in other circumstances and other lands. Every thing conspires to wound his pride, to lessen his influence for good, to check his natural ambition. If the worst portion of his nature prevail, he sinks into a careless sensualist, or a mere sycophant. But if his education and his religious principles have matured his native powers, and led him to desire that position of influence from which he is debarred by nothing but his colour, what is he to do? It is in such circumstances that Liberia offers him a sphere for his usefulness, a field for his honest ambition. And if we find, as we do, that many of the wealthier free blacks still hold aloof from Liberia, and are waiting till more material comforts are gathered into its houses, we may safely conclude that time will show them their error, and will point out the true sphere for their talents, their wealth, and their influence. But to the poor free black, who has no means to enjoy the luxuries of the large cities of the States, and whose desire is to provide for his family in ordinary comfort, and raise himself and them to a higher grade in the social scale,—to him the opportunity of reaching a land which offers every promise to his hopes, is afforded by the Colonization Societies. It was the language of one of these, who had experienced the benefits of a home amongst his countrymen, when expressing anxiety to return from a visit to the States, “Sir, I feel anxious to return as speedily as possible to my own country; for there I feel myself to be a *man*.”

The achievements of colonization on the West Coast of Africa can hardly be exaggerated. There we find a national polity, municipal institutions, Christian Churches, and Christian Ministers; schools, and a sound system of education; a public press, rising towns and villages, a productive agriculture, and a growing commerce. Under its rule about two hundred and fifty thousand human beings are found living together in harmony, enjoying all the advantages of social and political life, and submitting to all the restraints which government and religious principle demand. Means are found to harmonize the habits and interests of the colonists, their descendants, the native-born Liberians, and the aborigines of the coast. As the creation and achievement of less than forty years, we insist that this is without parallel in the history of the world.

But if it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the past history of the movement on this coast, is it possible to over-estimate the vast importance of its future?

The benefits it is conferring already upon America are considerable. The best men in the States are encouraging the establishment of Colonization Societies, having experience of their usefulness in removing from their soil a difficulty of the most pressing kind. The blacks themselves are applying for passages

to Liberia in greater numbers than the Societies can possibly overtake; and the letters of those who have had the good fortune to escape to Liberia are filled with invitations to their former friends to come over, and enjoy the good land. That the Slave Trade will be extinguished, under the influences growing up along the coast, taken in connexion with the Anglo-American Squadron, is in the utmost degree probable. The commercial treaties with the native Kings, in which a clause is generally introduced,—we believe we may say, invariably,—binding them to discontinue the traffic in their subjects; the increasing number of merchant vessels in those waters, which the growing commerce of the coast will necessitate; and the experience of the greater profit attending the pursuits of legitimate trade,—all will combine to hasten the fall of this cruel and nefarious traffic.

But these are Christian communities, and embrace, amongst their machinery, the institutions of the Gospel. They carry, not only the social seeds of the civil redemption of Africa, but the elements, of mighty power, by which that long desolated continent, and those oppressed races, can be regenerated and elevated into civilized and Christian nations. The light from this centre is irradiating the interior of the continent, and breaking up the superstition and idolatry of the native tribes. The accursed Slave Trade, the most afflictive scourge of Africa, shall first be destroyed; and every obstacle shall fall, which would impede the progress of the Gospel among the varied and countless populations of that continent.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L., &c. Vols. I.-IV. Edinburgh and London : William Blackwood and Sons. 1855.

THIS important work has now proceeded far enough to enable us to form a tolerable estimate of its general character and value. The period with which it is concerned is less thrilling in interest, and less picturesque in details, than was that of its great predecessor ; but what it loses in this respect, the history gains in the greater proximity of the events narrated to the times in which we live, and the interests in which we are at present involved. The powers of our author have certainly attained their full maturity ; but we feel bound in justice to say that, apart from an adherence to some favourite old political views, now almost exploded, we cannot discover any decided falling off, either in thought or style. The only chapter in which those powers seem unequal to all the requirements of his great undertaking, is that, in his first volume, in which the author hastily and somewhat feebly criticizes the literary and artistic worthies of the last half century.

The nearer Sir Archibald approaches the present time, and the more he has to deal with the past conduct of living statesmen, the greater must necessarily be the difficulties of his task ; but the general spirit of moderation and candour which he has hitherto manifested in the progress of this work, has not deserted him in the treatment of the important matters to which the fourth volume relates. Whilst he does not depart from his usual practice of giving marked expression to his own particular views, he takes great pains to represent, with perfect fairness, the views and arguments of his opponents. The period embraced in the present volume is one of great events. Its political importance cannot be exaggerated ; and Sir Archibald has devoted to its study his highest powers. The ten years which intervened between 1822 and 1832, will ever be memorable in the annals of England and of Europe, for the rapid succession of startling events which they witnessed. In England, the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill first, and of the Reform Bill afterwards ; in France, the Revolution which placed Louis Philippe on the throne ; in Belgium, the Insurrection which separated her from Holland, and gave to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg the Crown of Flanders ; and in Poland, another Insurrection, followed by a desperate and bloody war,—these are the leading incidents upon which the historian of this critical epoch has to dwell ; and, now that the peace of Europe is again disturbed, and European politics have assumed a new aspect, we may, perhaps,

not unprofitably turn back to the past, and seek, not in vain, in these records, some encouragement for the present, and some guidance for the future. We need make no apology to our readers for giving them an opportunity of judging of the work for themselves; and first about Poland:—

“The astonishing stand which Poland, with less than a fourth of its ancient territory and inhabitants, made without external aid against the whole strength of Russia in this memorable year, throws a clear and precious light on the causes of its previous decline and long-continued misfortunes. It had received from the hand of nature all the gifts which are required to make a nation great and powerful,—a noble and fertile soil, ample navigable rivers, spacious harbours, a bold and ardent people, passionately attached to freedom. On the other hand, Russia possessed originally far fewer natural advantages. She had, before Peter the Great, no sea-port towns, her territory was less fertile, her inhabitants, till they were swelled by foreign conquest, less numerous, and incomparably less brave and chivalrous. What was it which rendered the one constantly victorious over the other,—which rendered Polish history, during five centuries, nothing but a series of misfortunes, casually interrupted by glory,—Muscovite, of durable victories and acquisitions, never stopped by passing disaster? The reason is to be found in the excess of the very spirit which constituted the spring of Polish vitality, which caused them at times to do such great things, at others to commit such enormous and unpardonable faults.

“The spirit which animated Poland was not the regulated principle of Anglo-Saxon liberty, which has rendered England and America the admiration of the globe, but the wild excess of unbridled democracy. Equality, not subordination, was their passion: their stormy *comitia*, their *liberum veto*, their delegated representatives, prove it. Their idea of freedom was absence from all control, and, above all, liberation from all taxes. This is the first idea of liberty all over the world; unhappily the Poles never got beyond it. They clung to it to the very last, amidst all their misfortunes, till they were fairly swallowed up and partitioned by their former vassals. Russia, on the other hand, came in process of time to combine the lust of conquest and unity of feeling, which in every age have characterized Asia, to the steady policy, scientific acquisitions, so far as war is concerned, and far-seeing wisdom of Europe. Thus Asia in its strength was brought up against Europe in its weakness; thence the conquest of the one by the other. And accordingly the first and only occasion when the balance really hung even between them, was when the resources of a fragment of ancient Poland had been drawn forth by foreign government, when foreign power had compelled its inhabitants to pay taxes, forced them to raise a regular army, and given consistency to their fiery squadrons.”

Another subject which occupies a prominent place in these pages, and which is now once more engaging the earnest attention of all who view politics through the medium of Christian truth, is the Grant to Maynooth. With the historian's views in the main our readers will generally agree:—

“Never, perhaps, was there a great public measure which was attended with results so entirely opposite to what was both prophesied

and expected in both islands, as Catholic Emancipation. The Liberals predicted an entire cessation of agitation and violence, the extinction of all causes of discord between the two islands, and the knitting together of the Saxon and Celtic population in the bonds of peace, tranquillity, and loyalty. The opponents of Emancipation predicted from it a vast impulse to the Roman persuasion in Great Britain, the destruction of all the safeguards of Protestantism, and possibly the eventual restoration of the Catholic as the ruling faith of the whole empire. It is hard to say which set of predictions has been most completely falsified by the event. Ireland, so far from having been pacified, has been more agitated than ever, since the great healing measure; the cry for the Repeal of the Union has succeeded that for the removal of the disabilities; monster meetings succeeded, and shook the island to its centre; the Whigs themselves were constrained, within five years of the passing of the Relief Bill, to pass a Coercion Act of surpassing severity; and, at length, matters came to such a pass, that a famine of the thirteenth fell on the population of the nineteenth century, and the annual emigration of two hundred and fifty thousand persons at once thinned the redundant numbers, and removed the political dangers, of the Emerald Isle. Catholicism, so far from receiving an impulse, has, from the same cause, met with the greatest check it has received in Great Britain since the Reformation: it has become rampant, and revealed its inherent ambition; and the consequence has been a vast revulsion of opinion in the middle and ruling classes of the empire against the tenets of the Vatican, and a determination to resist its encroachments, unexampled since the Revolution. The Catholic faith has been embraced by several ladies of rank who sighed for an ecclesiastical opera, and many of fashion who desired the sway of confession, and by some inexperienced men of genius who dreamt of the amiable illusion of unity of belief; but it has been sturdily resisted by the great body of the people. The Grant to Maynooth, small as it is, with difficulty passes the House of Commons; and no one doubts that a reformed House of Commons would never have passed the Relief Bill.

“Yet, though the results have thus falsified the predictions, and been at variance with the expectations, of all parties, an impartial consideration of the circumstances of the case leads to the conviction, that Emancipation was a wise and just measure, and such as, under the administration of a beneficent Providence, might be expected to be attended, even in this world, with its deserved reward. It was not for the reasons of policy and State necessity, which were so powerfully put forward by Mr. Peel, strong and unanswerable as they undoubtedly were; it was advisable for a greater and more lasting reason,—that it was in itself just and equitable. Opinion is not the fit ground either of exclusion, penalty, or punishment; it is acts only which are so. Differences of religious belief are imprinted on the mind so generally by the influence of parentage, habit, country, and circumstances, that they are for the most part as unavoidable as the colour of the hair, or the stature of the body. The legislator is entitled to take cognizance of them, only when they lead to external acts; and when they do so, let those acts be coerced or punished with vigour and justice. So great have been the evils which have arisen from persecution for differences of religious opinion, that they have gone far to

neutralize the whole blessings of Christianity, and led some sceptical observers to hesitate whether it has brought most happiness or misery to mankind. It is the disgrace of Catholicism, that it first began this atrocious system, and forced retaliation upon its opponents as a matter, at the time, of necessity. It is the glory of Protestantism, that it first inscribed toleration on its banners, and practised it—like the Duke of York, in answer to the decree of the Convention forbidding quarter—upon the most inveterate and unrelenting of its opponents.”

With Sir Archibald's opinions upon the Reform Bill, most moderate politicians will disagree; and the reader will do well to remember, when perusing his estimate of living statesmen, the strong political bias of the writer. The following is his character of Lord Palmerston:—

“If there is any British statesman of his age who has acquired a European reputation, it may safely be pronounced to be Lord Palmerston, whose name will be for ever associated with the great change in our foreign policy, and the substitution of Liberal for Conservative alliances.....His abilities are not only of the highest order, but they are of the most marketable description. No man knows better how to address himself in speaking to the prevailing feelings and tastes of his audience; in acting, to the inclination and interests of the class in society upon which his influence is rested. Great as are his talents, varied his accomplishments, they are rendered still more powerful by the versatility of their possessor. He can be, when he pleases, all things to all men. He has been a member of every Administration, with the single exception of the short one of Lord Derby in 1852, for the last fifty years. He has alternately aided in expelling his former friends from power, and reinstating them in office; yet, strange to say, his character for consistency has not materially suffered from all these changes. The reason is, that all men see that, like the Duke of Wellington, his leading principle has always been the advancement of the power and glory of his country; and that he has taken a part in so many Administrations, because they successively furnished him with the means of advancing that primary object. He has been, through life, not so much a statesman as a diplomatic soldier of the State.

“His talents for diplomacy and administration are unquestionably of a very high order. To immense acquaintance with foreign treaties and conventions he unites the rarer but not less essential knowledge of courts and statesmen, and the prevailing influences by which they are severally governed. As Secretary-at-War during the contest with Napoleon, and Home Secretary under Queen Victoria, his administrative powers have been equally conspicuous; and such are his oratorical talents, that no man can with greater certainty alternately keep the attention of the House of Commons awake during a long detail of diplomatical proceedings, or fascinate a popular audience by the beauties of a varied and highly-wrought eloquence. Indefatigable in his attention to business, he yet finds time, as men of a similar energetic turn of mind often do, for the pleasures of society; and much of his political influence is owing to the charm which manners of the highest breeding, and courtesy of the most finished kind, lend to a varied and delightful conversation.

“The great fault of this accomplished Minister—and it is a very serious one, for it has more than once brought his country to the brink of the most serious danger—is, that he never calculates the

means at his disposal for effecting the projects which he has at heart, and engages in designs which he has not the means of carrying through, or stimulates movements in other countries which he has not the means of supporting. Bred in the school of Pitt, and essentially patriotic in his feelings and ideas, he sometimes forgets the difference in the situation and power of the country at different times, and has often held as high language in diplomatic intercourse, when a reformed House of Commons had not left twenty thousand disposable men in the country, or ten ships of the line to form a Channel fleet, as when Lord Castlereagh wielded the power of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and one hundred ships of the line bore the royal flag. A sincere friend of freedom, he has sometimes proved its worst enemy, by stimulating movements of the Liberal party among the excitable inhabitants of other States, which the people of this country had neither the means nor the inclination to support, and by being forced, in consequence, to leave them to be crushed by the military force of despotic States. With admirable skill he arranged all the other powers of Europe to check the ambition of France on the Eastern Question in 1840; and it was owing to the influence of his diplomacy that the cordial alliance of France and England was formed which put such a bridle in the mouth of Russia in 1854. But on other occasions his ill-timed assertions of British influence have been attended with the utmost hazard; for they brought us to the verge of a war with France, and once with France and Russia united, at a time when the country was wholly unprepared to maintain a contest with either the one or the other."

Upon the whole, the volume contains a fair and candid narrative of an important decade. Deducting a somewhat excessive attachment to old opinions, and to their champion, Lord Derby, we consider the volume fully maintains the character of the work, and will not diminish the fame of its author. We grant, indeed, that the value of that fame, and the merits of that work, admit of easy detraction and dispute. The "*History of Europe*" finds no welcome at the hands of the fastidious, no praise from the hyper-critical. It is a great work, notwithstanding,—not classical in style, nor perfect in its judgments; but faithful, comprehensive, full of life and interest;—a history suited to the requirements of a busy, earnest people, for whom the genius of a Tacitus or a Hume might be exercised in vain.

L'Eglise et les Philosophes au 18^e Siècle. Par M. Lanfrey.
Paris. 1855.

THIS is one of the most extraordinary books we have had the good fortune to see for a long time. Not that it displays any great learning, or any signs of genius; but it is an evidence of the deep fermentation that exists still throughout all the classes of French society: it is, if we may so say, a symptomatic work. We might fancy we had before us a patient, whose excited pulse and heated complexion would, of course, elicit at once from us the verdict that he is labouring under a fever, and that the sooner he applies to the physician the better. M. Lanfrey's volume is a pamphlet, nothing else; but it is a pamphlet which seems as if it had been written thirty years ago, and had sprung up from the columns of the old "*Constitutionnel*." What then? Have we retrograded to the days of

M. de Villèle's administration? or, after having slept during more than a quarter of a century, do we now awake to find the world in the state in which it was when Paul Louis Courier wrote the "*Pamphlet des Pamphlets*," and M. de Montlosier published his "*Mémoire à Consulter*?" The spirit which is abroad now breathes in the same direction, at all events. Such is the evil of passion,—it produces passion in its turn; party spirit, like Cadmus, sows around itself a crop of antagonists, who destroy each other as soon as they feel strong enough to do so.

The last few years had revived in France the strongest hopes of the Ultramontane party. Coming after all the vagaries of Red-Republicanism, and appearing once more in the broad daylight, in the midst of a society sick of political upheavings, and anxious for order and repose, the Jesuits obtained an easy triumph. As usual, the hour of prosperity found them wanting: not satisfied with recovering their former position, they began in their pamphlets, in their books, from the pulpit, in the columns of the "*Univers Religieux*," the most furious attacks against all the writers who had been in any manner connected with the eighteenth century, and had defended either the traditions of Gallicanism, the doctrines of Port-Royal, or the principles of the Constitutionalists of 1789. The finishing stroke was given by M. Nicolardot. This gentleman's volume, entitled "*Ménage et Finances de Voltaire*," was written with the express purpose of exhibiting in the most odious light the *Encyclopédist* school of metaphysicians. As we have already said, it is one of the great evils of party-spirit, that it kindles a flame which speedily gains ground, and spreads desolation every where. Seeing the insults daily heaped upon the heroes of the last century, and the ideas they have introduced; finding a pack of ill-favoured men in bands and cassock busily engaged in extolling the spirit of religious persecution, and endeavouring to destroy every noble and generous sentiment in the human heart, M. Lanfrey shut himself up in his study, surrounded by all the writers and thinkers of the eighteenth century,—Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert. Such were the men from whose works he sought counsel; and at last, after due preparation, was published the *brochure* we are now considering,—one of the most violent philippics that can well be imagined, a manifesto, a new declaration of war hurled by the philosophy of infidelity against the tendencies of Ultramontanism. Talk of fanaticism, of intolerance! Why, "*L'Eglise et les Philosophes*" is fanaticism double-distilled, and intolerance quintessentiated. With a slight alteration, by substituting the names of our two contemporaries for those of La Harpe and Naigeon, we might employ Marie-Joseph Chénier's celebrated epigram:—

"Nicolardot fait des athées,
Et Lanfrey fait des dévots."

It is really quite amusing to see how Voltaire, especially, can be made to appear either of the purest white or of the deepest black, for the purpose of serving the interests of a clique, or becoming the watchword of a faction. The cool, calm, steady appreciation of M. Bungener, M. Sainte-Beuve, M. Vinet, M. Saint-Marc Girardin, will not do. The *philosophe* of Ferney, according to M. Nicolardot, was not only a freethinker and a deist, but a thief, a usurer, and a scoundrel. He speculated on the name of Mademoiselle Corneille,

he stole a load of wood from President de Brosse, and lent money at ten *per cent*. Thereupon comes M. Lanfrey, who, with his "*Audi alteram partem*," proceeds to canonize the author of "*La Pucelle*." On the very first page of his work we find the singular proposition: "Civilization, that offspring of the eighteenth century!" What do our readers think of such a statement? Before the birth of Voltaire and the speeches of Mirabeau, the world existed not; it was necessary that the "Philosophical Dictionary" should appear, to induce men to leave their primæval forests, and live together in civilized communities. The Golden Age dawned upon this planet about the year 1700, and the first words which men learnt to pronounce were taken from the "*Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme*." This is, seriously, M. Lanfrey's assertion; he leaves Christianity utterly out of the question; he forgets the Middle Ages, the civilizations of Greece and of Rome; and he introduces us at once to Père La Chaise, Louis XIV., and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His book, we acknowledge, was the legitimate consequence of the Jesuitical canting we have had lately the misfortune to witness; but it is written in an exaggerated style, full of blunders and of errors which it does not require much historical knowledge to rectify. There is no depth in the work; the author glances at almost every thing, yet he does nothing but glance; if he gives anecdotes, those he selects are stale *bons mots*, already published a hundred times before; when he passes judgment upon those who are unfortunate enough not to share his opinions,—Kant, for instance,—his verdicts prove that he can only have skimmed over the books he pretends to criticize. There is another thing which requires to be noticed. Any person at all acquainted with the history of the eighteenth century, is well aware that the camp of the philosophers was far from exhibiting that harmony and that *entente cordiale* which might have been supposed to prevail amongst them. "Whoever loves Jean Jacques," said Voltaire, "does not love me." But M. Lanfrey is not a man to stick at such trifles. He has found the secret of reconciling the most serious differences; and, with his enthusiastic pen, he describes the gathering of the infidels of the last century as a sort of Pantheon, of "Happy Land," where the "*Contrat Social*" and the "Poem on Natural Religion" have adjusted all their squabbles,—nought is to be found but smiles, embraces, and cordial *poignées de main*. The contrast to this beautiful picture springs quite naturally from the conspiracy at present organized against the "benefactors of humanity." (!) Shame upon M. Saint-Marc Girardin, M. Sainte-Beuve, and M. Nisard! Like three *condottieri*, or rather like three slaves of superstition, they have pledged themselves to destroy Rousseau's character, they have sold their talent and their dignity to the obscurantism of the Priests. M. Lanfrey is on the alert, most fortunately: Catiline, Cethegus, and Lentulus shall be expelled from Rome, and the author of the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*" rescued from the daggers of the conspirators.

M. Lanfrey is very loud in his defence of philosophy; he scarcely talks of any thing else, and he is always clamouring for the claims of the human thought. We may here observe, first, that for a man who seems so anxiously to advocate intellectual freedom, his book is a great deal too dogmatic, it is too much like laying down the law. He delivers his opinions in the midst of thunder and lightning.

In the second place, the philosophy which he advocates is not the spiritualism of Descartes, that doctrine which, under the pen of M. Cousin, has at least the merit of appealing to the noble elements of our nature. No, M. Lanfrey, we are sorry to say, would lead us back again to the grossest schemes of D'Holbach and Diderot; he takes his religion from the "*Système de la Nature*," and calls the "Theodicy" of Leibnitz a *jeu d'esprit*. The eclectic school of our times had endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between the teachings of revealed truth and the *data* of metaphysical speculation. M. Lanfrey gives up the attempt, proclaims it to be a mystification, a piece of humbug, and compares it to the "exhibition of a *lusus naturæ* with two heads for the amusement of the multitude."

We shall proceed no further in our critique. The work we have just been noticing, although intrinsically of very little merit, has created a perfect sensation. We do not feel surprised at this; it is extremely remarkable as a sign of the times. There is, evidently, an immense amount of hatred accumulating in France against the insolence and the pretensions of the clerical party. At the very first opportunity, an explosion cannot but take place; and, from the nature of M. Lanfrey's volume, we may foretell that it will be of the most violent description. So true it is, that when a nation does not acknowledge the truths of the Gospel, superstition and atheism are the two poles between which it must always be oscillating.

Cours de Littérature Dramatique. Par M. Saint-Marc Girardin, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Vols. I.—III. Paris: Charpentier.

It will, perhaps, seem almost a paradox to many of our readers, if we recommend a Course of Lectures on Dramatic Literature, as deserving to take a place, side by side on the same shelf, with the moral essays of Abbadie, Nicole, and La Placette; and yet we do not hesitate to make this assertion on behalf of Professor Saint-Marc Girardin. Let any one take up the three volumes which form the subject of the present article, read them carefully, and judge for himself.

Literary criticism has assumed, in France at least, two totally distinct shapes. Those who are acquainted with the feuilletonistes and lecturers of the Napoleonic era, will remember the works of Geoffroy, Dussaulx, Lemercier, and Suard, as furnishing tolerable examples of ingenuity and acute observation, applied to the niceties of verbal criticism. This was all these gentlemen could do. The pressure of public events lay too heavy upon the generations whose life-blood stained the battle-fields of Austerlitz, Wagram, and Eylau, to allow them much time for the profound study of the human heart; besides, it appears very doubtful whether the free discussion of psychological subjects would have been tolerated by the Government, even from a Professor of *Belles Lettres*. The Restoration, however, brought about another state of things; and the extraordinary intellectual revolution which took place between 1829 and 1836, under the name of *Romanticism*, substituted in the domain of æsthetics the analysis of moral principles, and a reference to the laws of right and wrong, instead of the felicitous, but comparatively useless, weighing of words and syllables,—the traditional stock in trade of the old school.

M. Saint-Marc Girardin was appointed Professor at the Sorbonne at the very time when the new dramatists seemed to be—to use the political jargon—*masters of the situation*. MM. Ponsard and Emile Augier had not yet given the signal of a reaction to the eternal axioms of decency and of taste; and, amidst the mad enthusiasm with which *la jeune France* applauded M. Dumas' "*Antony*," M. Gaillardet's "*Tour de Nesle*," and M. Victor Hugo's "*Lucrèce Borgia*," it was, we can assure our readers, almost an act of heroism in any one, to stand up and protest, either in a lecture-room, or from the columns of a newspaper. This M. Saint-Marc Girardin was determined to do, and, for the space of twenty years, he manfully, and without interruption, defended the Thermopylæ of sound literature against the barbarians. More fortunate than Leonidas of old, he has seen his efforts crowned with success; the very fanatics who, not long ago, denounced Racine as too "slow" for the nineteenth century, are the first to gather around him, and to bestow upon him their well-deserved applause.

It is impossible to form a complete estimate of M. Saint-Marc Girardin's powers, except for those who have heard him. The delivery, the tone of voice, the *coup d'œil* of the Professor, go for a great deal in the effect produced upon the audience; and, in addition to the real substantial merits of the Lectures, such as they appear when perused leisurely in the seclusion of the study, one must needs make some allowance for many incidents which, suggested at the moment, and often arising necessarily from the feelings both of the orator and the hearers, cannot, of course, find their way into the pages of a volume. Enough, nevertheless, remains to assist the reader in forming a correct appreciation of M. Saint-Marc Girardin; and this appreciation, we assert it most confidently, can have only one issue, namely, that of stamping him as a critic of the very highest order.

The "*Cours de Littérature Dramatique*" is a reprint, corrected and revised, of the Lectures delivered at the Sorbonne by the author. We have called them "Lectures," the more correct name would perhaps be *Causeries*; there is nothing in the least pedantic about them, and we believe that one of the great reasons of M. Saint-Marc Girardin's success with young men is the familiar, the cordial, manner with which he addresses them. He never speaks, as it were, *ex cathedrâ*; his appeals are those of a friend, not of a dry and stern censor. The influence he exercises upon his auditors will seem extraordinary to those who are aware how unsparing he is in his condemnation of the vices and follies which have been so fashionable with *la jeune France*. No one so clever as he in deducing a moral lesson from the analysis of a character or the critical examination of a play; no one so judicious in pointing out the union which exists between the beautiful and the true. M. Saint-Marc Girardin's *programme* as a lecturer is one you would in vain look for, except, perhaps, in the pages of M. de Chateaubriand and the brilliant sketches of M. Villemain. Instead of taking, as his post of observation, any special drama of Racine, Corneille, or Molière, and examining, for instance, how far the *dramatis personæ* of Roxana, Chimène, or Sganarelle are in accordance with Boileau's conceptions or the traditions of scholastic *goût*, he makes the human soul his stand-point, selects one particular passion,—say, that of maternal love,

—and, after having described its nature, its bearings, its distinguishing features, he shows how it has been painted in the master-pieces of human genius, tracing at the same time the want of taste and the blemishes disfiguring the productions of some popular authors to their systematic disregard of the laws which govern our nature. Never was this mode of analysis more *à propos* in France than at present, when dramatists and romance-writers have done their best to prove that in the struggle for ever going on in the heart of man between passion and duty, all our sympathies belong to those who set at defiance the ordinances of God and the rules of society. M. Saint-Marc Girardin has done much towards pulling down from their usurped pedestals the *poètes incompris*, the “Rénés,” the “Werthers,” and the “Lélias,” of our own times; to use M. Sainte-Beuve’s accurate expression, he has pricked the balloons, let all the air out of them, and exposed them in all their emptiness to the public scorn. Common sense, it will be perceived, is the forte of the “*Cours de Littérature Dramatique*.” We cannot help regretting that the clever author should not have felt the necessity of taking a somewhat higher test; and whilst we would not think of insulting him by comparing him with such critics (so-called) as M. Jules Janin or M. Théophile Gautier, we wish we could find in his otherwise exquisite Lectures that acknowledgment of the principles of revealed religion which gives so much weight to the productions of another writer,—the late M. Vinet.

In the beginning of January last, M. Saint-Marc Girardin appeared once more in that Sorbonne amphitheatre, which for the last twenty-five years has become for him the scene of an uninterrupted series of triumphs. He was about, he said, to speak of Racine; and the mere announcement of the subject he had selected drew forth from his auditors the most deafening cheers. Since then his brilliant improvisation, and the soundness of his taste, have been preparing from week to week fresh materials for another volume; and we are sure that the issuing of a fourth series of Lectures from the same author will be hailed with universal delight. We may as well say that besides his duties as a Professor, M. Saint-Marc Girardin finds time also to write articles both in the “*Journal des Débats*” and the “*Revue des deux Mondes*.”

Real-Encyclopädie, für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche.
Herausgegeben von Dr. J. J. Herzog. Drittes Band, Erste Hälfte. 8vo. Stuttgart and Hamburg: Rudolf Besser.
London: Williams and Norgate. 1855.

ONE of the most valuable contributions to the theological literature of the present day is that of the “*Encyclopædia of Protestant Theology and Church History*,” edited by Dr. Herzog. The first half of the third volume is now before us, and gives us the opportunity of referring to the merits of this singularly useful and comprehensive work.

The portion now under notice fully sustains the character of the previous volumes, and is equally marked by sound scholarship and adaptation to the purposes of practical utility. Those of our readers who may not have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with

the work as it has advanced, will be gratified to know that the design in its projection was to furnish the Protestant Church with a work which should occupy, towards the literature of the Bible and of Christianity, the same position which the *Conversations-Lexicons* and *Encyclopædias* of modern times represent in relation to the science, history, and literature of the world at large. The work has been conducted under the able and discriminating editorship of Dr. Herzog, one of the Theological Professors at the University of Erlangen. He has had the assistance of a distinguished body of contributors, comprising the foremost men in the Protestant Church of Germany, whose names alone would render all commendation superfluous, and, from the first, gave sufficient guarantee of that excellence which the volumes already issued have so fully realized.

The scope of the work is large, and its design a noble one. We have had our *Biblical Cyclopædias* before, and are thankful for the service they have rendered to the cause of sacred studies. But the undertaking to which we are now referring as much surpasses those former productions in the extent of its field and the magnitude of its proportions, as it is their superior in the talent which the number and character of its contributors enable it to command. The subjects embraced comprehend dogmatic theology, scriptural ethics, the history of Scripture interpretation, ecclesiastical law, Church polity, ecclesiastical history and biography, as well as, in particular, all that can illustrate the history, the geography, the lives, and the teachings which are contained in the sacred volume. It may fitly be termed, the collective wisdom of Germany's best and ablest men on all that relates to the Bible, Theology, and the Christian Church. It will be satisfactory, also, to our English readers to know, that the work is uniformly on the side of orthodoxy, and that its contributors are sternly opposed to all that savours of the Rationalism once so common amongst their countrymen.

We would gladly draw attention to some of the articles worthy of special commendation; but in the midst of so much that is good, selection is difficult. The departments of ecclesiastical biography and history have received very full attention. There are several able articles in the half-volume before us on the *Church-Fathers*, by Professor Hagenbach, Albrecht Vogel, and other writers; notices of scriptural characters, by Kurtz; and papers connected with the biography and history of our own country, by Dr. Schöll of London. But we have specially remarked with admiration the excellent articles bearing on *Ecclesiastical Law* furnished by Jacobson, those relating to the history and constitution of the *Romish Church* contributed by Mejer, and the occasional articles of Schenkel on topics pertaining principally to *Christian dogmatics*. An able paper appears on *Dante*, written by Göschel, having reference to the Italian poet in his relations to the principles of Protestantism. The sterling orthodoxy which pervades the work has an opportunity of specially manifesting itself in the article on *Demoniacs*, which is most ably treated by Professor Ebrard. The candour and judgment with which this difficult subject is discussed, are worthy of its excellent and talented author; and whilst a fair hearing is conceded to the suggestions of the followers of Paulus and Strauss, a very distinct and unequivocal utterance is given in opposition to all

the theories of the anti-supernaturalist schools. That the most modern questions connected with the great theme of Christianity are embraced in the work, will be seen by the article on German Catholicism; by that on Communism and Socialism, in which Professor Hundeshagen has full play for his pen on a topic which the direction of his studies well qualifies him to treat; and in the paper on Deaconesses' Houses, in which Dr. Wichern, the founder of the Inner Mission, brings into a collected form the origin and progressive history of one of the many noble movements which in recent days have been engaged in by Christian philanthropy.

We need not say we wish well to this enterprising effort of modern German Protestantism. It is not a book for Germany alone; it is a book for the whole Christian world, and we are very pleased to learn that it has already found its way to the hands of many amongst the German readers of our own country, being fully persuaded that its extended circulation must greatly contribute to the cause of sacred study, and to an enhanced interest in the important topics which are comprehended within the sphere of its research.

Der Weg zu Christo. Vorträge im Dienst der Innern Mission vor Gliedern der evangelischen Christenheit aus den gebildeten Ständen gehalten und herausgegeben von Dr. Karl Bernhard Hundeshagen. 8vo. Frankfurt am Mayn: Brönnner. 1854.

WE call attention to this the second edition of Dr. Hundeshagen's Discourses, entitled "The Way to Christ," in order that we may say something not merely of a very excellent book, but also of a very praiseworthy effort which has been called forth by the revived Christian energies of the German Protestant Church.

It is a pleasing thing to know that in a country which—itself the home of the Reformation—has always occupied an important position relatively to the history of Protestantism, the wide digressions from the path of orthodoxy which once characterized the teachings of its schools have given way before the power of a living Christianity. It is pleasing, too, to recognise in its literature Theology making way for Religion, and to see even the learned of the land exchanging the dogmatics of the school for the practical teaching of daily life. And as an expression of this new tendency of German Christianity, it is in the highest degree gratifying to watch the efforts of their "Inner Mission," and to see how the power of vital godliness is being witnessed to in a thousand directions by the varied endeavours after the resuscitation of a new life within the pale of the Church itself. It is in these efforts that the addresses to which we call attention in the volume before us, had their origination. A word will explain their history.

Amongst the varied aims of the "Inner Mission," it was felt to be one of the highest importance, to reach, if possible, the vast mass of mind comprehended amongst the intelligent or cultivated classes of the country. Whilst multitudinous effort was put forth for the poor, the ignorant, and the degraded, it was felt that the noble, the rich, and the intellectual no less claimed their sympathy. And especially in a land where the thinking faculties have been so cultivated, where reason has

sat enshrined claiming universal homage, where speculation has been permitted to run rampant in the luxuriance of an unrestricted growth, and which has been the very hot-bed of philosophy falsely so called, we can conceive of no greater service that the promoters of the "Inner Mission" could take upon themselves, than, with God's help, to carry the Gospel amongst the proud worshippers of science and philosophy, and show them the simplicity of the words of Jesus.

This they have attempted to do. And in nothing have they shown more wisdom than in their selection, for the discharge of this difficult duty, of one like Professor Hundeshagen, who in so remarkable a degree unites the intellect of the Schools with the simplicity of the follower of Christ, and knows so well how to attemper all with a way so winning, whilst he directs his words with a force and point which compel the attention of even the most prejudiced hearer. The Lectures were delivered before assemblies of the intelligent classes, at Heidelberg, Darmstadt, Mannheim, Frankfort, and Carlsruhe; in every one of which cities the Professor was well received. He was followed in these efforts by his colleague in the theological professorship at Heidelberg, Dr. Schenkel, whose services have been so great in Germany in relation to the Romish controversy. And, whether as spoken addresses, or in their present printed form, we have no doubt that the urgent appeals thus presented to the intellect, the heart, and the conscience of thinking men, will have already earned rich fruit in the cause of Christ's truth.

Professor Hundeshagen is diffuse, rather than otherwise, in his style; but he is always well fitted to attract and to convince. One of the great aims in his addresses is to exhibit in its true light the modern German culture, and to show that its followers are not so intellectually superior, or because intellectually are not so really superior, to their fellows, as they are accustomed to believe. He shows, with the royal preacher of old, what is "the beginning of wisdom;" tells the proud spirits of the age that they must become as little children, if they would be inheritors of heaven; humbles, with the Gospel, humanity to the dust; and then teaches, in all simplicity and power, the doctrine of reconciliation to God through faith in Jesus Christ. The writing throughout is admirable in its adaptation to the end proposed. German culture is combated by German culture; until, its own weapons turned upon itself, it falls beneath the false refinements and philosophic subtleties, with which it would fain satisfy the cravings of man's immortal spirit. The Professor is at home with his subject. And, although especially adapted for the intellectual tendencies of our Teutonic neighbours, the lesson is not wholly unneeded in our own land; and we can say with confidence that, whether the reader be German or English, the volume will not be read without interest and profit.

The Harmonic Law of Nature applied to Architectural Design. By D. R. Hay, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons.

THIS is about the twentieth volume published by Mr. Hay, with a view to the establishment of scientific principles in art. Neither in form nor in colour have artists any fixed laws of the beautiful,—

all is determined by the eye. And, indeed, so it will ever be. Genius will never consciously follow a scientific method, but will be guided exclusively by its own lofty instincts. At the same time, if we could accurately determine the laws on which beauty depends, we might avail ourselves of these to correct false taste, and to criticize the possible vagaries of noble art. And this, indeed, is the function which science can alone fulfil. It can analyse, but it cannot compose. Scientific criticism has a remedial virtue; but it possesses no creative fiat. Admitting this frankly, and at the same time recoiling from the views of those who have asserted that beauty is a matter of taste, and as variable as opinion, Mr. Hay has set himself to discover the laws of the beautiful in form and colour. To this inquiry he has devoted his life, and his researches have ended in the most remarkable results,—results which, we venture to say, eclipse all our previous ideas, as the electric telegraph has eclipsed the semaphore, and which evince as much genius as the discovery of Neptune by Adams and Le Verrier. If these appear to be strong expressions, they are fully justified by the fact, that Mr. Hay has demonstrated, beyond the possibility of a doubt, what for centuries many artists—and among them may be mentioned Albert Dürer, Leonardo da Vinci, and our own Hogarth—in vain attempted to make good. What was nothing but a conjecture in the mind of Sir Isaac Newton, is subscribed on the pages of Mr. Hay with a Q. E. D.

It is chiefly in demonstrating the laws of beauty in form that Mr. Hay has won his laurels. To obviate misconception, it must be remembered that “beauty” is a word of very wide application, and in the present connexion we do not apply it to the beauty of expression, nor to the beauty of the picturesque, but to that of symmetry. A Greek vase strikes every beholder as perfect in symmetry; so does a Greek statue; so does a Greek temple. The slightest deviation of a curve, the slightest elongation of a line, would destroy the symmetry. And can such beauty be accidental? Whether it can be discovered or not, we are well assured that all this beauty conforms to a law as immutable as the laws of right and wrong in morality; and what this law is, what is the system of proportions on which this symmetrical beauty depends, Mr. Hay has demonstrated with mathematical rigour. He has, in fact, identified the laws of symmetry with the harmonic law of nature, of which we find the most remarkable exemplification in music. If a musical string is made to vibrate, it will be found that in a very little while it divides itself *spontaneously* by nodes into two, three, and five parts, and multiples of these; and upon this spontaneous division the musical scale is founded. The notes thus spontaneously divided, and bearing to the key-note the relations of one-half, one-third, one-fifth, one-seventh, as primes; and one-fourth, one-sixth, one-eighth, one-ninth, one-tenth, one-twelfth, and so on, as multiples,—are called “harmonics;” and Mr. Hay has demonstrated that all the relations or proportions of symmetrical beauty depend, in sight as well as in sound, upon the application of this harmonic law. This will best be understood by an example; and to give some idea of the importance of Mr. Hay’s discovery, we shall select the example in which previous inquirers have been most successful, so as to contrast his results with theirs.

About fifteen years ago it was announced that in the whole of the Parthenon there is not to be found a single straight line: the seemingly straight lines are invisible curves. Mr. Penrose, while at Athens in 1846, obtained from the Society of Dilettanti the means of carefully examining the whole building, his measurements of every detail being so accurate as to descend to the thousandth part of a foot. Some four or five years ago he published the result of his very elaborate researches; and in the whole building which he had measured so accurately, the following are the only simple proportions which he discovered:—

1. That the entire height is to its breadth in the ratio of 7 to 12.
2. That the height of each column is to the entire height of the front—that is, to the top of the cymatium—in the same ratio.
3. That the height of the pediment is to the length of the horizontal cornice very nearly in the ratio of 6 to 25.
4. That the length of the architrave is to that of the upper step very nearly in the ratio of 89 to 90.
5. And that the narrowest part of the columns is to their height in the ratio of 1 to 50.

Surely a very meagre result. Mr. Penrose has discovered but four ratios capable of being expressed in round numbers, and these round numbers are wanting in simplicity. There is not one of them that belongs to the harmonics. He finds no such proportions as one to two, one to three, or one to four. On the contrary, Mr. Hay accepts the measurements of Penrose, and undertakes to show a hundred simple proportions in the building, and every one of the ratios a harmonic. The greater accuracy, indeed, of Penrose's measurements has proved more clearly than before the truth of Mr. Hay's theory. And this extraordinary result is attained by the introduction of a new method. Mr. Penrose measured and compared the lines of the building: Mr. Hay measures and compares the angles which those lines subtend. Mr. Penrose, for example, measured the height and the breadth of the eastern front of the Parthenon, and found that the measurements bore to each other the relation of 7 to 12. Mr. Hay, on the other hand, shows that the height is determined in his system of angles by a much simpler ratio,—the ratio of 1 to 3. Let AB represent the base line of the eastern portico. From one end of it raise a perpendicular; from the other draw a line making the third of a right angle with the base; it will intersect the perpendicular in a point which is exactly the height of the pediment. The height of that front, therefore, is determined by a proportion which is harmonic, and with which for simplicity the ratio of 7 to 12 discovered by Penrose can bear no comparison. And so of every other important point in the building: it is determined by the utmost simplicity of ratio.

Now all this looks very easy, very obvious, when once it is explained, as so many great discoveries do. The difficulty was to discover it, not to understand the discovery. And the full value of Mr. Hay's researches will not be appreciated, unless it is known that he has applied the same law with the same signal success, not only to Greek architecture, but also to the Gothic; and not only to architecture, but also to the proportions of the human body. He has verified, as we have partly intimated, the conjecture of Sir Isaac

Newton, that all symmetrical beauty must conform to the law of harmonics. It must not be supposed, however, that because Mr. Hay has analysed the principles of symmetrical beauty, he professes to give rules which will infallibly enable the artist to produce the beautiful. He professes to have done nothing more than the natural philosopher, who, listening to a piece of music, immediately analyses its notes, and shows the exceedingly simple elements from the multi-form combinations of which the ravishing melody arises, and the exceedingly simple laws of counterpoint to which all harmony must adapt itself. In the present little treatise he has shown how these harmonic laws are exemplified in the structure of the temple of Theseus in Greek architecture, and of Lincoln Cathedral in Gothic architecture. Every fresh illustration of his theory thus adds to its authority, by proving even to redundancy its universality. The full significance of his discovery we are not sure that Mr. Hay himself has ascertained; and perhaps it will be many years before it takes root in the public mind, and becomes a mature and fruitful principle of art. But that day will come sooner or later; the adherents to his doctrines are continually increasing; and we trust that his ears will not then be deaf to the sound of human praise when he will receive his due with universal acclamation, and his name will be mentioned as one of the greatest of discoverers,—the modern Pythagoras.

The Southern Cross and Southern Crown: or, The Gospel in New-Zealand. By Miss Tucker. London: Nisbet. 1855.

WE are free to confess a warm feeling towards lady-authorship. There is a delicacy of handling, and there are touches of grace, which ladies cannot fail to impart to their works, if they are fit to write at all, and choose appropriate subjects. None can be more appropriate than the history of Christianity in its ameliorating influence upon society; and although the history of the Gospel in New-Zealand must have its revolting passages, yet these may be safely left in the hands of a female, herself a Christian. The little volume before us is just what is wanted in reference to every branch of foreign Missions,—a brief description of the country, and of the habits and condition of the people formerly, with an honest statement, not only of the introduction, but of the present real state, of religion. New-Zealand exhibits one of the highest triumphs of Missionary labour. Existing formerly in the lowest line of human degradation, infamy, and wretchedness, it is a "saved nation." This beautiful little volume has much of the same character with Miss Farmer's "Tonga and the Friendly Isles," except that Miss Farmer does ample justice to the zealous labourers of other denominations; and this Miss Tucker fails to do. The Church Mission was established in 1815, and the Wesleyan Mission only eight years after, in another part of the principal island. On reading the title-page, we certainly expected to find some notices of all the labourers in this field; and when we found what was Miss Tucker's principal object, we yet supposed that *some* notice would be given of as arduous and successful efforts as ever marked the progress of modern Missions. But there is no notice whatever of other agents. Yes; we correct ourselves. We are told, on an early page, that the

Wesleyan settlement was destroyed, and that the Mission families were forced to flee ; and, in another place, at the close of the volume, the fact is recognised, that Missionaries were sent out by the Methodists. This is true. And it is true that they have in this important colony 17 Central Stations, 104 Chapels, 20 Missionaries, 322 Local Preachers, and upwards of 4,000 members, and 10,000 hearers ; a Training Institution for Day-Schools, with 130 inmates ; and at least one printing-press. Surely the fact of their existence and success might have been noticed. Whoever has read the narrative of the life and labours of the Rev. Samuel Leigh, the father of the Methodist Missions in New-Zealand, will perceive that a very different spirit actuated both him and the Rev. Mr. Marsden. These men delighted to honour each other as the anointed servants of the same Master. As a record of the successes of the Church-of-England Missionaries, which have been great, the volume is a desirable record, and does credit to the fair authoress.

Twenty-Seven Sermons, preached in St. George's Church, Barnsley, Yorkshire. By the Rev. W. J. Brock, B.A., Curate. London : Longmans.

ANOTHER volume of Sermons ! Into how many libraries will it find entrance ? How many individuals will read it through ? And what amount of benefit will the actual readers derive from the perusal ? Such queries instinctively arise upon our seeing a new volume of sermons. Perhaps no department of literature is so amply and so well supplied ; perhaps no class of books is so difficult to push in the market ; and yet new volumes are constantly issuing from the press. And this need excite neither wonder nor regret. There will always be parties who think, or who may be persuaded by partial friends to think, that a volume of well selected sermons by themselves, if not demanded by the public, may yet be very desirable and very acceptable. And there will always be persons who, from attachment to the author, from preference of such reading, or from the hope of deriving spiritual advantage, will peruse the volume ; and thus benefit is likely to accrue, if only the sermons possess the requisite qualities for doing good. Besides, many hearers may be glad to possess such a memento of a beloved Minister ; and many an earnest, loving Minister may adopt, with great propriety, the words of Peter, as the motto of his book : " Moreover I will endeavour that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance."

We have been greatly gratified by these Sermons of Mr. Brock, and cordially recommend them to the notice of our readers, assuring them that the time spent in their perusal will be amply repaid. The volume is just such an one as many a retired Christian, who loves to cultivate an unobtrusive piety, to ponder divine truth, and to drink in its sweet and holy spirit, will rejoice to possess ; and be thankful to us for directing his attention to it.

The Sermons are very instructive, their subjects well chosen and replete with interest ; and their tendency highly practical and stimulating. In style they are plain, and easy to be understood, without ever becoming bold, or low, or feeble. The author may be aptly

designated "a son of consolation;" and seems to have learnt much in the school of sanctified afflictions and sorrows. From his own experience, we should judge, he can testify to the value of Christian patience, and to the blessedness of filial submission and faith in God.

A large portion of the volume is a most instructive and profitable comment upon the words of Paul to the persecuted Hebrews: "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised" (disciplined) "thereby;" and is pre-eminently "to edification, and exhortation, and comfort" of the people of God.

We quote a specimen from his Sermon on "The Sympathy of Christ" with His followers, in temptation, and leave the volume, with the hope that it will obtain a wide circulation.

"Hitherto we have spoken only of those sorrows which come upon the Christian in common with other men. But there are other trials—such as the trials of temptation—which are peculiar to the Christian; and it is perhaps to these that the text has a specific, though not an exclusive, reference. Of temptation, in its strictest sense, the careless sinner knows nothing: he is the willing servant of Satan, doing whatever he is bidden, and needs not the wily arts of temptation to allure him to obedience. But the Christian is called upon to resist the devil, steadfast in the faith; and has to contend against all the specious arts which his great enemy can contrive to effect his destruction. So subtle is the tempter, that he watches every opportunity, and adapts his temptations to the peculiar circumstances in which the Christian may be placed. At one time he will come like an angel of light, as one who would advise us for good, while, in reality, he is plotting the deeds of darkness for the ruin of our souls. At another time he will seek to fill our hearts with spiritual pride, and cause us to trip on the stumbling-stone of religious indifference. If he can but make us satisfied with our spiritual state, if he can persuade us that we have arrived at a higher state of grace than some of our fellow-Christians, he knows that another step in advance of his dark designs will speedily follow. At another time he will adopt the very reverse of this policy, and endeavour to discourage us by pointing out our short-comings in the Christian life: 'You had better give up your profession altogether,' he will say, 'than live in this self-deception and religious mockery.' Thus he will seek to frighten the timid Christian into the net which he has prepared for his destruction. Or he will throw the fire-brands of dissension among Christians, and cause them to look coldly upon each other, instead of loving one another as brethren. Or he will point to some erring brother, and say, 'Here is a specimen of your flaming professors; better to serve God less ostentatiously than mingle with such vile traducers of the holy faith they profess!' Or he will not scruple to enter the house of God, and draw off your minds from heavenly things, and then reproach you for your wandering thoughts. At other times he will go about as a roaring lion, and stir up the storm of persecution against the Christian believer. He will set at variance members of the same family, so that a man's foes shall be those of his own household. Such are some of the various machinations which Satan employs for the overthrow

of our faith, that he may allure our feet into the by-paths of sin. Let us, dear brethren, give earnest heed to watchfulness and prayer, that, being not ignorant of Satan's devices, we may continue steadfast in the faith, and stand fast in the evil day."

The Irish Industrial Exhibition of 1853: a Catalogue of its Contents, with Critical Dissertations, Statistical Information, and Accounts of Manufacturing Processes in different Departments. Edited by John Sproule, assisted by eminent Literary and Scientific Men. Dublin: James M'Glashan. 1854.

IN looking over this magnificent volume, one is struck with its singular riches as a source of education. Suppose a boy who had learned arithmetic and a little mathematics, but was totally ignorant of the products of nature, the laws of science, or the arts of life, to fall in with this book, and never expect to see another. It would lead him to an acquaintance with the earth, its embedded metals, and its products for food and fabric; with the machines which man uses to form these to his use; with the endless fabrics which result; with the processes of their manufacture; with the arts of architecture, engineering, sculpture, painting, and music; with the countries where certain productions or arts flourish; and with many a name which has taken its place among the mighty. Having stored his mind out of this one book, he comes into the world, meets with reading and educated men, and, instead of finding himself, as he expected, behind them all, finds that, for either range or accuracy of information, few can compete with him.

Consisting of more than five hundred pages of large octavo, closely printed, the volume contains a great mass of matter. Every class of subject is handled by men competent to it, and adorned by copious illustration. The editor, Mr. Sproule, has contributed many of the most important articles, and always with an accomplished hand. The book is a worthy literary memorial of the most beautiful and the most hopeful scene in the civil history of modern Ireland. Would that men were equally susceptible of attraction by the mental show and permanent insight here offered to them, as by the bewitching display in Merrion-square! It was pleasant and easy there to go and see the wonders of nature and art, set in a casket of rare beauty, and enlivened by crowds of cheerful faces. But it would be far more profitable, would leave more solid fruits of enjoyment, more pregnant seeds of improvement, to sit down with Mr. Sproule, Professor Sullivan, and their *collaborateurs*, and clearly learn what those objects were, whence they came, how they stood related one to another, and all to man. Such a book ought not to be regarded as a mere *souvenir* of the Exhibition. If installed in every family library in Ireland, and made the study of the young, it would not merely recall the pleasures of the Exhibition to such as had seen them; but would train many men for practical life, by giving them large views and solid information as to the bearings of art, science, and industry, at once on the designs of Providence, and the true happiness of nations.

We hail the book as a symptom of that progress on which Ireland now seems fairly started. Its style of getting up is no less creditable than its literature; and its illustrations are admirably executed. May the studies and pursuits to which such works tend, thoroughly supplant the ignorance and idleness on which demagogues rejoice to play!

The Ethics of the Sabbath. By David Pirret. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE main subject of the discussion contained in this volume is, the obligation of the Sabbath; and the argument in proof of such obligation is drawn, not from the statements of Scripture, or from the results of experience, but from the dictates of reason and conscience. It is not that the author thinks lightly either of the Scriptural or the historical argument. On the contrary, he very properly holds that the word of God will ever remain the great bulwark of the Sabbath; and that, as the most direct, intelligible, and conclusive, the *Bible* argument must ever stand high above all others. He also attaches great importance to the *historical* argument, from expediency. But he has selected the argument from *reason and conscience*, as being one which has been in a great measure overlooked. It being first assumed that "man is a religious being, and that he is bound to exercise and cultivate his religious affections," the argument is presented under the following heads:—the worship of God demands the *appropriation of time*,—of a *set time*,—of an *entire day*,—and, from *us*, of a *seventh day*; and, being philosophical, rather than popular, it is especially addressed to those whom the arguments from Scripture and experience have failed to satisfy. Two chapters are added, on Sabbath worship and Sabbath recreation, which are particularly adapted to the present crisis. The argument is well sustained; and the entire work, for its intrinsic value, and its appropriateness to the times, has our cordial recommendation.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, F.R.S. Edited by Sir William Hamilton. Vols. II.—VI. Constable. 1854–1855.

THESE handsome volumes have reached us since we first commended the work to our readers; and, while they fully sustain the promise of its first instalment, seem even to increase in literary interest and importance. The *Philosophy of the Human Mind* is comprised in the second, third, and fourth volumes. More diffuse than the *Dissertation*, this work is, nevertheless, superior in elegance and entertainment. Neither profound nor accurate, as a philosophy, it abounds in graceful details and felicitous distinctions. The fifth volume contains the author's *Philosophical Essays*, admirable in themselves, and serving as pleasant episodes to relieve the more serious attention demanded for his great inquiries. In the sixth volume is commenced the author's last production, which is also his most valuable,—namely, the *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*. It is worthy

of careful study, and so charmingly written, that he who is least disposed to metaphysics may read it without remembering his dislike. We may add that the editorial care is unrelaxed, and very efficient.

Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, classified and arranged so as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas, and Assist in Literary Composition. By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.S. Third Edition, enlarged and improved. London: Longmans. 1855.

A BOOK which shall realize to the student and literary man the purposes expressed in the above title, is of value beyond price; and from a careful examination of this volume we think it will answer to its title-page. It is altogether a new book; no other has adopted the philosophical principle of associating words and phrases under their generic idea, so that, at a glance, one can find true synonyms and words of all diversities and shades of meaning, retaining the original idea. In order to facilitate the finding a word and its correlatives, an ingenious and comprehensive "synopsis of categories" is prefixed, upon a plan of classification which must commend itself alike by its simplicity, beauty, and practical value:—

"1. The First of these Classes comprehends ideas derived from the more general and ABSTRACT RELATIONS among things, such as *Existence, Resemblance, Quantity, Order, Number, Time, Power.*

"2. The Second Class refers to SPACE and its various relations, including *Motion*, or change of place.

"3. The Third Class includes all ideas that relate to the MATERIAL WORLD; namely, the *Properties of Matter*, such as *Solidity, Fluidity, Heat, Light, Sound*, and the *Phenomena* they present, as well as the simple perceptions to which they give rise.

"4. The Fourth Class embraces all ideas of phenomena relating to the INTELLECT and its operations, comprising the *Acquisition*, the *Retention*, and the *Communication of Ideas.*

"5. The Fifth Class includes the ideas derived from the exercise of VOLITION; embracing the phenomena and results of our voluntary and active powers, such as *Choice, Intention, Utility, Action, Antagonism, Authority, Compact, Property, &c.*

"6. The Sixth and last Class comprehends all ideas derived from the operation of our SENTIENT AND MORAL POWERS; including our *Feelings, Emotions, Passions, and Moral and Religious Sentiments.*"

Thus are comprised all the varieties of words, in order, genus, species, and individuals; and this arrangement brings out a result of nearly one thousand *groups* of words. And then we have a very copious index to show, by numerals, in what group we may find particular words. There is a peculiarity in this work, lost sight of by too many writers, in the insertion of phrases and idioms, generally purely English, which often greatly illustrate the force of our language; and they may be said to form a constituent part of it.

It will, however, require a little time and use to enable any one fully to understand the plan, and to know the value of Dr. Roget's book. Who has not felt himself at a loss for a word? either from the excessive fastidiousness that Cobbett so justly condemns, which

will not allow him to use the same word again; or from a nice perception of euphony and rhythm, which will not allow of more than so many syllables, or admit a particular accent; and another from the conviction that such a word does not nicely and accurately express that shade of meaning which is in the author's mind. Every word has a fixed meaning,—a sense so definite that there are few absolute synonyms in any language; and the only fear we have, regarding the use of this and similar works, is, that writers may content themselves with diversity of terms at the cost of accuracy. On the same table, Crabb's or Archbishop Whately's Synonyms ought certainly to be found. There is no test of composition more severe, so far as style is concerned, than the use of supposed synonymous words; and no painstaking is more profitable, to young authors especially, than assiduous labour in this department. We are much pleased with one feature among others in Dr. Roget's book,—that he is not a word-coiner. The rage for making new words is most offensive, and has a most injurious effect upon the writer and his readers, and upon the language. "This vicious practice, the offspring of indolence or conceit, implies an ignorance or neglect of the riches in which the English language already abounds, and which would have supplied them with words of recognised legitimacy, conveying precisely the same meaning as those they so recklessly coin in the mint of their own fancy."

To say that the volume has our strong recommendation, is only doing justice to the labours of an author eminent in several departments of literature, who first attempted something on the plan of the present work fifty years ago, merely for his own use; and who has employed a period of comparative leisure, arising from his resignation of the duties of Secretary to the Royal Society, in perfecting the scheme, and publishing it for the use of all literary artificers. They, like all other workmen, find their work greatly eased and forwarded by having a diversity of the best tools always at hand; and to them whatever facilitates the acquisition of a *copia verborum* is of vast advantage. To assure them that they may find great help in the use of this Thesaurus, is but just praise of the book itself.

The Christian Life, Social and Individual. By Peter Bayne, M.A. London: Groombridge and Sons.

THE maiden performance of a young author who seems to have a special vocation for biography, and who has set himself, in the present volume, to show in a series of sketches the adaptation of Christianity to the wants of the age, both in its social action and in its individual development. It is a work full of promise, though exhibiting very palpably the verdancy and leafiness of youth,—faults to which we object as little as to the verdancy and leafiness of the pleasant spring-time. In this illustration we mean especially to indicate, that the volume abounds rather in valuable suggestions than in matured results. Full of life and thought, and universal in his sympathies, Mr. Bayne discusses almost every conceivable problem that is at present either stirring the nation or perplexing the individual; and if he does not always solve the difficulty, he at least always does the next best thing,—he states it clearly, and shows its

relation to Christianity. This, indeed, is the peculiar excellence of his performance, that he has come boldly forward and handled the leading questions of the day, political and personal, from the Christian point of view. He has studied the writings of Carlyle with enthusiastic admiration and profound thought,—with such profound thought, however, that he is quite unsatisfied with the conclusions of his master, and regards them as pernicious, unless rectified by Christianity, even as the waters of Marah were most bitter, until the tree was cast into them. To cast a branch, therefore, from the Christian vine into the fountains of the Carlylean philosophy, and so to purify it, has been the ambition of Mr. Bayne; and his work has, accordingly, assumed, in many parts, the form of a polemic against the philosopher of Chelsea. Especially does he defend against Carlyle that Christian philanthropy which, in common with Isaac Taylor, he regards as the latest impersonation of the spirit of Christianity. The chapter in which he thus treats of philanthropy, and of the function which compassion has to fulfil in relation to law, we most strongly recommend to our readers, as, in many respects, the most able in the volume, and full of material for thought. While, however, the work thus abounds in the elucidation of principles, and from these derives its chief value, its great interest depends upon the biographical sketches with which Mr. Bayne has relieved his discussions. The discussions resemble a tempestuous sea, and it is a pleasure to land on one of these sunny isles of biography, and feel that, let the billows beat as they may, here is the firmness of a soul based on eternal laws, and living in the eye of God. The biographies chosen are those of Howard, Wilberforce, and Samuel Budgett, to illustrate the Christian life in its social action; and those of Foster, Arnold, and Chalmers, to illustrate the Christian life in the development of the individual. The sketches of Wilberforce, Foster, and Chalmers are the best. They are all, however, written with fine feeling and appreciation, and we have little doubt that, if Mr. Bayne will follow in the same path, he will achieve signal success. He writes with a noble elevation of purpose, with manly sympathy in every phase of human feeling, with the cultivation of a student, and with the instinct of a true artist. The result is a volume which is as full of matter for the thinker as it is full of interest for the reader.

The Errors of Infidelity: or, An Abridgment of various Facts and Arguments urged against Infidelity. By David M'Burnie, Author of "Mental Exercises of a Working Man," &c. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

THIS is a very seasonable publication, written by a layman, to which was awarded a prize offered by George Baillie, Esq., Glasgow. The writer of this valuable little work has succeeded in collecting and condensing the scattered rays of evidences to the truth of revelation from every practicable source, and has thus presented a summary of the arguments against Infidelity, which may be found extremely useful to those who are debarred, by want of leisure and opportunity, from the perusal of more extensive or more profound treatises.

A Reply to the Rev. Dr. Cumming's Lectures on "The End of the World." By H. Bland, Comedian. Sixth Thousand. London: Ward and Co.

THE chief interest of this work is derived from the profession of its author. As Mr. Sheridan Knowles has left the stage to battle with Popery, Mr. Bland, still adhering to his profession, has been led to the study of prophecy, and, in this pamphlet, examines the grounds upon which Dr. Cumming has ventured to assert that the end of the world will take place in the year 1865. The author approaches the subject in no spirit of levity. He is afraid that, "at a time when Christianity is so vigorously assailed by an infidel press and by infidel lectures, when the inspiration of the sacred volume is grossly impugned by false friends as well as by open enemies,.....the rash assertions and hasty calculations of one of the most pious, eminent, and efficient Ministers of the Gospel in Great Britain" should have the effect of giving occasion to the Holyoakes, Southwells, and Barkers to sneer, however illogically, against the prophecies, and against the sacred volume of which they form a part. He therefore shows, by ruthless analysis, the self-contradictions of Dr. Cumming's interpretation; and, by arguments which it is impossible to resist, and with a temper which it is impossible to resent, how unwarranted are the expectations of that divine. Having thus achieved the comparatively easy work of criticism, he announces that he is shortly to lay before the public a Commentary on the Apocalypse in which his own opinions will be freely given, and exposed to scrutiny not less severe. "All I shall ask of the public is a candid spirit and an unbiassed mind; for I shall profess to solve prophecy upon *responsible principles*." Such a reception we are sure that Mr. Bland may count upon.

The Physical Geography of the Sea. By M. F. Maury, LL.D., Lieutenant U.S. Navy. With Illustrative Charts and Diagrams. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1855.

WHAT Admiral Smyth has so fully and so satisfactorily accomplished for his favourite Mediterranean, Lieutenant Maury has attempted, and not unsuccessfully, for the ocean at large. The two works present points of resemblance, and points of dissimilarity. They agree in the fervour of spirit, the fulness of knowledge, and the patient labour, which in each case distinguishes the writer. We can imagine that to each would apply the poet's words:—

"And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers."—

We feel assured that the professional duties to which the writers' lives have been devoted were thoroughly congenial; and something of their enthusiasm is communicated to the minds of their readers. The difference between the two works is such as might be expected from their very different scope and objects. Lieutenant Maury has embraced the wider field, and the result is necessarily less perfect.

Whatever results may follow from that new department of science,—"the physical geography of the sea,"—the greatest credit is due to the enlightened and spirited conduct of the Government of the United States, who have succeeded in framing a friendly association of the principal maritime powers, for the purpose of combined and systematic observation.

It may be urged that some of the questions laboriously investigated by Lieutenant Maury and others, have no present practical application. It may be asked, "Of what importance is it to know the depth of the Atlantic? What good result will come of your deep-sea soundings?" Irrespective of the fact that science ever finds a mode of utilizing the facts with which observation supplies it, and that we may safely assume that some practical good will issue from such researches; already we are obtaining an answer to these inquiries. The future progress of the submarine telegraph will depend upon such knowledge. At the bottom of the ocean, between Cape Race, in Newfoundland, and Cape Clear, in Ireland, a remarkable steppe has been discovered, which is already known as the "telegraphic plateau." Along this it is proposed to carry the wires, from the eastern shores of Newfoundland, to the western shores of Ireland. From the character of the minute shells which cover this plateau, it is inferred that the waters over it are there, if any where, at rest. The plateau is not too deep for the wire to sink down and rest upon, yet it is not so shallow that currents, or icebergs, or any abrading force, can derange the wire after it is once lodged.

The following will serve as a specimen of the reflections which abound throughout the volume:—"As Professor Bailey remarks, the *animalculæ*, whose remains Brooks's lead has brought up from the bottom of the deep sea, probably did not live or die there. They would have had no light there; and, had they lived there, their frail little textures would have been subjected in their growth to a pressure upon them of a column of water twelve thousand feet high, equal to the weight of four hundred atmospheres. They probably lived and died near the surface, where they could feel the genial influences of both light and heat, and were buried in the lichen caves below after death..... Brooks's lead and the microscope, therefore, it would seem, are about to teach us to regard the ocean in a new light. Its bosom, which so teems with animal life; its face, upon which time writes no wrinkles, makes no impression,—are, it would now seem, as obedient to the great law of change as is any department whatever either of the animal or vegetable kingdom. It is now suggested that, henceforward, we should view the surface of the sea as a nursery teeming with nascent organisms; its depths as the cemetery for families of living creatures that outnumber the sands on the sea-shore for multitude. Where there is a nursery, hard by there will be found also a grave-yard; such is the condition of the animal world. But it never occurred to us before, to consider the surface of the sea as one wide nursery, its every ripple a cradle, and its bottom one vast burial place."

The bearing of Lieutenant Maury's investigations upon the future progress of navigation has been publicly recognised; and an organization for systematic observation has been formed, under his auspices,

embracing most of the mercantile countries of Europe, from which the greatest benefits may be anticipated. The present state of our knowledge of the ocean, in all its aspects, is fully given in the volume before us, and the various particulars which are still *desiderata* are severally indicated.

The Philosophy of the Infinite; with special Reference to the Theories of Sir William Hamilton and M. Cousin. By Henry Calderwood. Edinburgh: T. Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1854.

THIS work "is intended as an illustration and defence of the proposition, that man has a positive conception of the Infinite," in contradiction, *mainly*, to the doctrine of Sir William Hamilton, that the "Unconditioned" (which our author holds to be identical with the Infinite) "is unrecognisable and inconceivable, its notion being only the negative of the Conditioned, (that is, the Finite,) which can alone be positively known or conceived. Unfortunately for the discussion, Sir William differs from his critic, as he does from Cousin and others generally, in admitting two *species* of the Unconditioned; namely, the Infinite, or *the unlimited*, and the Absolute, or *unlimited* but perfect, the two constituting, according to his theory, "two extremes,—two unconditionates exclusive of each other, neither of which can be *conceived as possible*, but of which, on the (logical) principles of contradiction and excluded middle, one must be *admitted as necessary*;" (*Discussions on Philosophy and Literature*, p. 14;) whereas other philosophers have regarded the Infinite and the Absolute as being strictly identical with the Unconditioned. This difference in the acceptation or application of the latter term introduces a confusion not entirely obviated by the author's postulate, (or showing,) that "the Infinite is also absolute, and that the Absolute postulated by Sir William is not really absolute."

In opposition to the teaching of M. Cousin, and the views of our author, that our notion of the finite implies a notion of the infinite, Sir William says, "Correlatives certainly suggest each other, but correlatives may or may not be equally real and positive. In thought, contradictories necessarily imply each other; for the knowledge of contradictories is one. But the reality of one contradictory, so far from guaranteeing the reality of the other, is nothing else than its negation. Thus every positive notion (the concept of a thing by what it is) suggests a negative notion (the concept of a thing by what it is not); and the highest positive notion, the notion of the Conceivable, is not without its corresponding negative in the notion of the Unconceivable. But though these mutually suggest each other, the positive alone is real; the negative is only an abstraction of the other, and, in the highest generality, even an abstraction of thought itself. The mind is not represented as conceiving two propositions subversive of each other, as equally possible; but only as unable to understand, as possible, either of two extremes; one of which, however, on the ground of their mutual repugnance, it is compelled to recognise as true. We are thus taught the salutary lesson, that the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the

measure of existence; and are warned from recognising the domain of our knowledge, as necessarily co-extensive with the horizon of our faith." (*Discussions*, p. 15.)

The theory (or terminology) of negative, as well as positive, notions is the gist of the controversy; which Mr. Calderwood has managed with considerable ingenuity, and with considerable effect too, so far as to show that a negative notion, though it may hold good in the sense in which it is employed by Sir William, is not a very happy designation of its significance. We are inclined to think that the two disputants would have approximated somewhat to each other, if it had been more carefully remembered, that the discrimination of thought into *positive* and *negative*, according as it is conversant about the conditional or unconditional, constitutes "a *logical*, not a *psychological*, distinction; as positive and negative in thought are known at once, and by the same intellectual act." Mr. Calderwood has, perhaps, brought too much of the psychological into his argument; and Sir William has not sufficiently remembered the logical, or it might have occurred to him that negative notions may be made to appear at least *quasi* positive, on a principle analogous to that by which, in logic, the process of *conversion* by *contraposition* turns Negative Propositions into Affirmatives.

At all events, Mr. Calderwood would appear to anticipate something like a re-union between Sir William Hamilton and M. Cousin. "We are persuaded," he says, "that, if the more extreme points (entertained by each of them respectively) were abandoned, they do not differ so much as they seem. We consider that it would not be difficult to show that, apart from these extreme points, these two philosophers are at one. For example, we find Sir William saying, 'The Divinity, in a certain sense, is revealed; in a certain sense, concealed. He is at once known and unknown.' Having stated this opinion, he has felt that M. Cousin would readily accept the statement; and he asks, 'Am I wrong in thinking that M. Cousin would not repudiate this doctrine?' So far from repudiating it, we believe M. Cousin would at once adopt it as his own. This may appear when we consider that M. Cousin has stated, that he holds 'at once the comprehensibility and incomprehensibility of God.' He says, 'God reveals Himself to us; but it is not true that we are able absolutely to comprehend God.' 'It is equally an error to call God absolutely comprehensible, and absolutely incomprehensible.' These passages from Sir William Hamilton and M. Cousin we consider as direct admissions of the validity of the doctrine we have maintained, and, at the same time, as directly contradictory of (to) the extreme positions involved in their own theories. Let, then, these two philosophers abide by the passages we have quoted. Let Sir William lay aside the definition of the Infinite as that which cannot exist in relation,—as that which involves the negation of plurality. Let him lay aside his doctrine of the impossibility of a knowledge of the Infinite, as dealing with an abstraction which does not exist. On the other hand, let M. Cousin lay aside his doctrine of the impersonality of reason; let him lay aside the doctrine that reason is absolute and divine; let him cease every attempt to raise us to a unity of consciousness with the Absolute Being. Let Sir William and M.

Cousin agree to do this, and there is an end to the controversy, and this doctrine stands out as a common conclusion,—that the Infinite Being is recognised as an object of thought,—that he is positively known, though not absolutely known,—that our knowledge of the Infinite is real and positive, though only partial and indefinite.”

Remains of the Honourable and Reverend Somerville Hay, A.M., sometime Vicar of Netherbury and Beaminster in Dorsetshire. Comprising Sermons, Tracts, and Letters. With an Introductory Memoir, by Thomas J. Graham, M.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1854.

THE Memoir prefixed to these Remains is an account of an amiable and pious Clergyman of the Church of England; written by one who had ample means of appreciating his character, and of estimating the effects of his labours. Had Providence vouchsafed to Mr. Hay a long life, his career would, doubtless, have been one of great usefulness. The character of his discourses from the Pulpit, so far as we can judge from these Remains, was simple, earnest, and scriptural.

The People's Day. An Appeal to the Right Honourable Lord Stanley, M.P., against his Advocacy of a French Sunday. By William Arthur, A.M. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

It is sometimes said, with a view to its disparagement, that the fourth commandment of the Decalogue is purely arbitrary,—is not founded in necessary morality, nor planted in the natural conscience of mankind; and that, therefore, it is not of universal and perpetual obligation. Now, while the fact is granted, the inference is justly to be condemned. The religious observance of every seventh day is arbitrarily enjoined, and is not even suggested by the unenlightened conscience; and therefore the Creator emphatically says, “Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.” So also in the first commandment we have an assertion of the unity of God, and of His claims to exclusive worship. The religion which makes no such announcements or demands, which merely echoes the feeble suggestions of our beclouded and impaired religiousness, can have no pretensions to be a *revelation* from the true God, and is not worth a moment's controversy. One striking advantage arises from the necessity of such pretensions. It is by their original dogmas, and by their positive enactments, that the false religions of the world evince their weakness and bring themselves to confusion; and it is by these also that the true religion asserts its divine authority and power. All morality derives immediately from the will of God, and every injunction springing from that source—however arbitrary, mechanical, or arithmetical it may be in form—will prove strictly consistent with every law of truth and justice, will be fruitful in works of peace and mercy among men, will redound to the glory and honour of Almighty God. A commandment really given by inspiration will have all the force and sanctions of a natural law; its infringement will be guarded by the same inexorable penalties, its observance followed by appropriate and beneficent results. Here then we have a test to which we may bring the

fourth commandment of the Decalogue. Is the religious observance of a seventh day a foolish superstition, a barren, irksome, mischievous anachronism? Or is it rather an ordinance as necessary for the temporal and spiritual prosperity of man, as the alternation of day and night, of winter and summer, are for the refreshment and advantage of his nature? If this last question must be answered in the affirmative, we have not only a demonstration of the authority of the Christian Sabbath, but another proof of the divinity of that law in which it is clearly and emphatically enjoined.

This argument is not insisted upon in Mr. Arthur's letter, but was nevertheless suggested to us by its perusal; for all his pleas—presented with unusual force, and illustrated by a great variety of facts—tend to affirm this truth, namely, that the Sabbath is a positive addition to our natural blessings, conferred by immediate charter, and that no man in Christendom is in possession of all his rights while deprived of the Sabbath rest and privilege. Considering the personage to whom he writes, and the principles by which his Lordship was probably swayed in his unfortunate concurrence in Sir Joshua Walmsley's proposition, the author has wisely limited himself to the secular aspects of the Sabbath-question. Far higher ground there is, and none can appreciate or occupy it better than Mr. Arthur; but this would have been much less appropriate and quite ineffective. The author has succeeded in disarming the flatterers of the people, and turned their arguments against themselves. He has proved, in the calmest, closest, and completest manner, that the Sabbath is only the People's Day while they acknowledge it to be the Lord's,—that their Maker is the most gracious Master they can serve, who commands their service only that in the very act of obedience He may pay it tenfold back into their bosoms. The value of this letter can hardly be over-rated; it admits of neither evasion nor reply. The young nobleman to whom it is addressed is, we are sure, too candid to resist its force. Already he has given some sign of wishing to retrace his steps by voting in favour of the Bill for restricting Sunday Trading. His Lordship will never have occasion to repent his manly re-consideration of this important subject, nor his noble acting on his better thoughts.

Treatise on Practical Mathematics. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1855.

THE contents and the value of this compendious, but very comprehensive, work,—which now appears in one volume, instead of two, as formerly,—are already well known. A *compression in bulk* has been accomplished by a diminution of size in the typography and the diagrams; whilst, at the same time, an *augmentation* of matter has been made by the addition of an article on Analytical Trigonometry, which was deemed necessary to make sufficiently plain the many demonstrations in the work involving trigonometrical reductions which were formerly obscure, and which has also afforded the means of proving simply some of the problems in Astronomy, which were formerly given without demonstration. We know not where the student can find an equal amount of varied and well-digested information on Practical, with a due mixture of Theoretical, Mathematics, within so small a compass, or at so moderate a price.

Manna in the Heart: or, Daily Comments on the Book of Psalms, adapted for the Use of Families. By the Rev. Barton Bouchier, A.M., Curate of Cheam, Surrey. Psalm I.-LXXVIII. London: J. F. Shaw. 1855.

THIS volume contains a series of short comments on the Psalms, suitable, according to the author's original purpose and practice, for daily use in the family circle. They breathe a devotional and simply earnest spirit, and contain much appropriate and useful exposition, with a commendable avoidance of all critical, verbal, and philosophical investigation, beyond an occasional remark, as to the author of a particular Psalm, or the doubtful interpretation of a difficult verse. The style is attractive, and the sentiment throughout in harmony with the sacred minstrelsy of which it is designed to be an accompaniment.

Urgent Questions, Personal, Practical, and Pointed. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. London: Shaw. 1855.

TWELVE Scripture Questions, proposed and answered, for the purpose of awakening religious concern, and directing men to the Saviour. They do credit to Dr. Cumming by their practical aim; yet their style is not pungent, nor armed with the most effectual weapon against the conscience and heart,—the free use of the authoritative and powerful language of Scripture. This is a striking defect. Our sentiments may be scriptural; but they will not be more but less forcible, if they be not given in the right words which the Holy Ghost teacheth.

The Science of Arithmetic: a Systematic Course of Numerical Reasoning and Computation, with very numerous Exercises. By James Cornwell, Ph.D., and Joshua G. Fitch, M.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1855.

THIS book differs from others bearing a similar title, in the following particulars:—1. The investigation of the principle on which a rule in Arithmetic depends always precedes the statement of the rule itself. 2. Every process employed in the solution of questions is referred to some general law, or truth, in the theory of numbers. 3. Such general truths are all distinctly stated, and printed in italics. If self-evident, they are illustrated by simple numerical examples; if otherwise, short demonstrations are added; and, in every case, the truth itself is enunciated in a concise symbolical form. 4. The theory of decimals, and rules for the solution of money questions by the decimal method, are placed earlier in the course than usual. 5. The logical relations of the several parts of Arithmetic are clearly marked by their arrangement. 6. The tables of Foreign Currency, and of English Weights and Measures, are accompanied by an explanation of the origin of the several standards in common use, and of the causes which have led to their diversities and irregularities.

It is a great advance on any thing with which we are acquainted that has previously appeared; and only requires to be known to insure a very extended adoption.

Psychology and Theology: or, Psychology applied to the Investigation of Questions relating to Religion, Natural Theology, and Revelation. By Richard Alliot, LL.D., Professor of Theology and Mental Philosophy, Western College, Plymouth. London: Jackson and Walford. 1855.

THIS volume constitutes the "Congregational Lecture" for 1854. The questions discussed with reference to Religion are,—“Whether Religion is the offspring of a distinct mental faculty?—and whether the will (which must have to do with its production) be a self-determining power?” To both these questions—in answer to the arguments of Schleiermacher and Morell on the former, and to the arguments usually employed to prove the latter—he answers in the negative.

On the subject of Natural Theology, the author inquires, “What is our idea of God, how this idea is gained, and what proof we have of the objective reality of His existence?” The first of these questions he answers by saying that, according to our idea of God, He is, “*distinctively*, First Cause, Necessary, Eternal, Independent, and Infinite.” To the second he replies, that the idea of God is not innate; not (as Mr. Morell argues) a supersensual intuition; not (as M. Cousin maintains) ascribable to an Impersonal Reason; but “that it is obtainable by the simple exercise of our *reasoning faculty* in reference to phenomena within the sphere of *phenomenal* intuition.” The third question is answered by arguments based on the assumed certainty of the facts attested by consciousness.

In reference to Christianity he asks, “Whether supernatural communications from God are possible; whether such communications are necessarily restricted as to their subject-matter or mode; what evidence will suffice to prove that a supernatural communication is from God, and therefore authoritative; and whether we have such evidence of the divine origin of Christianity?” The first of these questions he answers in the affirmative. To the second he replies, that there is a restriction, as to *subject-matter*, by the limit of human power for the reception of truth; but that their *mode* may be immediate as well as mediate. The third and fourth questions are answered in the usual way.

All these subjects are handled with considerable ability. But, in our view, the author's arguments in relation to certain points—such as the will, for instance—are far from being convincing.

Bible Teaching: or, Remarks on the Books of Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus. With a Recommendatory Preface by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, M.A., Incumbent of St. James's, Holloway. New Edition, revised. London: J. F. Shaw. 1855.

THE title of this volume is very simple and unpretending, but its contents possess sterling merit. It is not, indeed, learned in style or language, or “in research and scientific illustration.” But it seizes the meaning of the sacred text, and then, in easy and familiar, yet

tasteful, language, converses with the reader about the use and abuse of it in daily life, in a style and spirit eminently adapted to do good.

It derives a peculiar interest from the circumstances connected with its authorship. The first edition of it was published anonymously. But Mr. Mackenzie informs us that it "was written by three Misses Bird of Taplow, sisters of the late R. M. Bird, Esq., whose eminent administrative powers gained high distinction in the East India Civil Service; and that it originated in the want which was felt by these eminently Christian women of some practical help for the homely villagers in Berkshire, among whom they were accustomed to visit." It is rendered still further interesting from the circumstance that the eldest of the three sisters, by whom the greater part of it was written, was for several years an honoured labourer in the field of Indian Missions, where her memory is blessed, as well as in the sphere of usefulness which she occupied at home.

We cordially recommend these "Remarks," as being admirably adapted to the use of families and schools; and, at the same time, a valuable addition to the books which are "to the use of edifying" Christians generally.

Life's Holidays illuminated: Birthdays, Meetings, Partings.
The Poems addressed to Annette. By W. J. Champion,
B.A.

THESE Poems have a strong relish of the family, and of a family the lights of which are deep affection and true piety. With both conception and metre we should often find fault, but never with the intention. The feeling is pure throughout, often high, sometimes holy; and, in not a few passages, beautiful and touching verse worthily expresses the author's emotion.

A Refutation, recently discovered, of Spinoza by Leibnitz. With Prefatory Remarks and Introduction by the Count A. Foucher de Careil. Translated, at his Request, by the Rev. Octavius Freire Owen, M.A., F.S.A. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

THE translator of this "Refutation" justly questions "the practical utility of the investigations" to which it refers. He yet adds, with equal propriety, that, being a Refutation, upon philosophical principles, of the materialism enunciated by Spinoza, it is extremely valuable, as showing how the modern sceptics may be beaten on their own ground. It possesses, also, the incidental value of being proof that the suspicion which has in some quarters been attached to Leibnitz, of his having been a follower of Spinoza, in some of his worst opinions, has not been well founded. The reader will find some curious information on this subject, as well as on the system of Spinoza and the Kabbalistic doctrine, in the Preface by Count A. Foucher, and, also, in his remarks upon the "Refutation," which make up two-thirds of the volume. The "Refutation" itself, in its original form, is included in a MS. lately discovered in the Archives

of the Royal Library at Hanover, and entitled "Critical Remarks on a Book by J. G. Wachter, upon the 'Secret Philosophy of the Hebrews.'" The publication of this volume, we are given to understand, is to be followed by that of another, also recently discovered, by M. de Careil, and which, as containing a further exposition of the real sentiments of Leibnitz, cannot be regarded otherwise than with great interest.

The Imperial Dictionary, English, Technological, and Scientific; adapted to the present State of Literature, Science, and Art; on the Basis of Webster's English Dictionary; comprising all words purely English, and the principal and most generally used Technical and Scientific Terms. Edited by John Ogilvie, LL.D. Two Vols., and a Supplement. Blackie and Son. 1849-55.

THE history of dictionaries would be not only a history of language, but also of national progress; for, words being the signs of things, they indicate the changes which occur in a nation's knowledge, sentiments, and habits. We do not aim, at present, at any comprehensive view of the progress of language and of literature in this country, as indicated by the large demand for superior dictionaries. Some four, at least, might be enumerated, which are now in such request as clearly shows an earnest desire well to understand the force and purity of the English language. We give a decided preference to that which stands at the head of this article. The "Imperial Dictionary" is a great work, well executed. The Introduction compresses into small space the substance of large treatises on the origin, progress, affinity, and changes of language, together with some very acute and valuable grammatical notices, in all of which, however, we cannot agree with our author. The Introduction is valuable, and we only wish that so accomplished a scholar had extended it.

The Dictionary is on the basis of Webster's, and that embraced Johnson, as improved by Mason and Todd. Todd's Johnson contains fifty-eight thousand words,—Webster's, seventy thousand. Webster greatly improved Johnson's definitions, in which consists the chief value of a dictionary, and introduced terms of science and art. Dr. Ogilvie has added to Webster's Dictionary not less than fifteen thousand words and terms, in the body of his work, and—it would hardly be thought possible—about fifteen thousand in the Supplement. Webster was engaged thirty years upon his Dictionary, and upwards of twelve years of unremitting critical labour have been spent upon the present work. What an amount of research expended upon the study of words,—fossil thoughts! What a debt of gratitude does every thoughtful Englishman owe to such men!

Some of the peculiarities of this great, and we might almost say national, work, ought to be noticed. It is a Pronouncing Dictionary, upon a new principle of notation; but it is fair to say that this must be considered its least pretension. In our opinion, the instances of a full written pronunciation might have been well increased; and the *key* to the notation printed at the top or bottom of each page. The derivations are most accurately traced, the origin of the word being

placed *first in order* in the language from whence it is received, and the cognate words according to their families. The editor has been sparing in illustrative quotations, and with much judgment has generally confined himself to the English Bible, the great standard of "English undefiled." In explicating terms of science and art, he has been assisted by some of the ablest men in philosophical and scientific literature; and we have never been disappointed on referring to such technical words and phrases. Their definitions and illustrations are admirably clear, correct, and comprehensive. Almost every word admitting of pictorial illustration or diagram is accompanied by a well-executed wood-cut; and these amount to the prodigious number of upwards of two thousand three hundred. And to render this Dictionary as complete as possible, there are added pronouncing vocabularies of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, and of modern geographical names. This portion is by Professor Porter, of Yale College, United States, and is accompanied by brief rules for the pronunciation of the principal European languages.

We can only regret that there are difficulties in the way of the enterprising publishers blending the Supplement with the work. Notwithstanding the enormous expense and labour they have bestowed on the Dictionary and the *addenda*, we hope that the support they shall receive will enable them, at no distant day, to combine them alphabetically. The amplest success is but the due reward of the service which they and the accomplished Editor have rendered every Englishman who reveres and loves his mother tongue.

A Pastor's Sketches: or, Conversations with anxious Inquirers respecting the Way of Salvation. By J. S. Spencer, D.D., Pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York. With an Introduction and Editorial Notes by J. A. James. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

MR. JAMES is intent on doing good; and his productions have a value beyond computation, because they are "the seeds of great things," by being the seeds of eternal results. We thank him for introducing to us a very impressive book, both for Ministers and Churches. The Introduction is most forceful, and ought to be read by every Minister who understands, or wishes to understand, the real ends of his high vocation,—to win sinners to Christ, and to build up the Church. Two points are wisely and earnestly enforced,—a kind of preaching intended and adapted to produce conversion; and the careful and judicious treatment, by private conversation, of individual cases of persons under religious concern. Dr. Spencer's book is admirably calculated to illustrate the second point. Some of the Sketches are full of a profound practical philosophy, the skill of one who well understands spiritual therapeutics. There is a directness and a boldness in Dr. Spencer's mode of dealing with pastoral cases which we greatly admire. His success in the instance of "The Miserable Heart" could only have been secured by such practice. It might be expected that we should differ from our valued author on some points connected with personal salvation; for, whatever may be said by the use of illustrations, we hold to the doctrine of an imparted

spiritual *life* to those who were *dead* in trespasses and sin. *Then* are we "born again."

The volume before us is full of suggestions to Christian Ministers especially; and to them we strongly commend it.

Wine: its Use and Taxation. An Inquiry into the Operation of the Wine Duties on Consumption and Revenue. By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., &c., &c. London: James Madden. 1855.

THIS is a most exhaustive inquiry into the policy of the wine duties. The whole subject is thoroughly investigated, under the lights of history and statistics; and the conclusions come to are not only supported by ample reasonings, but bear the stronger impress of truth, since they are opposed to the previous opinions of the writer.

After giving the arguments adduced by the advocates of a shilling duty, in place of the present duty of 5s. 9d., the author inquires if the necessary quantity of suitable wines could be procured from the different wine-growing countries of Europe. Of the aggregate produce of these countries, he shows that the greater portion can never be available, partly from the inferior quality of the vintage, and partly from the injury done to certain kinds by transport and keeping. In France mainly would have to be sought the surplus quantity required; but the author is of opinion that, with a growing demand from North America, California, and Australia, France could not possibly supply us with suitable light wines, to any thing like the amount required to replace the revenue. The change contemplated by some persons would throw upon France the onus of providing 20,000,000 gallons, where she has hitherto supplied only about 400,000 gallons. But Sir James inquires how far the reduction of duty would recall the taste of our countrymen for light French wines, and he thinks that evidence is not favourable to the idea of such return to former habits; at least, without such a protracted temporary loss to the revenue, as no Chancellor of the Exchequer would contemplate with equanimity. He shows also, that the wine-growers of the South of France are more anxious to reduce internal taxation on wine in France, and that it is an error to suppose that France imposes prohibiting duty on British manufactures merely as a reprisal for our duties on her wines. The whole subject is carefully investigated, and we must refer such of our readers as take an interest in this department of commercial polity to the work itself.

The British Workman, and Friend of the Sons of Toil. Nos. I.-V. London: Partridge and Oakey.

THIS handsome sheet, filled with sound and entertaining literature, and sprinkled with fine engravings, is issued monthly at the charge of one penny. What the "Band of Hope Review" supplies for children, the "British Workman" offers to the adult and labouring population. It is not, indeed, all that an intellectual workman will require; but the most educated artisan may welcome it to his

dwelling, and be gratified to see it in the hands of his wife and children. We commend our humble but very useful contemporary to the liberal patronage of all who desire the improvement of the working-classes. Let those who complain, with so much reason, of the wide spread and fatal influence of cheap unwholesome literature, prove their sincerity by furthering the success of this publication. If those who leave religious tracts at the houses of the poor, were to accompany the loan by the gift of a Number of the "British Workman," their visits might be looked for with a livelier interest, and thus a way be made for the reception of spiritual truth.

Glaucus : or, The Wonders of the Shore. By Charles Kingsley, Author of "Westward Ho!" "Hypatia," &c. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.

EMINENT as are Mr. Kingsley's talents, and full of interest as are all his writings, there are none of his works which we can contemplate with more satisfaction, or recommend with less misgiving, than the little volume before us. It is a graceful and persuasive attempt to recommend the love and study of nature to those whose summer holidays are spent by the sea-shore. He urges such persons to exchange the languid pursuit of pleasure, with its attendant *ennui* and disappointment, for the calm and ennobling observation of the natural wonders and beauties which abound upon the sea-margins,—the cliffs and sands of our watering-places. He shows that no special preparation is requisite, that no formal assumption of the character of naturalist is necessary, and that such progress as may even enlarge the boundaries of science may be made without any great sacrifice, either of time or trouble. His illustrations are chosen with great taste and judgment; his descriptions are curt, graphic, and well-defined; and, above all, his references to the great First Cause of all these marvels are in the true spirit of a Christian philosophy.

Passing Thoughts. By James Douglass, of Cavers. Part I. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1855.

MR. DOUGLASS is known to a large circle of serious readers as one of the most able and intelligent of living Christian authors. His works, however, are more weighty than numerous; and any addition to their number is a just subject of congratulation. Towards the close of an honourable and studious life, he appears to have formed the idea of arranging his thoughts upon a variety of literary topics, and of giving them to the world under his own hand. Such a series is commenced in the pamphlet before us; and when we say, that its headings include the names of Goethe, Rousseau, and Humboldt, the reader may partly guess the nature and value of the instruction put within his reach. It is exactly upon the characters of these eminent literary masters, and upon similar and related topics, that the Christian world needs such a guide as Mr. Douglass, whose ability and accomplishments are sufficient guarantees of a liberal and candid judgment, and whose religious principles assure us of the high moral standard that will constantly be kept before him. The section on

Rousseau is full of pertinent reflections, and comprises, in the main, a fair and comprehensive estimate of that embodied paradox. The author looks all round his subject calmly and patiently; he betrays none of that disgust which a religious mind of narrower proportions and less liberal education would be apt to show; and though the standard is still present in its inflexible dignity, the deviations are regarded with that true charity which is an element in every just and Christian estimate. We commend these valuable "Thoughts" to every serious reader, and especially to those who love to range through the more eminent and classic paths of European literature. The author does well to gather up the fragments of such a studious and religious life; and the more baskets they fill the better.

Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature:—Wanderings in Corsica: its History and its Heroes. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Gregorovius by Alexander Muir. In Two Vols.—Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers. By Washington Irving. Author's Edition.

IF the future volumes of Constable's Miscellany prove as interesting and instructive as those already before the public, the undertaking will be entitled to a very large measure of success. The enterprising publishers appear resolved to admit into the series none but works of first-rate character. In giving to each work a special title-page, they have refused to avail themselves of one of the trade artifices usually resorted to in connexion with such publications; in this evidently acting under the conviction that the separate works will be able to win the public favour on their own merits, and quite independently of this or any other series.

"Wanderings in Corsica: its History and its Heroes," is a sterling work on a subject which has the advantage of being not yet worn threadbare. The author evidently commenced his travels with an object, which he never loses sight of in matters of merely minor interest. He says nothing of the bad dinners he was obliged to eat, or of the long bills he paid; so that readers who set a value on these little gossiping details, will do well not to open the book. We believe, however, that most of those who meet with it will not only give it a first perusal, but assign it an honourable place in their library, as a valuable book of reference,—a character which it will well sustain. The writer has consulted a large number of learned authorities, and does not disdain to mention his obligations to the "English Boswell," who, we must confess, cuts rather a sorry figure as the sole representative of English literati. On the subject of the Buonaparte family,—one on which people find it difficult just now to avoid extravagance, either on one side or the other,—he writes with great calmness and good sense, besides contributing a large mass of new and authentic illustrative matter. In all respects it is a most excellent volume.

The same may be said with equal truth of the second work on the list, although no two books could well be more distinct. But it is absolutely revolting to all our earliest and best associations to find our old favourite, Washington Irving, set down in this

same category of foreigners. Why, he is English to the very core. His tastes and sympathies, his pleasures and aversions, are all English; and his style is studiously modelled on that of our best writers. Here we are reminded of the essayists of the famous Addisonian era, then we have a touch of Sterne, and now Goldsmith reveals himself. Indeed, the volume before us is peculiarly rich in examples of this kind. We can hardly believe that we are not commencing one of the serious papers in the "Spectator," when we fall upon such words as the following: "No man is so methodical as a complete idler; and none so scrupulous in measuring and portioning out his time as he whose time is worth nothing." Geoffrey Crayon's autograph attached to the paper, instead of the well-remembered CLIO, appears altogether an anachronism. The Life and Adventures of the Boblink under many aliases, as detailed in the "Birds of Spring," might be a leaf torn out of White's "Natural History of Selborne." We should like to have reproduced here, had our space permitted, some of the many charming passages in this book, long since associated with some of our most innocent and happy hours,—for only portions of the volume are published for the first time. We have already lived them over again since we cut into the leaves, and can hardly imagine any one with a soul so dead, or a purse so bare, as not to be able to find a spare coin wherewithal to purchase for himself, or his sisters, or his brothers or cousins, this, as we think, the most delightful of Washington Irving's miscellaneous volumes.

Institutes of Metaphysics: the Theory of Knowing and Being.
By James F. Ferrier, A.B., Oxon., Professor of Moral
Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrew's. Edin-
burgh and London: Blackwoods. 1854.

THE author uses the term *Metaphysics*, as being synonymous with *philosophy*, when the latter term is used by itself. And, assuming that philosophy, even though it be true, is of no value unless it be "reasoned," (that is, be "an unbroken chain of clear demonstration from first to last,") he concludes that, "although we have plenty of disputations and dissertations on philosophy, we have no philosophy itself." He says, "People write about it and about it, but no one has grasped with an unflinching hand the very thing itself. The whole philosophical literature of the world is more like an unwieldy commentary on some text which has perished, or rather never has existed, than like what a philosophy itself should be. Our philosophical treatises are no more philosophy than Eustathius is Homer, or than Malone is Shakspeare. Hence the embroilment of speculation; hence the dissatisfaction, even the despair, of every inquiring mind, which turns its attention to Metaphysics. There is not now in existence a tribunal to which any point in litigation can be referred, not a single book which lays down, with impartiality and precision, the institutes of all metaphysical opinion, and shows the seeds of all speculative controversies. Hence, philosophy is not only a war, but it is a war in which none of the combatants understands the grounds, either of his own opinion, or that of his adversary. The springs by which these disputatious puppets are worked, lie deep out of their own sight."

The "Institutes," by which the author proposes to remedy these grave defects, are based on "the law of contradiction" (as it is usually called) originally propounded by Aristotle, (*Metaphys.*, iii., 3,) as the fundamental axiom of all philosophy, in the following terms: "It is impossible that the same quality should both belong and not belong to the same thing. This is the most certain of all principles. Wherefore they who demonstrate refer to this as an ultimate opinion. For it is by nature the source of all the other axioms."

From this *single* axiom the author's whole system of Metaphysics is deduced in a series of demonstrations, each of which professes to be, and in our judgment is, as strict as any demonstration in Euclid. And so, all of them taken together constitute one great demonstration, serving to correct not only the inadvertencies of ordinary thinking, but also the false teaching of Psychology, or "the science of the human mind;" it being taken for granted, on the basis above-mentioned, that every metaphysical truth is faced by an opposite error, which has its origin in ordinary thinking, and which it is the business of philosophy to supplant. For the purpose of exhibiting more distinctly these corrective results, each proposition is immediately followed by the "*counter-proposition*" of ordinary thinking which it is intended to correct, excepting a very few cases, in which no such correction appears to be required. And each pair of propositions is followed by a series of observations and explanations, critical and historical, intended to remove any difficulties which might be felt to attach to the *main* proposition of the work.

The three divisions of philosophy, as laid down by the author, are, *first*, the Epistemology, or theory of knowledge; *secondly*, the Agnoiology, or theory of ignorance; and, *thirdly*, the Ontology, or theory of being. And "this arrangement," he says, "is not dictated by the choice or preference of any individual thinker, but by the necessity of the case, which will not admit of the problems of philosophy being taken up in any other order."

In the course of the work, he shows reason for allowing more credit to Pythagoras, Plato, and other ancient philosophers, for their *approximations* to philosophical truth, than has been usually conceded to them. "The early Greeks," he says, "had right tendencies wrongly directed, especially the earliest. Plato was confused in design, yet magnificent in surmises. To this day all philosophic truth is Plato rightly defined, all philosophic error is Plato misunderstood." He is also very gentle towards Hegel and his predecessors up to Kant. "Their faults," he thinks, "lie certainly, not in the matter, but only in the manner, of their compositions. Admirable in the substance and spirit and direction of their speculations, they are painfully deficient in the accomplishment of intelligible speech, and inhumanly negligent of all the arts by which alone the processes and results of philosophical research can be recommended to the attention of mankind." He is proportionably severe upon the Scotch metaphysicians, particularly Reid and Brown. The former of these he compliments as having "very good intentions, and very excellent abilities for every thing except philosophy."

In his judgment, "the philosophers (in general) have misinterpreted the Platonic analysis, and have mistaken for *cognitions* what Plato laid down as mere *elements* of cognition. Proceeding from this interpreta-

tion, philosophy has travelled almost entirely on a wrong line. And this path has been the highway on which systems have jostled systems, and strewn the road with their ruins, since the days of Plato, down through the Middle Ages, and on to the present time. And now," he adds, "standing at the very source of the mistake which feeds the whole of them, and on which they all join issue, we are in a position to unravel the controversies in which they were engaged, and to understand how none of them should have succeeded in establishing any truth of its own, however successful they may have been in refuting the errors of each other." We have said quite enough, surely, to engage the attention of those who take any interest in the subject; and if any one, between jest and earnest, ask, "*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*" we will only add that, if he will give himself—we will not say the trouble, but—the pleasure, of reading for himself, he will find his attention to it amply rewarded.

History of the Colony of Natal, South Africa. To which is added, A Brief History of the Orange-River Sovereignty. By the Rev. William C. Holden, upwards of Fifteen Years a Resident in the Colony. With Three Maps and Nineteen Illustrations on Wood and Stone. London: Alexander Heylin.

THE statistics of a country are always important and instructive; those of a new country, whose resources are little known, and but partially developed, still more so. To this subject Ministers may, in any Colony, usefully turn their attention in their leisure moments.

The work before us is valuable to all who may think of emigrating to this important and thriving Colony; to all who, from commercial or other considerations, feel a more than ordinary interest in its state and prospects.

The Maps—the absence of which in books of this class we pronounce to be a radical defect—are sufficiently numerous and distinct to be very useful to the reader; and the Plates, though unpretending, serve well the purpose of illustration. In this volume we find full information as to the geographical position and natural history of Natal: and as to its towns, villages, settlements, and capabilities.

The interesting account of its discovery, and of the first English settlers, is marked by a plenary share of the vicissitudes and privations, of the difficulties and struggles, which are incident to all new Colonies. We cannot read without deep sympathy the chapter which details the immigration of the Dutch Farmers, and the slaughter of a large party of them, with their leader Retief, by the crafty and cruel Chief Dingaan. It is painfully tragic. Retief had just completed an honourable agreement with the Chief for the sale of land, and was invited, in apparently the most friendly spirit, to a farewell visit. Upon entering the vast native kraal, he and his companions left their arms without, according to the custom of the nation. Being drawn within the power of the Chief, and quite defenceless, they fell an easy prey to the thousands who thus treacherously massacred them in cold blood. By the descriptions and Plates we may form an idea of the mode in which Kafir wars were formerly conducted.

The position of the Dutch Boers is well elucidated, and their principles, habits, and actions, are described with much fairness and candour. The whole question of the Orange-River Sovereignty is calmly and fully discussed; and the reader is furnished with ample materials for forming his own conclusion as to the wisdom, or otherwise, of our Home Government in abandoning that Territory.

The information contained in this History evinces much care and diligence in its collection, and may be regarded as fully reliable; yet in a second edition we should suggest the advantage of a little more arrangement and condensation. "Being the first description of the Colony of Natal on an extended plan, *it* will be deemed worthy of commendation for its suggestions and aspirations, though, in common with all new undertakings, it does not pretend to be faultless in its execution." We quite concur in this very modest testimony to the worth of the volume, and in this very gentle appeal to the lenity of criticism.

Meditationes Hebraicæ: or, A Doctrinal and Practical Exposition of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, in a Series of Lectures. By William Tait, M.A. New and enlarged Edition. Two Vols. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE author of these Lectures is of opinion that the devotion to Patristic Theology, which now prevails, has well nigh ruined the (Established) Church, and that, if the Clergy would be owned and blessed of God as the spiritual guides of His people, they must devote themselves rather to the study of His holy oracles. Whatever may be the extent of the mischief he deplores, there can be no doubt as to the suitability of the remedy which he suggests. These volumes evince his own practical attention to that which he recommends to others, and his anxiety to urge Bible reading and study upon those who are engaged in "the occupations and engrossments of business," as well as upon his brethren of the Clergy; and with the domestics of the household, as well as with the families they serve. He has provided a work which, on the whole, is well adapted to promote his object. Opinions will vary, even amongst Church-of-England readers, as to the correctness of some of his doctrinal views, as when he says, that "the election of God" is "the election of a people for God's service out of a world for which an atonement has been made," and that "this is the Calvinism of the Church of England." For ourselves, it is hardly necessary to say, that our views of the election of God do not agree exactly with his, even in the milder form in which he seems to understand it. Neither do we see sufficient reason for believing, that "he who is possessed of that life, of which conscious fellowship with Christ is the beginning," "can never finally perish;" or that, when Christ shall "come again to receive" His people to Himself, the *place* to which He shall come again, as "His rest for ever," where Himself and His people shall be, is particularly mentioned in Scripture, and that "CANAAN IS THAT LOCALITY." With the exception of these points, and some others of a similar character, we can recommend these volumes as being the fruit of much good thought and feeling, and as being, throughout, earnestly devout and evangelical.

Meditations and Moral Reflections. By M. Guizot. Translated by the late Marquis of Ormonde.

STATESMAN, orator, philosopher, moralist, and critic,—a Christian Tully in the most classical of modern nations,—M. Guizot has many titles to be considered the foremost man in France; perhaps he is also the most accomplished and most capable in Europe. The range of his achievements suggests the inferior name of Crichton; but he is more “admirable” in a far higher sphere, and evinces, not the versatility of talent, but the universality of genius. Endowed with the noblest gifts, he has turned them to the largest possible account, and his career has proved the worthy index and exponent of his mind. In the character of M. Guizot, the greatest capacity for practical affairs is joined to the finest genius for abstract philosophical research,—both subsisting in rare harmony, both carried to something like completeness and perfection, both rising to distinction and rewarded by success. In this combination he has no rival in modern history, and only one in the annals of Greek and Roman fame.

The slightest publication of such a man cannot fail to be significant; for, as Pascal strongly says, “In a truly great man every thing is great.” This slender volume of M. Guizot is highly characteristic of his genius. It represents very fairly the expansive conservatism, if we may so speak, both of his political and moral sentiments, and shows how comprehensive, almost to weakness, is his ambition of great social ameliorations. As a statesman, he aims at the perfect conciliation of order and freedom; as a Protestant, he asserts the mutual claims of Christian faith and religious liberty. These are grand problems, and capable, we believe, of practical solution; and if, as we also must believe, M. Guizot has not suggested the most direct and legitimate method of solving them, great allowance must be made for his peculiar circumstances, and high praise awarded to his noble and sincere endeavours. It is well known that the Protestantism of M. Guizot is not of an extreme character. Considering his position, this can hardly be a matter of surprise. In a public point of view both advantage and discouragement are probably due to this circumstance. The long political ascendancy of M. Guizot, in the reign of Louis Philippe, was no doubt conducive to the interests of religion, though in a degree that might seem faint and disproportionate. On the other hand, whatever his influence may have been on the religion of his countrymen, it is clear that the Gallican Church has made considerable way in his affections and esteem. He goes so far as to entertain hopes that Catholicism may formally abandon its intolerant character, and, while granting the fullest liberty of conscience, may yet maintain its authoritative and exclusive claims. The Preface to the volume before us embodies some such dream. “I feel,” says M. Guizot, “a profound respect for the Catholic Church. She has been during centuries the Christian Church of France. I look upon her dignity, her liberty, her moral authority as essential to the fate of entire Christianity; and did I believe that the Catholic Church could not without self-subjugation accept in the State the principle of religious liberty, I should be silent; for, above all things, I detest hypocrisy and subtlety. *But it is not so.*” In

this hopeful declaration we are unable to concur. We do not class ourselves with those extreme Protestants who can see nothing but evil in the Romish Church, and who regard infidelity itself as less hurtful to the individual and to society. But the saving merit of Catholicism—to wit, its religious zeal—is bound up with its intolerance; and it must be dead as a religion, and therefore only an organized system of hypocrisy and fraud, before it can willingly endure the presence and independence of the Reformed Churches; and if those Churches ever cease to protest against its corruptions and delusions, it will be because they have lost much of their faith and purity and power. We deplore, with M. Guizot, the growing infidelity of the age; we long, with him, to see all Christians lose something of their differences, and remember chiefly their common faith and love; but the alliance he proposes is hopeless and self-condemned; for how could it antagonize that spirit of worldliness and unbelief to which it had already half surrendered?

We cannot leave this little volume without indicating its peculiar merit. Nothing is more unmistakable than the religious earnestness of M. Guizot, and no fact is more cheerfully to be acknowledged. In a land of perverted genius and unhallowed speculation, we recognise with pleasure the faith and devotion of her brightest son. After such measures of learning and experience as few can have, this great man owns the insufficiency of mere human science to explain the central secret of the world, or to satisfy the inquiries of the soul; and his language, always so pointed and felicitous, is unusually direct and clear in making that acknowledgment. In a speech delivered at a Protestant Bible Society, and quoted by the author in the Preface already drawn upon, occur a few most valuable sentences: "The question in dispute, to call things by their right names, is between supernaturalism and naturalism. On the one side unbelievers, pantheists, pure rationalists, and sceptics of all kinds. On the other, Christians.....Among the first, the best still allows to the statue of the Deity, if I may make use of such an expression, a place in the world and in the human soul; but to the statue only,—an image, a marble. God Himself is no longer there. Christians alone possess the living God.....It is the living God whom we need! Our present and future safety requires, that faith in supernatural order, that respect for, and submission to, supernatural order, should again pervade the world and the human soul,—the greatest minds as well as the simplest, the most elevated classes as well as the most humble. The truly efficacious and regenerating influence of religious belief depends on this condition. Without it all is superficial, almost worthless."

In addition to these weighty sentiments, this slender, but interesting, tract abounds in choice remarks, of which we cull but two by way of specimen. "Controversy opens the abyss which it pretends to fill; for it adds the obstinacy of self-love to differences of opinion.....It would not be worth while to live, if we gathered from a long life no other fruit than a little experience and prudence in the affairs of this world, against the moment of leaving it." Our quotations are still from the suggestive Preface; the "Meditations" themselves are left untouched, but heartily commended to the reader. The lamented Marquis to whom we owe the present translation has performed it with taste and skill.

Chemistry, Theoretical, Practical, and Analytical, as applied and relating to the Arts and Manufactures. By Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A., &c., &c. Glasgow: Mackenzie.

THE completion of one division or volume of this important work has enabled us to judge, with tolerable certainty, of what it is likely to be when completed. From a careful examination of this division, we feel justified in expressing our belief, that it will prove one of permanent value and interest. We have seldom met with a performance of the kind which so thoroughly deals with the topics upon which it treats, which places before us so fully all that the reader may reasonably expect to find, or which so fairly represents the actual state of an advancing science.

The work is correctly described on its title-page. It is neither a manual of chemistry, nor a chemical dictionary. The contents are arranged alphabetically, and many of the articles are perfect treatises upon their particular subjects. The completeness of such articles is surprising; and, where requisite, an ample supply of illustrative woodcuts are given. The following extract, although inadequately brief, will give some idea of the curious information in which the work abounds:—

“BUTTER.—Though butter may be considered as one of the most common of all ordinary things, yet the ancients were nearly, if not entirely, ignorant of its existence. The older translators of Hebrew seemed to think that they had met with it in Scripture, but most modern biblical critics agree that what was formerly interpreted ‘butter’ signified ‘milk or cream,’ or, more properly, ‘sour thick milk.’ The word referred to plainly alludes to a liquid, as it appears that the substance meant was used for washing the feet, and that it was imbibed, and had an intoxicating influence. It is well known that mares’ milk, when sour, has a similar effect. Those acquainted with the authorized version of the Bible would infer, on reading the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs, that butter was prepared by shaking or beating; the original, however, signifies ‘pressing or squeezing,’ evidently meaning milking, and not the making of butter.

“Herodotus, in his account of the Scythians, makes obscure mention of butter. This is the oldest reference known.”

Of the more strictly scientific articles we cannot profess to give any specimens. To manufacturers the work will prove of great importance; and to all who may desire to study the *rationale* of the chemical processes involved in the arts and in manufactures, Dr. Muspratt has provided a work which will at once meet their wants, and greatly add to his own reputation.

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